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June 6, 1931

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Frank Buck
Lucian Cary
Alan Le May
W. B. Courtney
Walter Davenport

More than 2,250,000 Circulation

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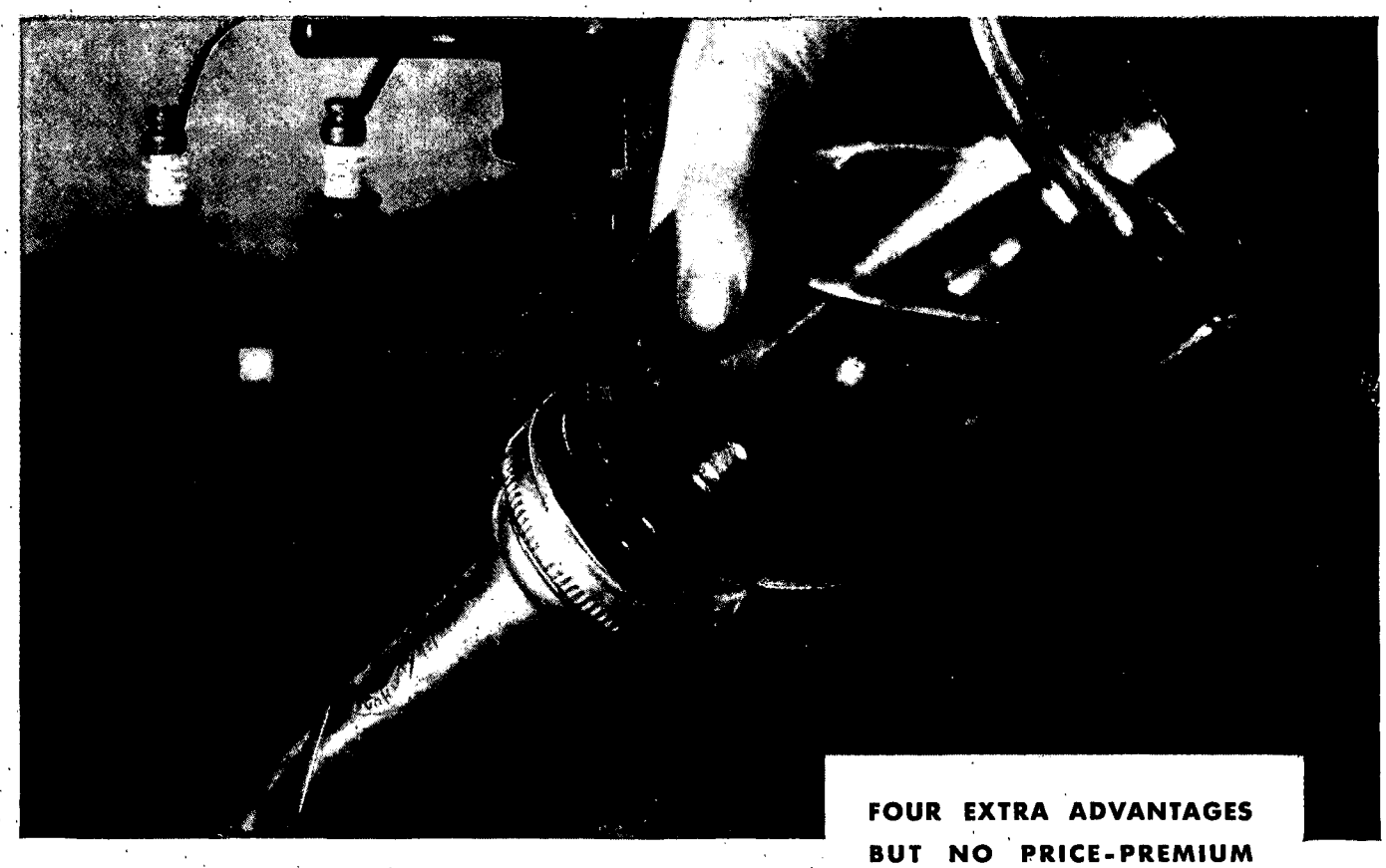

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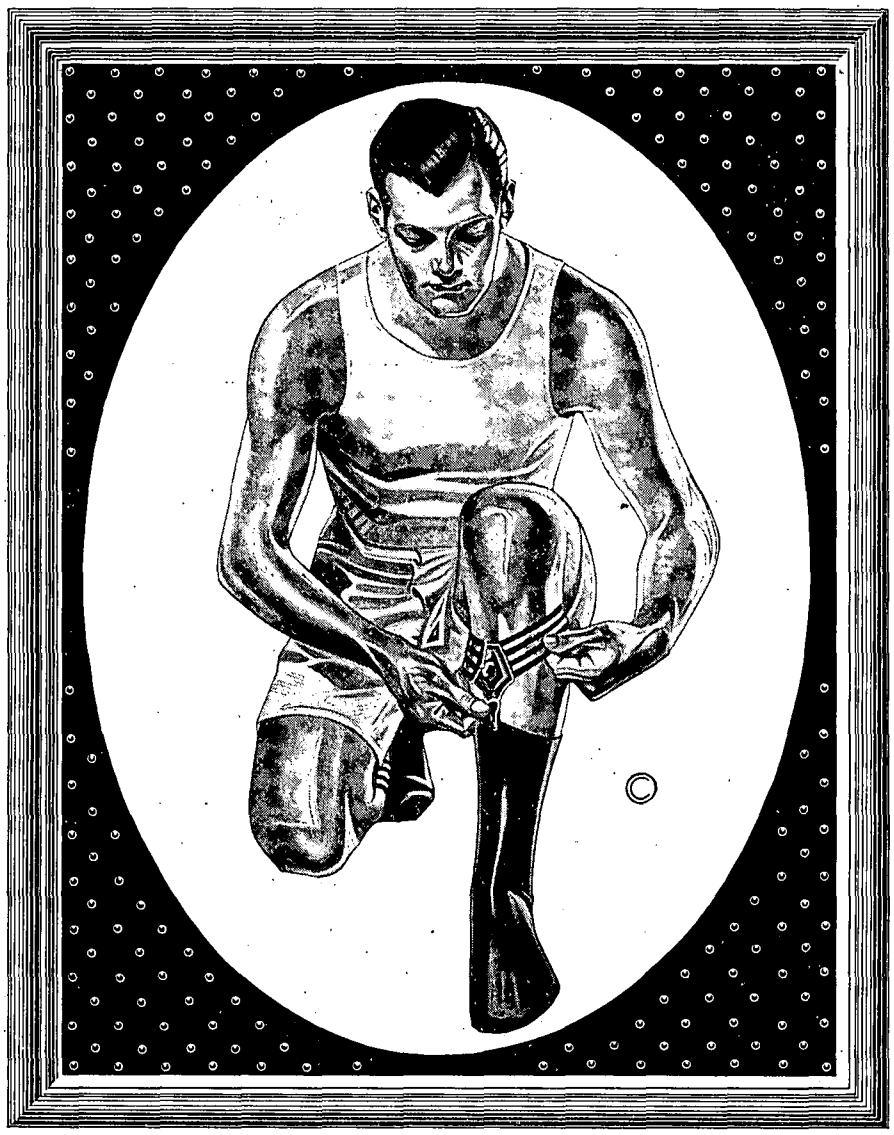

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INVARIABLY, in each field of industry, one leader is established by popular choice. When many millions of men throw the tremendous weight of their combined purchasing power in favor of a worthy product, their judgment must be right.

For example, men have lifted Paris Garters to the pinnacle of leadership — and kept them there for many years — for reasons that are particularly important today:

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And today men find in Paris Garters ***more value, more comfort, more service*** and ***more style*** than ever.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

June 6, 1931

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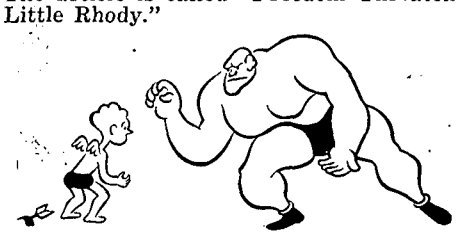
Next Week

THE first part of your summer will be enlivened by Arthur Somers Roche's new novel, "The Wrong Wife." In the announcement blazoned on the cover of next week's issue we call your attention to the irresistible heroine, a freckled damsel named Deborah Carmichael. We might have added, if there had been room, a note about Richard Cordova, the wealthy young man who was offered the mayoralty of New York, and Deborah's cousin, the beautiful Delmar.

We always feel vaguely disturbed when two young women unsheathe their claws (merely a figure of speech) and battle for love. Not that we don't think it's worth battling for but we are getting along in years and deplore conflict. Nevertheless, the fight fascinates us and we invariably become intensely partisan. Our money this time is on Deborah and if Arthur Roche double-crosses that girl he'd better stay away from our house.

—

THE workings of democracy in the sovereign state of Rhode Island are described for your edification and entertainment by Walter Davenport. It has been only two years or so that the citizens of that state have enjoyed the unrestricted privilege of the ballot. As a result of this boon there has been a great deal of running amuck and elections became difficult matters to judge in advance. Naturally, the bosses found it necessary to take steps, and the record of those steps provides diverting instruction in how to win no matter who is elected. The article is called "Freedom Threatens Little Rhody."



OBSERVING the antics of the gigantic and fearsome wrestlers who currently heave and belt one another to the cheers of the multitude, who would think of romance? Well, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, for one. He has written in "Plug Ugly" the love story of Mike Presto, whose face struck awe into the hearts of opponents and fans. It is a tender yarn in spite of its hard-boiled setting. The moral, of course, is that one about appearances.

—

AND another love story with no lesson at all that we can discern is called "Lady for Luck," by George Weston. There *may* be something against gambling in it although it is our private opinion that you can't teach a young man to avoid gambling by letting him win.

—

WAR in the air is described by Mr. C. R. Walker, a survivor of the battle in which the Los Angeles took part at the maneuvers this year. You will be more interested, however, in the routine of life aboard a great dirigible as pictured in "Sky Life."

—

THE Short Short Story is by Sax Rohmer, the thrill master; Fletcher Allen, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice, Katharine Roberts, W. R. Burnett, Charles Brackett perform with the success to which we hope we shall never become accustomed.

Any Week

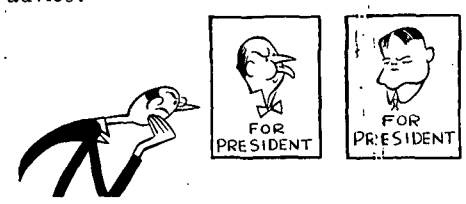
MR. J. F. GALLAGHER of Pearcy, Arkansas, Mr. John T. Kettler of Portland, Oregon, and Mrs. Mary Berlinger of St. Paul, Minnesota, nominate General Pershing for President. Mrs. Berlinger says she makes the nomination after reading the General's war memoirs. "I never realized," writes she, "what a fine man he was until I read his autobiography."

But Mr. Kettler goes farther and nominates himself for Vice President. "I do this," he says, "because you never can tell what will happen to a President such as death and sickness. I am a salesman for a seed house. Business is fine with me. I find that a lot of men are staying home or coming home earlier because business ain't so hot with them. This gives them plenty of time to plant gardens and lawns and so forth, so as I say I have no kick coming. Will you please inform me whether General Pershing is a steady Democrat or was just one for the duration of the war."

—

MR. HERBERT LA DUE of Yucaipa, California, is uneasy because his eight-year-old son returns from Sunday school quoting a teacher who tells him that "no man who ever took a drink turned out to be a success, that beer is a deadly poison and that it is every boy's duty to inform on his neighbors if he thinks they are breaking the prohibition law."

This, Mr. La Due fears, might easily interfere with his own efforts on behalf of his son who, he hopes, will "grow up to be a courageous, truthful gentleman, well-balanced, honorable and temperate." Any advice?



"I NEED advice," says Mr. J. T. Meyers of Tulsa, Oklahoma. "I shall not vote for a Democrat whose sole offering is merely saying nasty things about Mr. Hoover. I shall not vote for Mr. Hoover no matter what he says. What shall I do?"

—

IF EDOUARD HERRIOT, mayor of Lyons, France, wants to make a million dollars, writes Mr. George B. Prettyman of Scranton, Pennsylvania, why doesn't he start a correspondence school for American mayors like Jimmy Walker and Big Bill Thompson and tell them how he gets that way? Mr. Herriot, after being mayor for twenty-five years, got peeved because the people began to get tired of him. So he resigned and the populace was so shocked that it reëlected him seven to one.

—

"HAVE jusht read your editorial, 'Shouse Rules,'" writes Mr. James Allen Geissinger of San Diego, California. "Fine. Keep that nailed to your masht head. It ish eminently appropriate that Shoush should lead the Rashkob rabble. 'Rah for Shoush. Don't you shay sho? Shinsheerly yoursh."

—

AS a favor to Mr. Richard Harden of Boston, who writes, "Wipe the cobwebs from your brain and print something worth while," we conclude with this paragraph.

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What are YOU doing to Improve your Financial Position during the next 10 Years?...

Now, through this Modern Investment Plan, you can share in the profits of America's leading industries

THINK BACK . . . ten years ago. Call to mind your hopes and aspirations at that time—the plans you were making for getting ahead. Be honest with yourself! How far have you actually progressed since then? How much real headway have you made?

Today, thousands of serious-minded men are asking themselves such questions. By their answers they place themselves in one of these three groups:

In the first group are those who delude themselves into contentment with "progress" simply because they have increased their incomes over the years. The second group contains those who point to a slowly rising "rainy day" reserve fund as an indication of accomplishment. In the third group you find the men who really *are* getting somewhere. They realize that the goal of success is reached not merely by earning money and spending a little less, but by *making money work for them!*

In which of these three groups do YOU belong?

The fact that you are now reading this advertisement places you automatically in the third group—with the keen-minded and earnest men who are considering steps to build their financial future.

Perhaps, just at present, you haven't a penny invested in a way to create financial independence for you and your family in the years to come. That doesn't matter. The important point is that you realize it *must* be done, and are now wondering how best to do it.

Here's an answer to men who really want to know how to make their money WORK

Until recently one of the best ways of gaining maximum accumulation of capital—and providing income at the same time—was barred against men of moderate resources. This method, employed by practically every man who has built up an estate for himself, calls for the purchase and holding of a widely diversified group of common stocks in the basic industries of this country. In the past, the capital of a rich man was required even to *begin* such a program of investment. Now this handicap no longer exists.

Today, through the medium of two Fixed Investment Trusts, even the man with as little as $100 can share in the profits of such giant corporations as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, United States Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania Railroad, General Electric and a score of others—the same broad list of stocks which have helped to build many of the fortunes in this country.

NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES

The original distributive type and by far the largest Fixed Trust . . .

MAXIMUM DISTRIBUTION

CUMULATIVE TRUST SHARES

The first and only Fixed Trust which accumulates capital to a maximum degree . . .

MAXIMUM ACCUMULATION

What is a Fixed Trust?

A Fixed Trust is a group, or "portfolio", of common stocks carefully selected, and deposited with a responsible bank which acts as trustee. Certificates of ownership — Trust Shares — are then issued to investors in small or large denominations. The trustee collects all dividends and accounts to trust shareholders for the details of every transaction. The trust shareholder clips a coupon each six months which entitles him to his pro rata share of the moneys received by the trustee for distribution.

North American Trust Shares and Cumulative Trust Shares give you an interest in America's Basic Industries

The stocks included in these two Fixed Trusts represent a cross section of essential American industries. Some notion of their soundness may be gained if you will try to imagine this country deprived of these enterprises—existing without our great telephone, power and railway systems, without our oil resources and refineries —to mention but a few. Practically every purchase you make, or service bill you pay, is helping to enrich some of these companies.

Tune in on the FORTUNE BUILDERS *Program — Columbia Broadcasting System, Thursdays and Sundays, at 9:30 p. m., E.S.T., and hear the vivid life stories of America's captains of industry.*

At last the once closed door is open—and your turn to *share* in these profits is here!

GET ALL THE FACTS!

In a simple and fascinating way the story of Fixed Trusts is told and explained in a booklet called, *"Money—and You."*

If you are planning to improve your financial position during the coming ten years, you will find this booklet an important aid to you immediately. The coupon below will bring you a copy by return mail. Write for it—TODAY! If you act promptly, you will also receive *without cost* a portfolio designed to hold valuable papers.

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Without obligation on my part, send me Booklet 41 "MONEY — AND YOU," which gives information about North American Trust Shares and Cumulative Trust Shares. I should like to have, also, one of the Valuable Papers portfolios, without cost.

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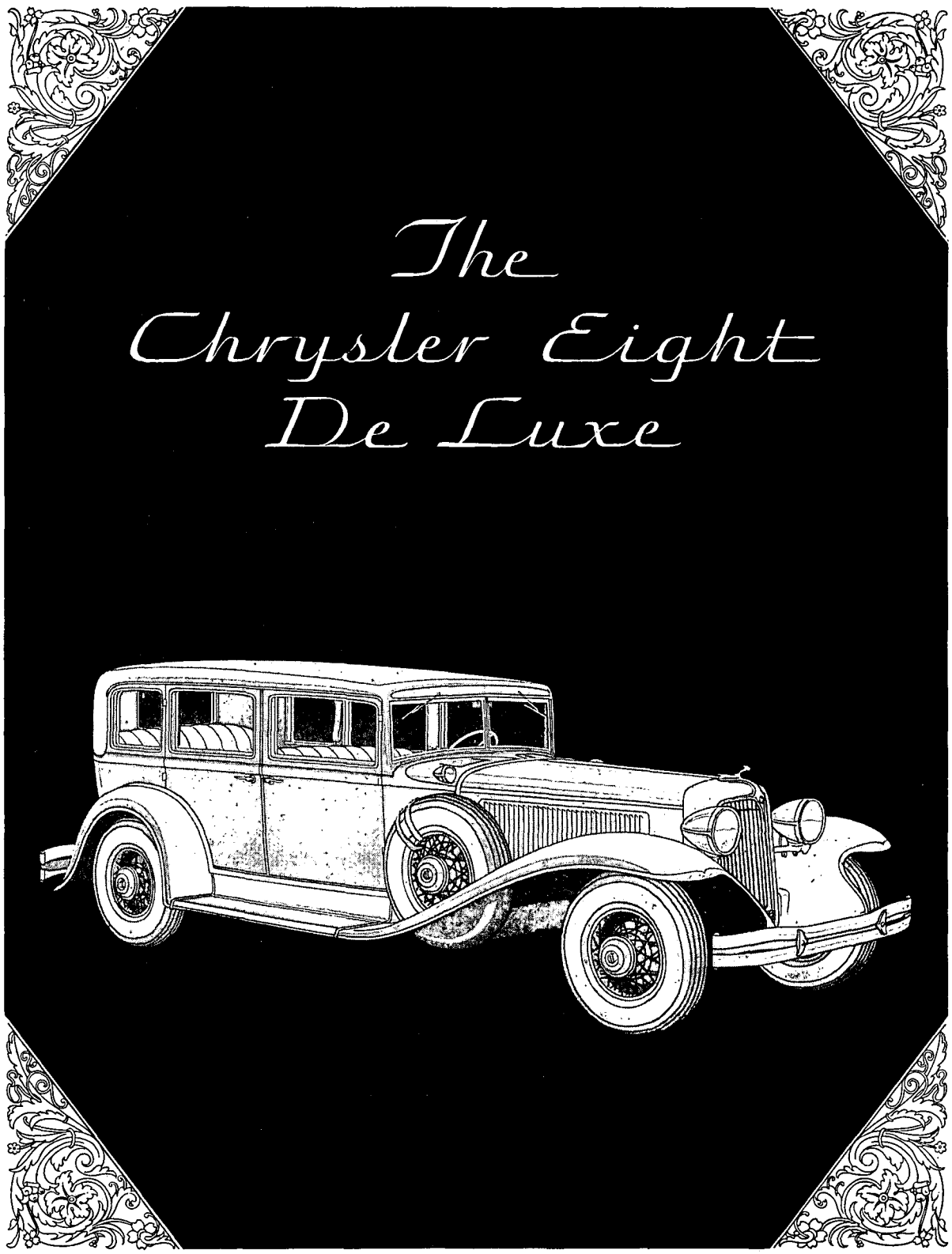
For those who enjoy luxurious travel

The Chrysler Eight De Luxe



YOU WANT, naturally enough, a motor car that is distinctively and favorably different from other cars—a car that you know is eminently fine, and one that is manifestly fine in the eyes of everyone else.

The Chrysler Eight De Luxe, now available in five luxurious body styles, is precisely that kind of motor car.

Before now you may have looked at moderately priced motor cars you thought were admirably smart, but—*look at this one, please.*

Before now you have ridden in moderately priced cars which seemed to be very rich and very comfortable, but we ask you—*ride in this one.*

Before now you have driven moderately priced cars you may have considered to be highly capable in performance, but again we ask you—*drive this one.*

Maybe this seems over-enthusiastic. Maybe we appear to be leading you to expect too much, even of a Chrysler. On the contrary. Chrysler Eight De Luxe fully justifies our enthusiasm. It will not disappoint your high expectations.

Chrysler's fine quality has gone into it. Chrysler's engineering genius has been lavished in designing it. We know the many, many tests we have given it. We know what the car will *do*. We know how it compares with other cars.

That's why we so confidently ask you to expect splendid things of the Chrysler Eight De Luxe.

This de luxe edition of the Chrysler Eight is patterned after the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight. It has that smart double windshield with chrome-plated frames; that lengthy sweep of line; that extremely graceful effect resulting from a low center of gravity; that visible staunchness that denotes a car of fine quality—that *aristocratic* look.

It has unusually *small wheels* and unusually *large tires*, maintaining normal road clearance, but greatly enhancing the car's smartness as well as adding much to de luxe riding comfort. Five wire wheels are standard—or four wood wheels and spare rim, if you prefer the wood.

Inwardly, the Chrysler Eight De Luxe is sumptuously spaced, upholstered, trimmed and fixtured. Bedford cord upholstery of extremely rich weave and quality. Floor carpetings of high-pile luxuriousness. Soft seat backs and cushions with the deep, embracing comfort yielded by Marshall-type springs—the very finest. There are interior sun visors. Interior panels, instrument board and window mouldings are of dark walnut finish.

These are but a few of the luxurious features of the car. Bodies are large and unusually roomy, built for restfulness. And as to performance, we repeat—*just drive one.*

It is a car of de luxe *power*, de luxe *speed*, de luxe *pick-up* and de luxe *smoothness*, as well as a car of de luxe style and appointments.

Its big, quiet engine is insulated from the frame by live rubber; has a perfectly balanced crankshaft, fully counter-weighted—and generates with ease a good 95 horsepower.

Eighty miles an hour—if you want to travel at eighty miles an hour—and if you don't want to drive that fast, the power that makes this speed possible enables you to "float" along at moderate speeds without consciousness of engine effort.

A vital factor of this large car's de luxe performance is the Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears. Two high gears instead of one. A high gear for city driving and another for the open road. Both gears are of a patented internal-mesh design, which means that you can shift from either high to the other in an instant, at any speed, without clashing.

Drive this Chrysler and "Learn the Difference." Learn new things about pick-up. Learn new things about speed. Learn the difference in ease of handling—due to pivotal steering and internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes.

These de luxe models of the Chrysler Eight comprise a De Luxe Sedan, a De Luxe Coupe, a De Luxe Convertible Coupe, a De Luxe Phaeton and a De Luxe Roadster—each a model you can place alongside of any other car of similar price and realize at once that Chrysler value, like Chrysler performance and Chrysler style, is on the plus side in Chrysler's favor.

DE LUXE COUPE	$1525
DE LUXE ROADSTER	1545
DE LUXE SEDAN	1565
DE LUXE CONVERTIBLE COUPE	1585
DE LUXE PHAETON	1970

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

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The Biscuit Shooter

Old Man Coffee, hunter of lions, tries his hand at sleuthing—and learns something of the mysterious ways of love

Finally I took two pebbles and wrapped them up careful

A gun opened up from where the rider sat and Beckwith's fire exploded where the bullet hit

By

Alan LeMay

JUST as I was about to blow out the lamp the dogs all started hurrahing again, and I pulled my boots back on. After you have been hunting cow-country lions for bounty for about twenty years you hardly ever mistake what hound talk means; and this time I knew for sure that somebody was coming up the trail.

We had lost us a lion that day, and I was dead beat and disgusted, so at first it made me mad to think that here come some darn' saddle bum, no doubt all set for a good square meal, specially cooked up on late request by yours truly, Old Man Coffee. But I set the coffeepot forward, and when the pony finally eased up outside, I opened the door in time to see Lynda Clayton swing down.

She was certainly the last party I was expecting to see, way up here, practically in the dead of night, and it sort of took me off balance, so that I didn't say anything for a minute, but just stood gawping.

She didn't say anything either, but just gave me one slow look, and walked past me into the cabin.

"Come in and set, Lyn," I said, some late.

"I have," said she.

I set out a cup of coffee, and took one myself. "The last of that bear meat has just freshly spoiled on me," I told her, "but I can fix you up with chili beans and sow flooring."

"Nothing, thanks."

I set down and filled my pipe. Lynda Clayton was a biscuit shooter at Old Man Hepmeyer's eating-house, down in McTarnahan. Let me tell you something. Ninety per cent of the girls who wait on table out in this neck of the woods are real people—good game girls, not afraid to strike out on their own, nor afraid of their luck. This is more than can be said for a lot that stay home.

Even so, Lynda Clayton was considerably out of the

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"Salt River," said the judge, quiet and slow, "I'm asking you and you have to answer: *Which of these men was there?*"

common run. She was not as tall as most cowboys, but taller than most girls, and she was thin as a wintered pony, but with good bone, and strong. But the special thing about her was that something had put hate into that girl; and she was strong enough to carry it calm and quiet. She had sulky, rebellious, scornful eyes, and she looked at you with her chin dropped, kind of as if you didn't count for much except as a likely unpleasantness; while meantime she was just biding her time, without much hope, but waiting for the breaks.

But underneath all that she was maybe the prettiest girl I ever saw. Especially now. There was a kind of a live, fighting look in her eyes tonight, like a spark, that I had never seen there before. And her hair was down to her shoulders in waves and tangles like a sand-colored mane—maybe on account of no hat, but anyway the effect of that was like something you might see a picture of sometime, but wouldn't ever expect to run across yourself.

"Are your dogs any good?" she asked by and by.

"It's owing to what standpoint you take," I told her. "Why?"

"Tommy Beckwith has killed Lije Evers."

There you had it! I knew something had bust. "Well," I told her, "it was a sightly choice. Lije ain't been much good."

Lyn Clayton went ahead with her story. Lije Evers and Salt River Smith were partners in a pretty good thing called the Blackcap Stope, up near the head of the Little Vermilion. Beckwith had got hold of a string of ten, eleven mules and had put in the fall packing the Blackcap high-grade down to the McTarnahan stamp.

Just lately, a fine top-fire quarrel had busted out between Lije and Beckwith, the main event coming off in Hepmeyer's eating-house. Salt River was there. Lije had been pretty drunk, but Tommy Beckwith knocked him down anyway, at the same time mentioning that he reckoned he'd kill Lije if ever he caught him sober.

"Tommy said Lije short-carded him in a two-handed poker game," Lyn explained it.

"He's lying," I came out flat. "You can't any more have a two-handed poker game in McTarnahan than you can have a two-fly molasses barrel."

"I KNOW," she admitted. "Next day, or maybe the day following, Tommy went up to the Blackcap Stope to bring down his mules. The Blackcap was fixing to close down for the winter, and Lije and Salt River tried to get Tommy to make just one more pack. But Beckwith said to hell with them, and set off down the trail.

"He got down as far as Soldier Gorge; and come dark he off-saddled in a little side canyon called the Fourth Recess. Then, while he was cooking, he heard a horse coming, and he sat listening while it came on down trail and turned into the cut where he was.

"About a hundred yards off the horse pulled up behind the brush, and all of a sudden a gun opened up from where the rider sat. Wham! and Beckwith's cook-fire exploded where the bullet hit. The rider fired twice more, and Beckwith threw himself flat, jerked his gun, and fired once in answer.

"As soon as Beckwith fired, the horse lit out and went crashing back across the Little Vermilion. Then Tommy walked out to see if by any chance he had shot himself anything. There lay Lije Evers, shot through the head."

Lyn stopped, having become kind of shaky in the voice.

"I can't see anything irregular about that," I told her. "Lije come for it, and he got it, that's all there is to that."

"It isn't all," said Lyn, her voice lower yet.

Beckwith moved on down to McTarnahan, getting in about daylight, and turned himself in to the sheriff. Some later in the day Salt River pulled in, leading Lije Evers' horse. He give out that he had gone fishing after Beckwith left, and when he got back from fishing Lije was gone. Later Lije's horse had come back to the Blackcap corral, and Salt River figured something might have happened to Lije. And that was all *he* knew about it.

So far, so good; nobody yet having questioned but what Tom Beckwith done rightly. But now Sheriff Pete Crabtree took a couple deputies and went up to the Fourth Recess.

"I borrowed a pony," Lyn said, "and I went along."

"*You* went along?" I sat up. "What did you want to go up *there* for?"

"Want to? Good God!" It was the first time I ever heard her cuss like ordinary folks, and it give me a turn. Then I saw she had turned white as a boiled shirt. "I had a hunch," she said. "Pete Crabtree hates Tom Beckwith."

ACE that one, will you? Many a time I had seen Tom Beckwith sit drinking coffee he didn't want till he was like to bust, and all the time following Lyn Clayton with his eyes; but she waiting on him as casual as you would feed stock, hardly ever answering him when he spoke. And now she just casually tells me that she let herself in for a twelve-hour ride, just on a lame hunch in his favor! Well, none of us can foresee everything.

What Sheriff Crabtree found out at the Fourth Recess didn't check in with Tom Beckwith's story, no, not any. Lije Evers had been gunned in the back of the head, just below the hat line, from so close that there were powder burns in his hair. And his gun was in his holster, clean and unfired.

"Panic," said I, mournful. "I would have thought better of Beckwith. He should have told the truth in the first place."

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"He did!" She seemed sure of that.

"But Lije Evers' gun—" I began.

"Somebody cleaned that gun, and reloaded it."

"And the powder burns—"

"Faked," she declared, "with a blank cartridge!"

I sat back, feeling sad. Why, I could see what had happened in the Fourth Recess just as well as if I had been there; Beckwith walking out to meet Lije; Tommy's temper coming up till he jerked his gun, probably grabbing Lije's gun arm with his other hand; Lije, in the saddle, trying to duck out of the way, so he caught it point blank in the back of the head. Common murder, was what it come to.

"So you come for Old Man Coffee," I said.

"Mr. Coffee, I want you to take your dogs up there."

"Dogs? Which, these lion hounds? Take 'em where?"

"I want you to take them to the Fourth Recess," she said. "What I'm hoping is that Pete Crabtree reloaded that gun right there on the spot; I didn't see him do it, but it could have been done. Maybe your dogs can find the empty shells."

After all, it was kind of touching. I suppose I never heard as silly a suggestion as that one was, nor one so far off from what lion hounds can and can't do, even was it useful to begin with. And the plumb foolishness of it somehow kind of went to show how awful serious and kind of desperate she was in her mind.

"All right," I said, "I'll go."

"Thanks," she said, quiet.

Of course, all that was open for me to do was to make a lot of false motions, just to satisfy the girl. So I went back to McTarnahan with her, and next morning I looked over Lije Evers' gun and saddle and one thing and another that they had got together. And I rode on up to the Fourth Recess with fourteen hound dogs cruising in front, and pretty near a dozen kid cowboys, out of work since the fall round-up, trailing along behind to see what I was up to.

There had been a fall of rain up in the Soldier Gorge country, and the man don't live that could have trailed a chuck wagon through the Fourth Recess, all trampled up and rained out like it was. But seeing that the cowboys was along, I looked wise, and set the hounds to milling, and I went over the place foot by foot.

A HOUND pup by the name of Gumboots set up a bawl, and I went and looked at what he found, which was a porcupine track, and said, "Uh huh." And I cut a short stick out of some innocent bystanding buck brush, and saved it, and said, "Aha," and I measured off the distance between a stale cow track and a sugar pine and said, "Oho." And finally I took two pebbles out of the Little Vermilion and wrapped them up careful, and said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

The cowboys didn't have a real tracker among them, and it was pretty near worth the ride up there to see their faces. I don't know when anything has done me so much good.

After that I went on up to the Blackcap Stope. Naturally there wasn't anything to be found out up there, either, but I went over it careful just the same. About all I done up there was cut a six-inch piece of board out of a pine table while the cowboys was out gorging their horses on Salt River's oats. That last, coming on top of the rest of the hocus-pocus, was too much for them, and they owned up they was beat.

When I got back to McTarnahan next day, I looked over Lije Evers' stuff again; and no one was more surprised than me when all of a sudden a kind of a funny idea come to me.

I went and hunted up Pete Crabtree.

"Pete," said I, "how come you let yourself in for this fix?"

"What fix?" said he.

"Getting yourself elected sheriff," said I.

"You voted for me, didn't you?" he said, real salty.

"It was right mean," I admitted. "Howsoever, I apologize; because now I want to ask you something. Where," said I, "is Lije Evers' hat?"

Pete kind of shifted on his feet, and looked disgusted, and bothered too. "Hat?" said he, finally. "There ain't no hat."

It lifted me right off the heels of my boots. "No hat?" I yelped at him. "Hey, you! You can't just lightly say 'There ain't no hat.' There's *got* to be a hat!"

"Well, anyway, there ain't," he said, kind of sulky.

"You're sure you didn't lose it on the way down?"

He riled up again. "Don't never ask me 'am I sure' unless you're joking," he told me.

"This thing has gone beyond a joke," said I. "You and me better talk to the prisoner, Pete."

Tommy Beckwith looked almighty competent, and well put together, sitting there with his head down in the little one-room jail. Only, when he looked up at us, he looked like a young kid.

"Son," said I, "where is Lije Evers' hat?"

"Don't you 'son' me, you old Gila lizard!" he jumped me. "Just because I'm in the jug don't mean I'm free to be insulted."

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding," said Pete, "it ain't going to hurt you none to answer his question. It may seem like a fool question, but Old Man Coffee sets store by it, and I—"

"I never seen any hat," said Tommy Beckwith. "What would I want with his damn' hat?"

I went off and sat on the top rail of the Bonanza corral, and give myself over to thought; and the more I thought the more I was dead certain I had jumped an almighty well-concealed truth.

Maybe you think that made me feel smart, and successful—but it didn't. Instead it give me a real humble, sickly sort of feeling, for I already had a hunch that all hell was going to have a hard time roping Tommy out of the hole he was bogged down in. I went and found Pete Crabtree again, and hauled him off where we could talk it over.

"Pete," said I, "it's too bad we can't find that hat. Because if we could find it, that hat would hang a man."

He looked at me very squint-eyed and thoughtful.

"That hat," I said, "is lost in the rapids of the Little Vermilion, somewhere between the Blackcap and the Fourth Recess."

Pete Crabtree sat quiet. "What then?" he said at last.

"Lije Evers wore his hat jammed down so hard on his head that sometimes he pretty near had to take a bootjack to it. That hat never went sailing off his head as he was just riding along. Pete, you look here: the night Lije Evers was killed he traveled to the Fourth Recess hanging head down—crosswise over a saddlehorn."

PETE sat looking out across the flats for a little while; and I knew that he had thought the same as I did, all along.

"Seems like to me, Coffee," he said at last, "you aren't going to prove nothing just on the strength of no missing hat."

"If you found just one good bear track," I asked him, "would you say there had been a bear?"

He looked at me sort of ugly. "Name your bear," he said, "if you're so sure."

"I will," said I. "Salt River Smith killed Lije Evers."

He didn't say anything, nor look surprised.

"After that," I went on, "he took Lije across the saddlehorn of Lije's horse and rode down to the Fourth Recess, where he knew darn well Tommy was camped. There he fired out of the dark, and when Tommy's gun answered, Salt River dropped Lije and rode back to the Blackcap Stope."

"All that," said Pete, scornful, "just built up on one lost hat! You ain't even got a motive for Salt River."

"Yet, right now as you sit there," I told him, "you know Salt River done it."

He didn't deny it. "There's been a sight too many unsolved killings around here since I've been sheriff," he said. "I can get a conviction on Tommy Beckwith in a minute; Salt River—I'll never hang anything on him."

"But, good God, man—you wouldn't hang an innocent man just to get a notch in your stick?"

"It ain't up to me to say who's guilty and who's innocent," Pete said, kind of vague and stubborn. "That's up to the court."

I'D KNOWN Pete a long time, and he wasn't a bad sort of feller either. It just went to show up the human race, the way he could switch right and wrong, and then find a way to let himself out.

"You haven't got any real motive on Tom Beckwith," I told him. "That fool story about a two-handed poker game—"

"There wasn't any poker game."

"What was it, then?" So long as I was horning in, I figured I'd better at least know as much about it as the rest.

Pete come out with it, easy enough. It seems that this Lije Evers had been another *hombre* that was gone on Lyn Clayton, even worse gone than the rest of them. The more she stood him off, the crazier he got on the subject, until Lije wasn't really in his right mind where Lyn Clayton was concerned.

Finally one night he came into Hepmeyer's eating-house tighter than a New Yorker, and threw it in her teeth that she wasn't any good anyway; and that when he had first known her she was living in Steamboat Springs with a man that was no kin to her, by marriage or otherwise.

That last hadn't any more than got out of his mouth than Tommy Beckwith

(*Continued on page 56*)

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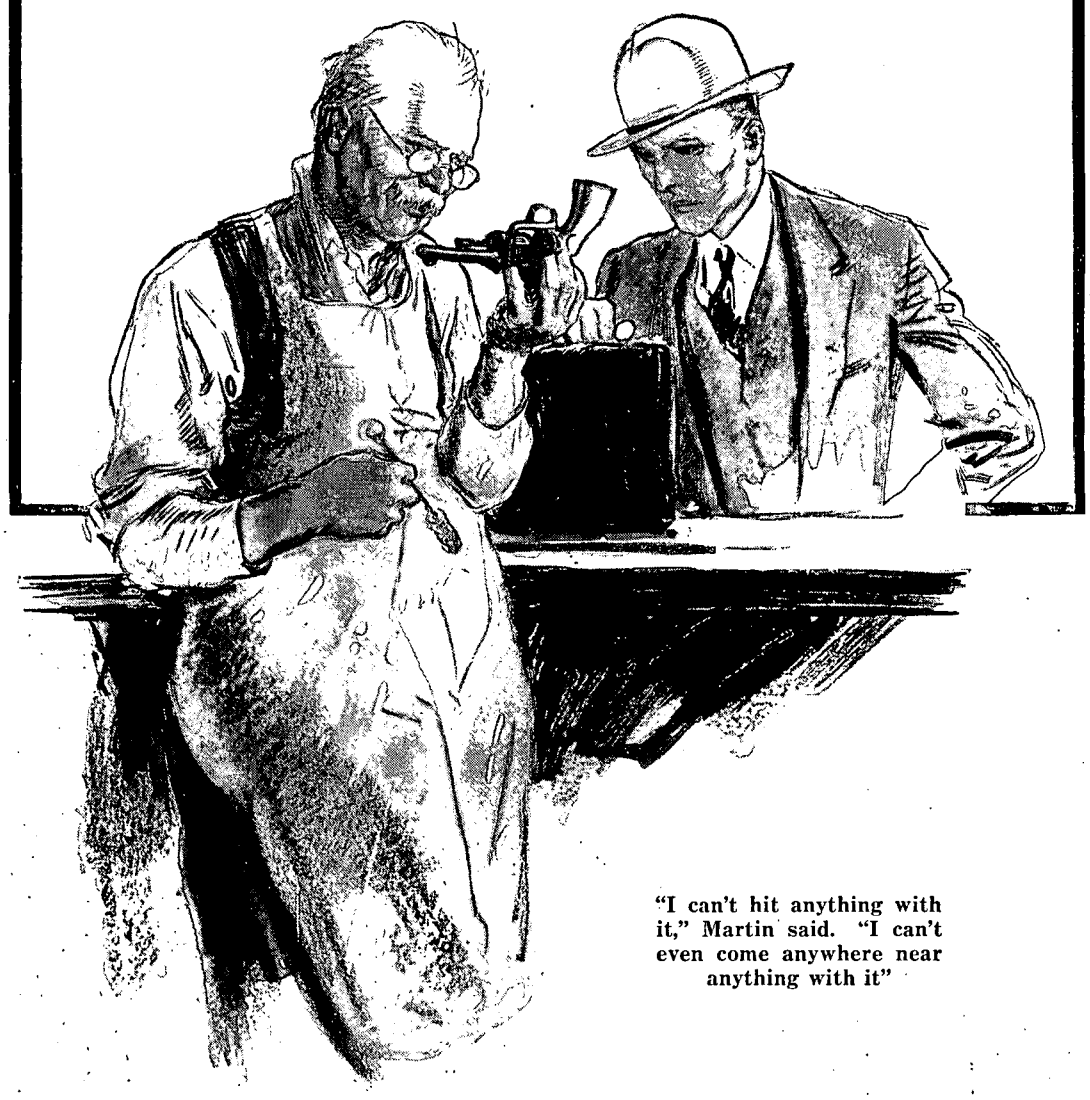
The Backslider

The story of a sweet, gentle, civilized soul—who reformed and opened fire

By Lucian Cary



"I can't hit anything with it," Martin said. "I can't even come anywhere near anything with it"

MARTIN BROWN was fairly on the way to becoming a popular lecturer. He was a professor. But he was neither bearded nor old. He was only an assistant professor and the youngest assistant professor in the University of Minnewaska. Women, in droves, thought he was nice. And he was nice.

It seems sometimes as if men who become professors are driven to choose the subject which they are least fitted by nature to understand. Exceptionally unhappy men become philosophers and tell the rest of the world the one thing they do not know; that is, how to be happy. Martin Brown, who had never been in a fight in his life, became a professor of sociology, a science which endeavors to tell us what men are really like.

So, on a rainy afternoon in March, a few hours before the painful experience that so subtly changed the course of his life, Martin Brown wound up his lecture before the principal women's club of Oak Park with these words:

"People are always saying that human nature doesn't change. I hope I have convinced you they are wrong. I hope I have shown you that man was once the most ferocious animal on the face of the earth. With club and spear he killed the mastodon and the saber-tooth tiger. And no man was safe from the murderous assaults of his neighbors.

"It is the triumph of civilization to have changed all that. Nowadays a man goes about his daily work unarmed. Once a meeting between strangers meant bloodshed. Now we talk. We have so far changed our original nature that we use words instead of deadly weapons."

Martin Brown bowed and stepped back from the reading desk. There was a pleasant round of applause and dozens of women rose from their chairs and started toward the platform to meet him. Martin Brown enjoyed lecturing to an attentive audience. But when the individual women came up at the close of a lecture to shake hands and ask questions and pay him compliments he had an uneasy feeling that they were not so much interested in what he said as in him. Most of the women were older than he was but even those who weren't had a way of treating him as a mother would treat a bright boy who had spoken his piece and spoken it well. He escaped them as quickly as he could and found his car, which he had parked in a side street.

He couldn't help smiling when he looked at that car. It was a convertible coupé, painted a shining black against which the burnished blue-silver of chromium plate on headlamps and radiator shell and hub caps made a rich contrast. It had cost a lot more money than an assistant professor can afford to pay for an automobile.

Martin Brown unlocked the door, put the brief case containing his lecture notes in the little compartment behind the seat and started the motor. He had all the pride in the car that young men who are not professors take in driving the fastest and handsomest car in the neighborhood and in addition all the satisfaction that a man who has always been poor takes in his first justifiable extravagance.

Martin knew he didn't need a car with a hundred and twenty-five horsepower. He had been brought up on the kind of flivver you find on a poor farm and he knew by experience that you could go anywhere you wanted to go in the cheapest car made.

BUT he felt justified. He had earned the big car by his lectures. Or rather he had earned the twelve hundred dollars he had paid down by his lecturing the previous year and he knew that he could earn the remaining twenty-four hundred dollars, payable in twelve monthly installments, by the lectures he had agreed to deliver in that time. His salary at the university would pay his living expenses and leave something over. Why shouldn't he drive a grand car if he wanted to? It was as fast as a train and it took you exactly where you wanted to go when you wanted to go, and it didn't cost so much more, considering what you saved in taxi fares to and from railway stations. At least it didn't cost more than twice as much.

Martin stopped for dinner in a small town where there was a restaurant he knew. While he waited for his steak and French fried potatoes and lettuce and tomato salad he read a book. He was still as avid for knowledge as he had been at fourteen when he had made up his mind that somehow he was going to go through college. When the steak came he propped the book up against the saltcellar and the vinegar cruet and the sauce bottle and continued to read as he ate. He was happy.

It was after ten o'clock when he finally closed the book and paid his bill. It was eighty or ninety miles to Grandison and the university but he could make it by midnight without pushing, with the greatest ease. That was the beauty of traveling in your own car. You went as you pleased.

Martin bowled along luxuriously at fifty-five or sixty miles an hour, the big engine purring under his foot. It was raining and the road was wet but there was no traffic. He was eight or nine miles from home when he saw a car halfway across the road. Martin slowed down. A man stepped out and held up his hand. Martin stopped. He saw that the rear wheels of the car were off the cement and in the mud.

Martin leaned out of the window. "Stuck?" he asked.

"You've said it," the man said. He was a short, thick man in a long oilskin coat with a cap pulled down over his ears. He might have been a farmer but the car was not a farmer's car. It was a long, low roadster and Martin saw that under the mud with which it had been splashed it was almost as new as his own car.

"Have you a rope?" Martin asked.

A second man came forward into the light. He was almost completely enveloped in a gaberdine raincoat but he was well dressed. His shoes were muddy and he had jammed his hat down out of shape in an effort to keep the rain off of his neck but he was somehow still elegant. Martin guessed that he was the owner of the car.

"No," the man in the gaberdine coat said, "we haven't got a rope. Have you got a pair of chains?"

"Yes, I have," Martin said. He jumped down and opened the rumble and took out the tire chains. He hadn't used them so far. They were still in the brown cloth bag they had been packed in when he bought them.

Martin got back into his car and ran forward a few yards and backed his rear bumper against the front bumper of the other car. The man in the oilskin coat hitched the two cars together with the chains. The man in the gaberdine coat examined the hitch to see that it would hold and climbed in behind the wheel of his own car and started the engine.

MARTIN drove slowly ahead in low gear until the other car was back on the road. He waited while the man in oilskins unfastened the chains. The man appeared at the window beside Martin.

"That's a nice car you got, buddy," he said.

"Yes," Martin said. He held out his left hand to take the chains. But the man did not at once offer them to him. He leaned in the window. As he did so Martin saw that the top of his right ear had been sliced off.

"It's so nice," the man said, "that I want it." He reached in and turned off the ignition switch. "C'mon—get out."

Martin clenched his right fist. But he knew even as he did so that it was futile. He was hemmed in by the big

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steering wheel in front of him and the back of the seat behind him. The man stepped back, as Martin struck at his face, and swung the chains.

WHEN Martin came to he was lying in the mud beside the road. He put his hand up to his head. His head was sticky with blood. It occurred to him that he was blinded. He couldn't see anything. But he slowly and painfully realized that it was black dark. After a long minute he got to his feet. He swayed dizzily and fell.

He sat up. He sat for a long time in the middle of the road. His head cleared. He realized that it was not as completely dark as he had thought it was. He wondered if there were a car coming. He turned his head slowly and looked both ways. He saw no light. He looked up. It was still raining. But the heavens were not as dark as the earth. Either dawn was approaching or there was a moon behind the clouds. He felt in his pockets for cigarettes. He found a package. But the cigarettes were water-soaked. He could feel the paper come apart in his fingers. He found a book of matches. But they were too wet to strike. He felt suddenly for his wallet. That was gone.

He had had about fifty dollars in cash in the wallet and the check for a hundred dollars that the treasurer of the woman's club had given him for his lecture. He didn't suppose they could cash that check. He hadn't endorsed it. But perhaps they could cash it. His watch was still on his wrist. He could see the dial glowing in the dark but he couldn't see the hands. He felt of the watch. The crystal was gone and so were the hands.

Martin Brown got to his feet. The quicker he got to a telephone and notified the police the better the chance of catching the men who had taken his car away from him. He staggered forward. He could not really see the road. He merely felt that he knew where it was. He fell again and again, reaching blindly into the dark. The insurance company would pay for the car if the police did not recover it. But that was not enough. For the first time in his life Martin Brown wanted to get somebody. He wanted to kill the man with the sliced ear.

HE WALKED on. After a mile, or two miles—he had no way of knowing how far it was—he saw a lighted window ahead. He tried to run toward it. But he fell down. He had to walk. As he approached the house two dogs came running out of the darkness, barking madly. Martin poised himself for a kick. But the dogs did not come near enough to be kicked. Martin walked on toward the house. The dogs gave ground, barking all the harder. Martin had almost reached the front door when he saw a man in a nightshirt run past the lighted window. The next instant the light went out. He heard the window bang as it was opened. A voice defiant with fear called out to him. The dogs suddenly ceased to bark.

"If you come any nearer you get both barrels," the man yelled.

"But I only want to telephone," Martin said.

"Sick 'im," the man called to the dogs. The dogs barked more furiously than before.

"Listen!" Martin Brown called as loudly as he could.

There was a sudden flash of flame from the window and a roar that split the night and echoed and reëchoed.

MARTIN turned and stumbled and picked himself up and ran. The dogs followed him, barking with a new triumphant note. After a hundred yards they gave up. Martin was alone again on the road in the dark. He sat down to get his breath. But he was wet through with icy water. His teeth chattered. He couldn't sit there and wait until a car came along. He had to keep moving. It was more painful to sit still than it was to walk.

After a long time he caught a flash of light against the sky ahead. He stopped, staring hard into the night. Again he saw the flash. The next moment two brilliant headlamps appeared at the top of a hill ahead, and came rushing toward him. Martin stood as near the middle of the road as he dared and held up his hand. The car was slowing down. He was sure it was slowing down. But as the headlights came full on him, blinding him, it gathered speed. The car swerved as it passed him. Martin heard the added rush as the driver stepped on the gas.

He walked bitterly on. Of course no cautious man, no sensible man, would stop on a lonely road in the middle of the night. He was a crazy fool to expect it. He was a mad optimist. He had stopped in the night to help two strangers. But the rest of the world was not so innocent.

Martin Brown walked all the way to Grandison. He walked all the way home to his flat in University Avenue. He climbed the stairs. Fortunately they hadn't taken his key. The first thing to do was to call the police and the next to take a hot bath and put iodine on his head. No, the first thing to do was to look at himself. He stumbled toward the bathroom and found the switch of the light over the mirror. It was no wonder the car hadn't stopped for him. His face was covered with mud and blood. He looked like a man who had gone wild drunk or stark mad, and had banged his head on things.

HE TURNED on the warm water and looked for a towel. But suddenly he was sick and dizzy. He dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward his bed. He got up on the bed. He went to sleep in his wet clothes without washing his face, without calling the police. He could not help himself.

He awoke to find the sunlight streaming in and his head aching. He sat up in bed and groaned involuntarily. Every part of his body was sore to the touch. Every movement made him set his teeth.

He got up and took his clothes off and ran a tub full of warm water and got into it. His body was covered with bruises—dark blue and swollen patches. The man in the oilskin coat with the

(*Continued on page 50*)

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

As the third man struck the bottom step the policeman landed on him

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"Listen, sister," he said gently to the girl in the next chair, "nobody in the world is worth all those tears"

Weep, My Lady

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Emmet Crozier

Illustrated by Loren Stout

THE girl in the green plush chair next to Sam Fisher was crying quietly and earnestly into her handkerchief. She held the handkerchief in a small clenched hand at the end of her nose and stared out the window at the Hudson Valley landscape.

Pullman car tragedy. People going somewhere on a train, Sam reflected, were always keyed up by some emotion; always sad or joyful, downcast or happily expectant. Even he himself, chewing philosophically on a dead cigar—who would suspect what he had been through the night before in Syracuse, who could guess the tragic portent of the telegram he had opened so casually in Albany half an hour ago?

Sam didn't mind losing the twenty thousand dollars. To a theatrical producer who for fifteen years had festooned Broadway with glittering revues and gorgeously mounted musical comedies twenty grand was chicken feed. No, it wasn't the money; but Sam didn't like the idea of being the laughingstock of Broadway.

And how Syracuse had laughed! Sam squirmed uneasily in his chair as the echoes of that bitter, explosive laughter rang in his ears. From an orchestra seat in the rear of the Onondaga Theater he had watched The Marriage Net move smoothly through two acts of steadily mounting dramatic interest. Then came the third-act climax, Mary Varden's big emotional scene; Mary Varden sobbing her heart out on a divan over a husband she couldn't hold; Mary Varden alone on the stage with the fate of The Marriage Net in her two hands—and the Syracuse audience had burst into a roar of laughter.

LATER Sam had sat in a smoke-filled hotel room long after midnight and listened to a tired young playwright's lamentations.

"You might at least have given the Morrow girl a try-out."

"Morrow?" Sam grunted. "Whoever heard of her? We're not running a dramatic school."

"Well, what are you running—an Old Ladies' Home?" And so, far into the night. Sam had been stubborn to the end.

"I picked Varden and I'm not going to change my mind now. Her name has been a box-office draw for years. You'll see. And besides, she'll find a way to lick that third act yet." But deep down inside, Sam knew that Varden would keep on heaving her shoulders and clawing the upholstery until The Marriage Net was wafted to Cain's storehouse on a gale of laughter. Too late he realized that Mary Varden's acting belonged to a generation that had passed.

And then there was the telegram. Sam took it out of his pocket and read it for the third time:

SAM FISHER MOHAWK LIMITED
ALBANY N Y

CHURCHILL WIRES YOU ARE DETERMINED TO KEEP VARDEN IN SPITE OF POOR PERFORMANCE AT SYRACUSE STOP IF YOU INSIST ON OPENING WITH HER IN NEW YORK I'M THROUGH AND I DON'T MEAN PERHAPS STOP BILL SNYDER

His old partner, friend and counselor walking out on him. Fifteen years of trouping, fifteen years of Broadway's heartbreak and triumph, poverty and prosperity ended in a quarrel over a leading woman. Well, to hell with them all. He'd stick to his guns and take his loss, and let Broadway laugh its fool head off.

The Mohawk Limited paused at Poughkeepsie and roared south again. The girl in the next chair was still crying softly to herself. Sam wondered whether he ought to say something or try to cheer her up. After all, he was old enough to be her father.

"Listen, sister," he said gently, "barring a death in the family nobody in the world is worth all those tears. And if anybody's dead you hadn't oughta be wearing those earrings." The girl turned her solemn, tear-stained face toward him and shook her head with a wry little smile.

"Nobody's dead," she said. Sam judged her to be about twenty; and he had never seen a face so pathetically childlike and appealing.

"Sometimes it helps," Sam observed, "to get it off your chest."

She told him the story in a low-pitched, throaty voice that carried barely to his chair. Occasionally the tears came to her eyes again, and the crumpled ball of a handkerchief would be pressed tight against her nose until her voice was steady enough to trust with words.

Listening, Sam forgot The Marriage Net and all its troublesome complications. It wasn't such an extraordinary story.

Life in the suburbs of Schenectady . . . keeping a drab little house in order and cooking meals for a mechanic who was always too tired at night to go to the movies. In a magazine she had read about a "Friendship Club." You sent twenty-five cents in stamps and got letters from lonely people . . .

It was fun at first, this gay and foolish flirtation by mail with a stranger in New York. Then the mail-order Romeo began to take things seriously. She should have told him she was married; she shouldn't have kept that twenty dollars he sent, but somehow things drifted along until—

Sam guessed what was coming. The man in New York was tired of waiting. He was holding the letters over her head, forcing her to come to New York and meet his terms. Life was strangely like a play.

The Mohawk Limited picked up its electric locomotive at Harmon and pulled away for the last leg of its journey down the Hudson. Sam said:

"So you're going down to the big city to have it out with him."

The girl nodded.

"I've got to get those silly letters. He'll be waiting at the train gate with a carnation in his buttonhole." The tears were welling in her eyes again, and the absurd little handkerchief was squeezed against her nose.

"Never mind, honey," Sam said, "I'll stick with you. We'll handle this blackmailer." Good old Sam. He was thinking: "There will be a brief scuffle, and then some revolver shots. Tomorrow morning the tabloids will say, 'Broadway Producer Shot in Love Triangle.' What th' hell."

AT THE Grand Central station they lingered until everybody else had left the train. The girl took Sam's arm as they followed the redcap slowly up the incline. The crowd had dwindled at the train gate; only one man was standing there, waiting. It was Bill Snyder, of Fisher & Snyder, Inc. He wore a white carnation in his buttonhole, and he was grinning.

"Hello, Miss Morrow," he said to the girl. "I see you two have somehow gotten acquainted."

Sam turned and looked searchingly at the girl. Her eyes were misty, and they were begging forgiveness.

"The dinner's on me," said Sam, "but first I've got to send a telegram." They followed him in silence to a telegraph desk and Bill Snyder looked happily over his shoulder as he wrote out a brief message:

JAMES CHURCHILL ONONDAGA THEATER SYRACUSE N Y

GIVE VARDEN HER NOTICE STOP I'VE FOUND A GIRL WHO KNOWS HOW TO CRY STOP SAM FISHER

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The First Million Miles

It would take you four lifetimes of ordinary motoring to cover a million miles. Hamilton Lee had gone that far when he was barely over thirty. Now he's half through his second million. He's a man of the new epoch, a product of aërial transportation. Here's his story

By W. B. Courtney

Hamilton Lee, who has flown over a million and a half miles without a serious crash

Bocing Air Transport, Inc.

DENSE fog raced down the wintry North Atlantic coast, like clouds of gray venom spat from the teeth of the northeast gale it was trailing from Halifax to Hatteras. The sea, the land and the sky were blended, and surface craft came to a standstill—or crept at best. For the young mail pilot caught two thousand feet aloft, however, there was vouchsafed neither the comfort of anchors nor the guidance of shining rails past green semaphores.

For him a world of form and order had suddenly ceased to exist; he was lost in a blanched chaos. More than two hours ago he had left Washington and bucked his way northward in a frail airplane which even the army had branded and tossed aside as obsolete after the then recent Armistice. He had deserted the railroad tracks west of the Amboys and sliced across the Raritan and lower Staten Island toward the makeshift terminal of the early air mail which was at Belmont Park race track on Long Island. He had seen the menacing wall of mist swirling toward him, and he had tried to race it. The fog won. The last familiar thing he had glimpsed before he was blanketed was the Narrows, far below.

Oh, well, he wasn't particularly alarmed. He was young, but the wisdom of hundreds of flying hours was in his brain, and the experience of years—even in 1918 he was a veteran—rode in his cockpit. He would stay high enough for the present to cheat the clawing smokestacks of Brooklyn; then, when he figured he had reached the clear in the vicinity of the track he would feel for the ground and, no doubt, see enough to enable him to squeeze down, somehow. Meanwhile, he'd fly by compass.

Compasses Are Like That

With a bit of a smile for the zest of the adventure he turned his eyes from their purposeless joust with the fog and fixed them upon his compass. They nearly jumped in horror from his head, for the compass was spinning . . . spinning . . . spinning. . . .

Compasses are like that; very rough air may jolt the needle from its patient regard of the north; its swings will become wider and wider, until at last it is circling the dial, slowly, like an uncertain old horsefly caught underneath a goblet. Fighting to steady his nerves, the young pilot decided to nose down for a cautious look at the ground to enable him to reorient himself. He broke from the fog, almost to collide with a ghostly ship. The last ship he had seen before the fog smothered him had been broadside to his flight path. He was going in the same direction as this one!

That pilot knew for the first time what a cold sweat was like as he pulled back up into the murk. He had none of the cockpit marvels of today to help him; no turn- and bank-indicator, whose bubble would run out to show him a low wing and a turn when he thought he was level and true. No artificial horizon to make up for the lost real one. Only a tachometer, whose indication of the gain or loss of engine revolutions would hint when he was diving or climbing. Only that and nothing more except flying instinct—which is a paltry and unreliable substitute for science.

The boy wet his lips and steeled himself to an eternity of minutes through which he flew what his senses said was a bee line for the home field, until his calculation of time told him he should have reached there. Then he throttled the motor and sneaked down through the fog, trying to surprise the ground. It surprised him instead when it turned out to be an oily swell of sea-water leaping for his wheels. He was far off the coast.

He climbed again, and now his mind was reeling like the compass needle. He blundered on.

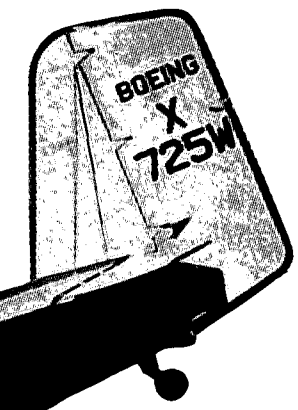
Thus he seesawed through the fog, up and down, now over water, now over land, for thirty-five minutes.

His gas supply, already heavily taxed by a long fight with the head wind, was running out and left but a few minutes of grace when he finally spied a crowded shore line. He went up again for safety and flew briefly inland. This time, when he came down, there was an open field below his wheels, but when he tried to turn into the wind he lost the field and was as badly off as ever. Next he found a cemetery; the visibility, somehow, was a little better here and he circled, trying to get up courage enough to pancake among the tombstones. But he hadn't the heart for it, and poked away into the fog once more.

A Veteran Is Scared

His engine started to sputter. He came down and sped along not fifty feet above the blurred earth until he saw a mite of a clearing between houses. There was no turning into the wind; he settled to the ground just as his motor died away. His prop stopped turning and his ship stopped rolling simultaneously, and not more than six feet from a tree.

"That," says E. Hamilton Lee, senior air-mail pilot not only of the United States but of the world, and the man who has flown more than any other human being, "is just about the closest I ever came to a serious crash, and it plumb scared me. I sat in that old Jenny and shook for five minutes before I could wish enough strength into my arms and legs to pull me out of the cockpit. I almost collapsed when I stood on the ground, and when I got to the nearest house and called the field at Belmont on the phone I was so nervous I could scarcely talk. They sent a truck from the field for the mail and me, and first thing next morning they pulled the old army custom of checkmating air-shyness by sending me right back into the air with the southbound mail. I give you my word, I shook all the way to Washington, and all the way back again; and I shook for half a dozen round trips after that."



Underwood & Underwood

You might be surprised to hear a confession of fear from the man who holds a record of "firsts" which no one will ever be able to take away from him. In years to come many people will each fly more than a million and a half miles; more than 14,000 hours. But Hamilton Lee will live in aviation history as the first man to have spent 10,000 hours of his life in the air; to have traveled a million miles off the ground. Now he is far ahead of even that record, and none of his contemporaries in active flying today are anywhere near him. You are due for more than one surprise, however, when you meet Lee.

(Continued on page 58)

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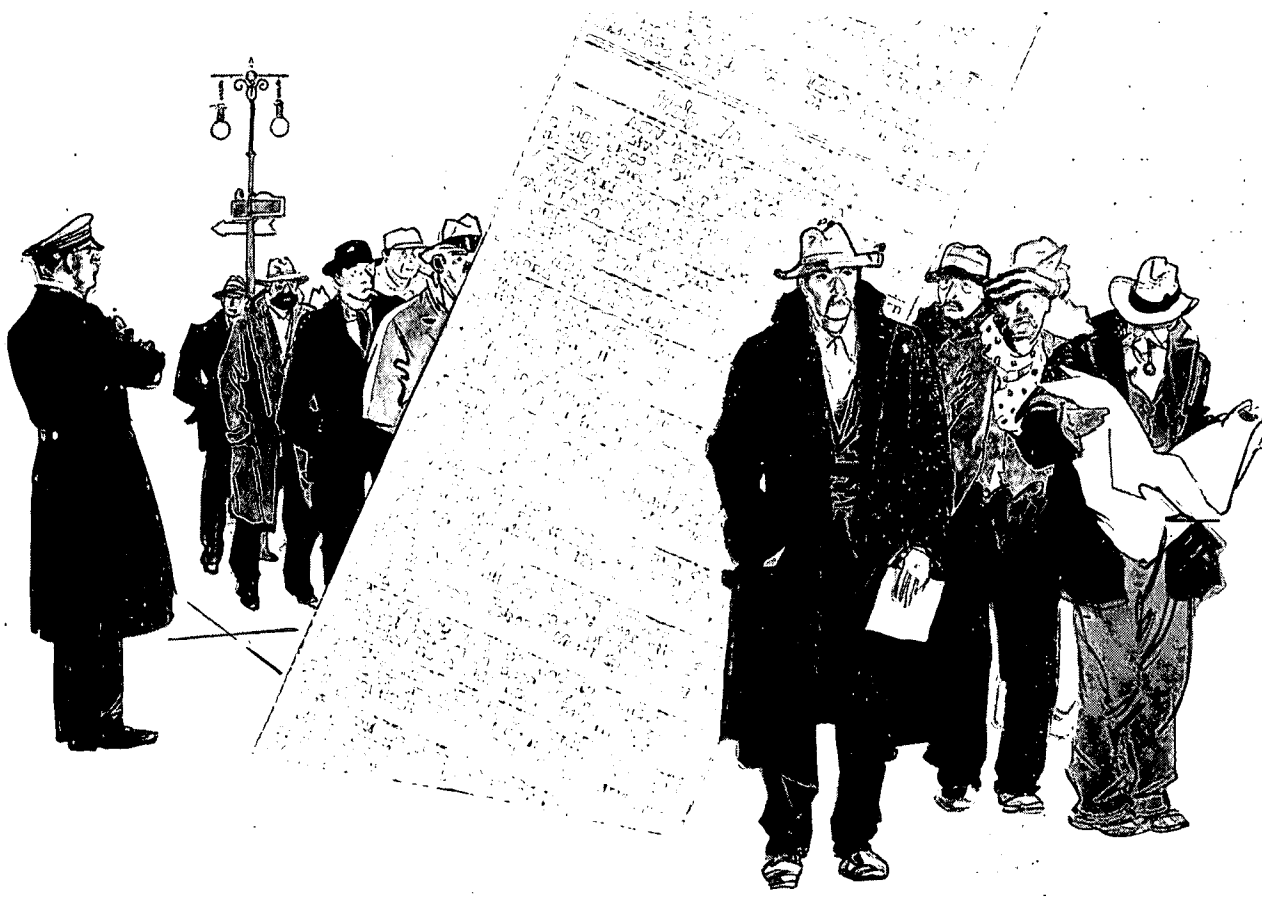

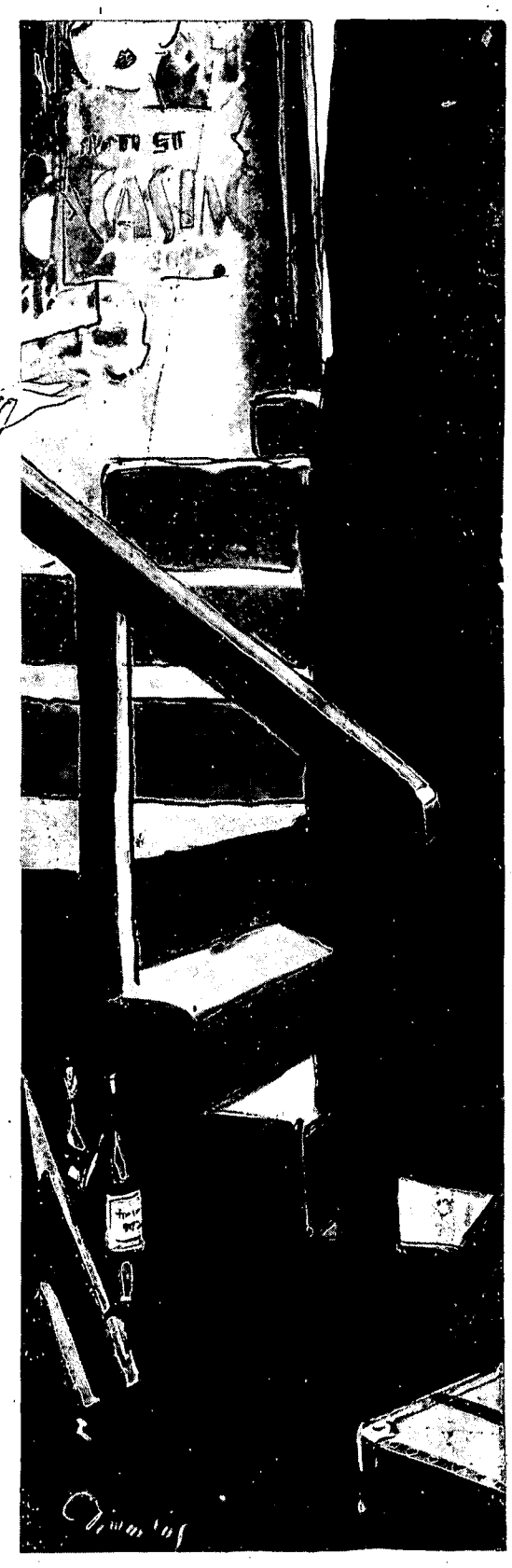

Things are awful Quiet

The story of a quiet day in the life of an unknown hero—quiet, but not absolutely noiseless

By Walter Davenport

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

JOE PRIBB buttoned up his overcoat. It was a cold morning, just daybreak. He had wrapped his muffler twice around his neck, but after a moment removed it.

"Let the kid wear it," Joe said to Cora, his wife. "Let him wear it when he goes to school this morning. It's kinda chilly."

"How about yourself?" she said, a little doubtfully. "You been wearing it and are used to it. Don't catch a cold, Joe."

"I'll be moving too fast to get cold," said Joe.

He neatly folded six sheets of note paper on which he had pasted half a dozen Help Wanted ads, clipped from last night's paper, and tucked them in a pocket. They were all advertisements for house-to-house canvassers—mocking little things advising the reader that experience was unnecessary. Not that this assurance had attracted Joe. This side of dying, Joe had had all the experiences. He was now out of work for the first time since he started earning his own. This experience was now three months old.

This was Wednesday. As he pulled the collar of his coat up to make up for the discarded muffler, he gulped the last of his coffee, boiling hot but made of Monday's grounds.

"I gotta be going," he said. "Things are awful quiet and there'll be a mob out after jobs. So long."

"Good luck, Joe," she said. "I wish you luck."

"Well," he said, "don't be counting too much. I dunno. Things are awful quiet."

All the ads sounded pretty much alike. Joe had organized his quest for work, lined them up in the order of their distance from home. He knew about what he might expect. He had lost count of the advertised jobs he had gone after and missed. He couldn't afford to miss many more. He could give his muffler to the kid, even his shirt, but he couldn't give him something he didn't have. Food, for example. Cora could stay indoors; but even there people had to eat.

MAYBE he wouldn't have noticed it three months ago, but now the size of the mob in front of the first address made him feel a bit queer. It made him a little sick. He stopped a moment, a little afraid, but suddenly caught himself and marched into it. It filled the street, pavement to pavement, and ran over into the intersecting street beyond. A single cop was foolishly trying to herd it off the car tracks so that a line of clanging, hooting traffic might move. Pretty soon more cops arrived and began to pull and punch and even club the mob off. One of them warmed up on Joe.

"What's the idea?" protested Joe, struggling to his feet and wiping the blood from his lips. "Where do you get off to—"

"Oh, yeah?" snarled the cop. "Suppose you tell it to a judge."

He grabbed Joe's collar and yanked so hard that the top button flew off. But Joe didn't tell it to a judge. Just then a police lieutenant came up and bawled out the cop.

"Hey, rookie," he snapped. "Don't be too anxious to make your first pinch. You can't take a guy in just for looking for work."

So Joe was a free man again. And just as he was about to plunge into what was left of the mob, a man with a bull voice bellowed from a second-story window that they had all the canvassers they needed.

Joe was astonished to find that he was among the first fifty to arrive at the second place. He hadn't been that close to a job for some time. A few moments after he took his place in line, the doors opened and a sad, gangling man with a bunch of yellow leaflets in his hands announced in a tired voice that only twelve men were needed. He was instantly swept aside by the rush. Joe was fast. He left his place, darted forward and popped in between two competitors closer to the door. Both of them turned on him.

They wanted to know who he thought he was. Instead of replying he pushed ahead and the man against whose back he pushed swung at him. The punch missed Joe but its impetus carried the man down with it. His head hit the corner of a step. He lay still, a trickle of blood running out from beneath his neck.

Immediately the man behind grabbed at Joe.

"Here's the guy who done it," he screamed. "Here's the guy who done it. This guy—"

For a moment they crouched, stiff

The line became a jostling mob. It seemed to grow. There must have been two hundred around the fallen man. And all fighting to get nearer. In the general swirl, Joe was thrown out of the mob's center. In an instant he was on its fringes—free. The man who had grabbed at him was still screaming. A cop was fighting his way in. Joe hurried away and in the excitement nobody noticed.

AS HE hurried he began to regret the loss of that top button on his overcoat. It left the collar loose and the wind bit him where, before, he had worn that muffler. But, holding the collar close, he hustled to his third stop. Just too late. They had wanted only ten men—to sell soaps and toilet articles—and they had taken the first ten to get inside. The rest, a hundred or more, were slowly trickling away.

"A guy's got to get up awful early," said Joe to one of them.

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with fear. Then White spoke: "Come on. We gotta get out of here"

"Yeah," agreed the man. "And stay up late. Listen," looking hard at Joe, "ain't I seen you somewheres?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "I been looking everywhere. Things are awful quiet."

"Well I seen you somewheres. Listen; your name Huggins?"

"No."

"Okay. I ain't asking. Listen, Huggins. I know something."

"My name's Joe Pribb."

"Oh, all right," said the stranger, winking. "You don't have to tip your mitt and I don't neither. I ain't Frankie Benjamin no more, neither. My name's Ed White. Listen, Joe."

THEY walked off down the street together. At first Joe was all for leaving White who, he told himself, was a nut. Anyway he sounded goofy.

"I gotta be going," he explained. "I got a couple more places."

White stared at him hard for a moment, looking him over.

"Say," he demanded, "how long you been muscling them mobs for a job?"

"Three months," said Joe sourly.

"Well, they ought to give you credit for trying."

"I gotta eat."

"You ate before, didn't you?"

"What's that got to do with eating now?" demanded Joe.

"Nothing," said White; "except a guy's got to eat and if he don't get it one way he's got to get it another way. I always ate before this too, but I ain't eating now. Neither are you. You can do what you want, Huggins—"

"Pribb," said Joe.

"Okay, okay," sneered White. "You can do what you want, but for a guy as good as you were, you're a sap. Me, I'm through with that mug's game back there. Who the hell's going to buy their junk even if you get the job? Anyway I got the price of a couple of shots. Come on."

JOE went along. He wasn't a particularly quick-witted man. He wasn't sure that White didn't still believe he was somebody named Huggins. He wondered who Huggins might be, and what Huggins did for a living—or used to do. He sensed something crooked, but wasn't sure. But one thing he did agree with: that it was pretty hopeless to go on to the other mobs. Besides, White was offering him a shot of something and Joe needed a shot. That first experience with the cop, the loss of his muffler and overcoat button, the trouble at the second place—all these things had taken a lot out of him. And after three months he hadn't much to give.

He wondered for a second about the man who had punched at him and fallen. The thought made him even colder and emptier. Maybe, after all, he had better go along and have that shot. Perhaps it would be better to keep off the streets, away from the job-hunting mobs. The cops might be looking through those crowds for him. The man who had screamed that he, Joe, was to blame for that accident back there would be with the cops. So he hurried along with White.

White didn't talk much on the way. Anyway Joe wasn't doing much listening. To the best of his ability he was thinking. Also worrying about Cora and the kid. Joe was the kind who confuses worrying with thinking. Anyway he shouldn't be doing this although, God knows, White's invitation to have a shot had been welcome. But he wished it was going to be coffee. He would have liked a cup of coffee—real coffee.

His conscience was hurting him. Here he was going somewhere, far out of his way, to a speakeasy with a stranger who thought he was somebody else, who was a crook or a nut or something. Besides he, Joe, should be looking for a job, even hopelessly.

WHAT hurt him even more was that by now Cora had sent the kid off to school with the muffler wrapped around his neck. And she was just the kind to have told the boy that it was his father's muffler (as if the kid wouldn't know) and that he should be a good boy and try to help his father, who was trying so hard, by getting all the schooling he could while he could. Joe could almost hear the boy promising in his wistful, solemn way. The kid was a good kid. And Cora was as game as a dollar.

It was too much for Joe, dull soul, and he started to tell White that he didn't want a shot and wouldn't go any farther. He would run back and, late or not, he would look for a job—and keep on looking. After all, he wasn't responsible for that accident at the second place. He hadn't hit the man. Why should he be afraid? But White's voice—a sharp, snarled bark, forestalled him.

"Cheese it," snapped White. "In here. Quick. Don't say a word."

White grabbed his arm and half shoved, half dragged Joe down a cellarway. Joe looked around wildly. They were in a rag and junk basement, or something like that. Joe, frightened, let White thrust him on into a dark corner from where they could see the door.

"What's the matter?" gasped Joe.

(*Continued on page 53*)

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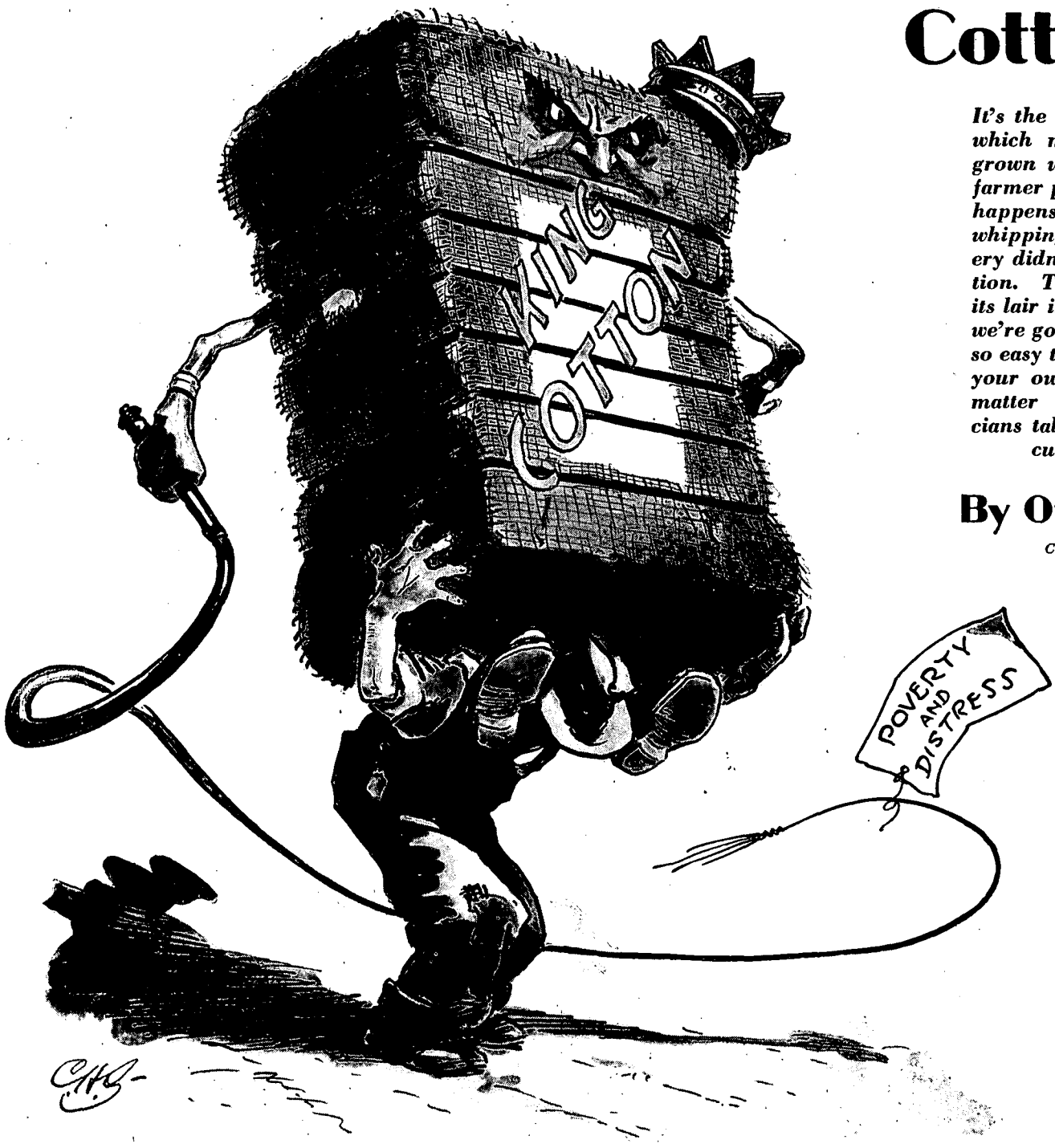
Cotton Poor

It's the medieval system under which most of our cotton is grown which keeps the cotton farmer poor. The Farm Board happens to be a convenient whipping boy, but cotton misery didn't begin in this generation. The trouble is traced to its lair in this article; but what we're going to do about it is not so easy to determine. Make up your own mind about it. No matter how much the politicians talk, the disease can't be cured by legislation

By Owen P. White

Cartoons by C. H. Sykes



The South is harassed by the régime of its merciless tyrant, King Cotton, and no one has offered effective relief

HAVING just returned from a trip through the South, where I reverently uncovered and stood in awe before the Great Cotton Wall which the Federal Farm Board has helped effectively to erect to separate the American cotton farmer from the world market, I naturally feel called upon to make a suggestion. It is this, and I believe it's a good one:

If I were the Federal Farm Board I'd immediately enter into an unholy alliance with the boll-weevil, make him a member of the Board if necessary, and instruct him to go forth and attend to the surplus for the next couple of years. The boll-weevil can do it and at the same time he can raise the price. He's done it before; he's a smart little fellow who knows just what to do with too heavy a cotton crop and, although for forty years he has been looked upon as the scourge of the South, it is still safe to say that nine out of every ten cotton men you talk to, no matter whether they are farmers, merchants, ginners or spinners, will tell you that they prefer his methods to those of the Farm Board.

There is a good economic reason for that feeling and also a very visible one. When the boll-weevil starts out to control a surplus he does it adequately, effectively and in accord with a natural law, by completely destroying it and thus forever ending the argument.

The Federal Farm Board, however, when it tried to do the same thing, and at the same time stabilize the price, went contrary to reason, disregarded a natural law, that of supply and demand, and what have been the results? They have been manifold, and in every fold, as anyone can see who will journey through the South, there is a great lot of grief. But the biggest thing the Farm Board accomplished, the thing for which it will be remembered longest and cussed loudest, was its erection of the Great Cotton Wall to which I have already referred.

The Inevitable Aftermath

The great Chinese Wall of pre-Christian times was intended to keep barbarians from invading the Celestial Empire, and for centuries it did so; the Great American Cotton Wall, apparently, was erected to keep American cotton from invading world ports, and it also is proving effective. How?

In order to answer that laconic question we must go back to the terms of the Federal Marketing Act. But first let us digress a bit to quote a remark made by the Secretary of Commerce in 1925. "It is the intrusion of government into trading operations on a vast scale," said the Hon. Herbert Hoover, "that raises a host of new dangers—the inevitable aftermath of such efforts by political agencies to interfere with the normal processes of supply and demand. Our people will resist. Building up resistance is not a pleasant job because it is necessarily subject to misrepresentation, but to say that our people must tamely submit is intolerable.

"Such manipulation threatens not only the sane progress of the world, but contains in it great dangers to international good will."

Thus it instantly appears that the economic opinions of a Secretary of Commerce, who is unhampered by promises, and who does not have to conciliate the voters, do not necessarily have to agree with those of a President who has to mollify a constituency. For hardly had Mr. Hoover gotten his chair warm in the White House than he signed a bill making the Federal government by long odds the biggest trader in the land. Under that law, by which the Federal Farm Board was created and was given a nest-egg of fifty million dollars, it was the duty of the Board to do all it could to benefit the American farmer.

As the Board saw it, the best way to do that was to raise prices of agricultural products, and the best way to raise prices was, first, to stabilize them, and second, control surplus production. Now how, in the case of cotton, because that's what we're talking about, did the Federal Farm Board go about accomplishing these simple results?

Cotton is a world commodity. In the United States it is produced only in the South, and therefore, in so far as actual farm relief goes, it is fundamentally a Southern problem. At the same time, though, it becomes of extreme national importance when we remember that it is one of our largest export items, and that therefore the price at which it is sold has much to do with our trade balance.

What the Farm Board Did

For years, then, this price, owing to various causes—weather conditions, uncertain markets, or the price-fixing, surplus-controlling ability of the boll-weevil—has been going up and down. But, with the law of supply and demand always in constant and unrestricted operation, and with open competition in trading, there was always an uninterrupted flow of cotton from American ports to those of Europe and the Orient, and the United States was supreme in the cotton world.

Then something happened. Just about the time the Federal Farm Board, with its benign mission and unlimited resources, began to function, a combination of circumstances—good-sized crops both here and abroad, coupled with a decreased industrial demand—caused the price to go down, down, down. Nobody in the cotton business, however, got hysterical about it. Ever since the South has been raising cotton it has known that the average is about one good year out of every three, and so farmers, traders and even spinners took the situation philosophically.

The politicians and the Farm Board didn't, though. The former shouted to the latter to do something and the latter did it. Did what? Told as concisely as possible, here is what the Farm Board did to cotton:

In accordance with the enabling provisions of the Marketing Act they took over, or rather financed, a number of coöperative cotton organizations, most of which at the time were on their backs, gasping for breath. The Board told these coöperatives that cotton was to be pegged at sixteen cents a pound and

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loaned them money on that basis against huge amounts of cotton which they either had on hand or had contracted for from the farmers.

This put the coöperatives, who, mind you, controlled only *fifteen per cent* of the total crop, on Easy Street. With cotton pegged at sixteen cents and with Uncle Sam holding the bag for them, why should they worry? Presumably their troubles were all over, but in the face of the inexorable law of supply and demand, that law which Mr. Hoover, when he was Secretary of Commerce, said it would be perilous to fool with, all presumption fails. It failed in coffee in Brazil, in rubber in Great Britain, in silk in Japan, and in cotton in the United States.

In other words the peg slipped. In fact, it popped clear out; prices began to drop again, and the coöperatives, now under government control, began to gamble. They probably felt that they could afford to, using the taxpayers' money.

This was their system. Instead of following the procedure of the practical, legitimate cotton merchant, who buys cotton and then sells a future contract on it in order to keep his price insured, they reversed the proposition. They sold their spot cotton at a low price, used the cash so received to pay some of their enormous debts, and balanced their books by buying in futures at a high figure.

These futures were bought for May and July delivery; the average price was seventeen cents a pound; 1,300,000 bales, weighing 650,000,000 pounds, were contracted for and thus did the Great Cotton Wall come into potential existence.

According to testimony given by Mr. Legge at a hearing of the Senate Appropriations Committee, they did this because they didn't want the future price to go down, but as the procedure was the exact reverse of ordinary cotton exchange transactions, and as the future purchases were made not to insure a price on actual cotton but to bolster up the market, the scheme didn't work, and once again down went the cotton price.

This created an emergency—an emergency, we might remark in passing, in which the coöperatives stood to lose a whole lot of money—and as the Marketing Act tells the Federal Farm Board just what it can do in the way of stabilizing prices, it immediately did it. Almost overnight it was decided to organize a Cotton Stabilization Corporation and that corporation took over the holdings of the badly distressed coöperative associations.

Thus during 1929-30, through the activities above mentioned, the Federal government struggled to secure control of the American cotton market. Economists throughout the world prophesied dire results, but here in the United States men in the cotton trade, relying on the promises of the Farm Board, went ahead and did business as usual. Spinners, for example, believing the government would hold the price at or around sixteen cents, bought cotton at that figure, spun it into yarn and, later on, when cotton had dropped to ten cents, sold the yarn on that basis at a heavy loss.

Uncle Sam—Speculator

Cotton merchants also, in the beginning of 1930, bought cotton as usual, and as is the sane trade custom, for the purpose of insuring their price, they hedged, or in other words sold the May and July futures on their holdings. *The man who was buying these futures up was Uncle Sam* and, having more money than anyone else, he soon ran all other *speculators* out of the market.

In the ordinary course of sane business transactions these cotton futures, dealt in as price insurance, are balanced off in various ways without delivery of the actual cotton, although the cotton *must* be delivered if called for. With these facts in mind note what happened.

Having cornered May futures—and it's against the law for anybody else to corner anything—and having lifted May futures 175 points (1¾ cents) above October so that traders couldn't possibly transfer their future contracts, the Farm Board merely waited until May arrived and then told the boys to come across with the actual cotton. The cotton merchants were amazed; they were facing an unparalleled situation, one in which all they could do in dealing with a new agency in American business was to do as they were told.

They did it. As law-abiding citizens, who are neither speculators nor crooks, they turned their legitimately acquired cotton over to the biggest cotton speculator that had ever appeared on a cotton exchange. In order that they might do this, large quantities of cotton already in ports awaiting *export* had to be diverted to cover these future contracts, while a considerable amount—about 15,000 bales in fact—which had already been shipped to France, Italy and Japan had to be brought back and turned over to the government. Can you imagine anything much more absurd than that?

The Federal Farm Board in reducing, or controlling, a domestic surplus, not only prevents cotton that is already "eared" and graded for export from going abroad but actually brings back 15,000 bales from foreign ports. It sounds unbelievable but nevertheless it's all true. It's all down in black and white in the records of a hearing of the Senate Appropriations Committee, and Mr. Alexander Legge, who testified at that hearing, didn't deny a word of it. Whatever justification he may have offered for the Board's action falls flat in the face of the ultimate results. What are they?

Well, by the end of July, 1930, when the government's cotton squeeze was over, the Great American Cotton Wall had been transformed from a potentiality into a fact. It was made up, and it still is at this writing on April 1st, 1931, of 1,300,000 bales of cotton for which the government had paid, out of the taxpayers' money, the sum of $110,500,000.

Now let's do a little figuring. That cotton cost us, you and me and the other fellow, seventeen cents a pound; today it's worth ten, or, as a bale of cotton weighs 500 pounds, the loss on each bale is $35 and the total loss, in price, is $45,500,000.

But this isn't all. The Great American Cotton Wall calls for a lot of upkeep. Storage and insurance and interest on it, according to figures which have been given me, come to the neat sum of $650,000 per month, so that, calculating from July 31, 1930, to April 1, 1931, we can add to our loss at this writing the sum of $5,200,000.

This total loss, however, of $50,700,000 which we have to pay out of our pockets because the Federal Farm Board saw fit to gamble with our money, represents but a trivial disaster in comparison with another feature of the situation.

When I was in the South I asked two foreign cotton buyers, one of whom buys for English spinners and the other for German, if they were purchasing any American cotton. They both said: "No, of course not. Do you think we're crazy? Would you, if you were in our place, buy in a market where there is no competitive trading, where the price is controlled by the government and where the law of supply and demand has ceased to operate?

"We like American cotton; for our purposes Texas raises better cotton than any other cotton area in the world, but we are not in the market for it when we have to walk up to your national government and pay the price it demands. We can buy cotton elsewhere, from India, Brazil and Egypt, and that's what we're doing."

We Lose Our Foreign Market

Just to see whether or not those men were telling the truth I looked up some figures. They substantiate every word those cotton buyers said, and fortunately their significance is easily grasped.

The International Cotton Federation gives out the statement that the world consumption of cotton, due to depression, was 673,000 bales less for the year 1929-30 than it had been for the year 1928-29, but the consumption of American cotton was *two million and fifty-three thousand* bales less. In other

(*Continued on page 61*)

The boll-weevil, for all his damage, seems to have been kinder to cotton growers than the Farm Board

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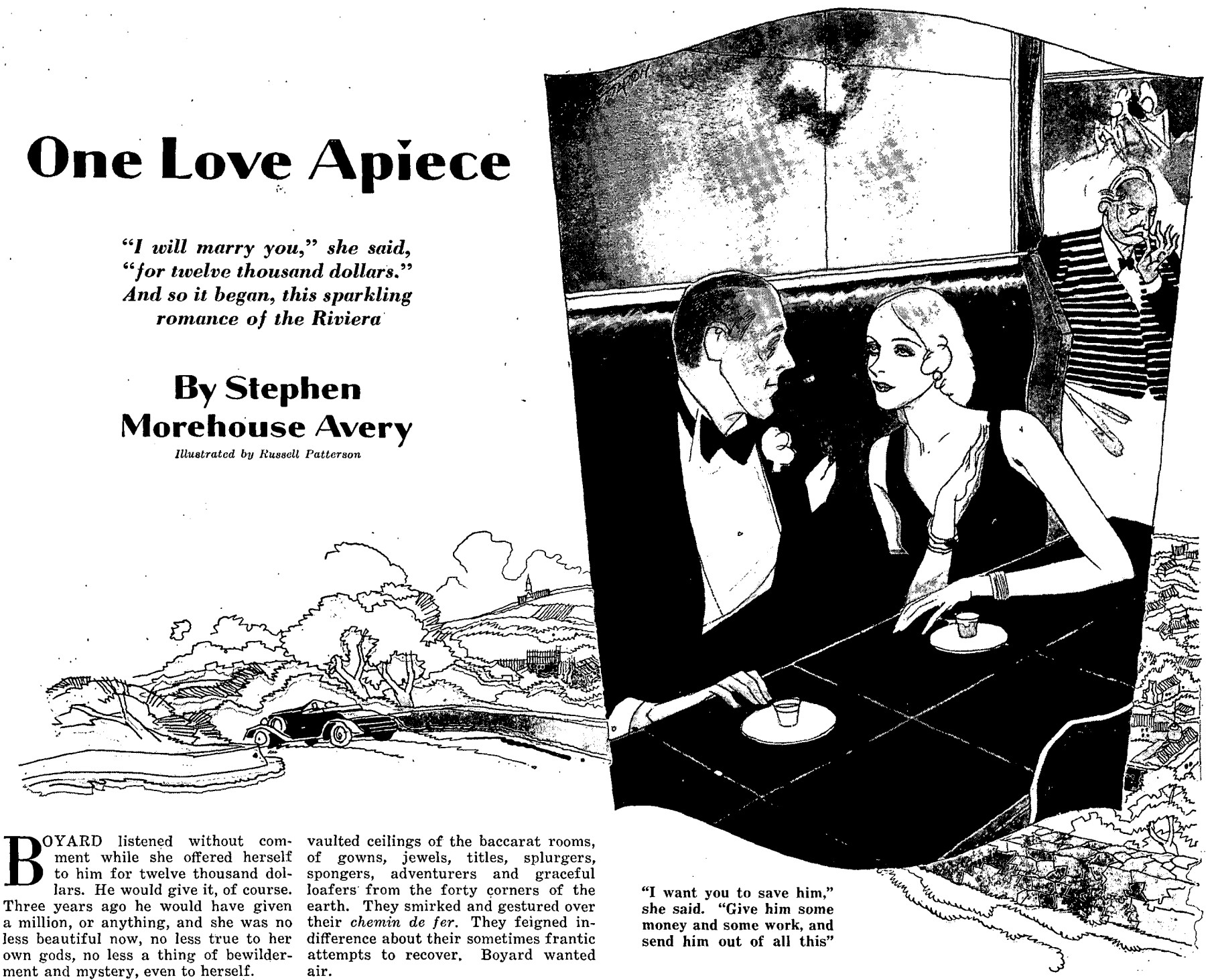
One Love Apiece

"I will marry you," she said, "for twelve thousand dollars." And so it began, this sparkling romance of the Riviera

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Russell Patterson



"I want you to save him," she said. "Give him some money and some work, and send him out of all this"

BOYARD listened without comment while she offered herself to him for twelve thousand dollars. He would give it, of course. Three years ago he would have given a million, or anything, and she was no less beautiful now, no less true to her own gods, no less a thing of bewilderment and mystery, even to herself.

He leaned forward, trying to discover in the dim light of the Casino garden her exact intention. She was willing to marry him, after all his hopelessness—for a price. That's what it came to. But he saw only that same courage and honesty gazing from her gray eyes, the glints of gold in her fair hair, which he remembered. He saw only that she was trembling. It was not the shimmer of light reflections in the bay behind her. She was desperately in earnest and she was trembling. "I don't think I understand," he said. "You will marry me for . . . ?"

"For three hundred thousand francs, Boyard. That or your money back. The amount is nothing to you. I said I'd pay it back here on this spot in thirty minutes. And if I don't, you may carry away with you instead . . . well, it would not matter by then what became of me anyway."

Fifteen minutes earlier, in the overelaborate lounge and bar of the baccarat rooms, he had suddenly put down his thin-stemmed glass, risen, and turned his back upon his scandal-whispering companions. He was weary of the Riviera picture, the soft air, the too vivid Bay of Cannes, the abnormal jut of the black Estérel headland into the tame blue sea, the casual tennis, the tea and tangoing with smart, clever women, the *galas* at the Ambassadeurs, the puppet parade among the green-covered gaming tables and under the vaulted ceilings of the baccarat rooms, of gowns, jewels, titles, splurgers, spongers, adventurers and graceful loafers from the forty corners of the earth. They smirked and gestured over their *chemin de fer*. They feigned indifference about their sometimes frantic attempts to recover. Boyard wanted air.

"What in blazes is the matter with him?" The look of distance in Boyard's dark blue eyes, the sight range perhaps of the Sudanese desert whence, picking up his boat at Beirut, he had come to Cannes, was apparent even to these slight friends. "He's off to the Himalayas again, I suppose, or some other outlandish place where there are nine chances of sudden death for one of profit."

A YOUNG *mining engineer on a salary* out in Idaho no more than seven years ago, Boyard was now a voice of authority in the few directors' meetings in New York and London which his interests forced him to attend. It began with an abandoned mine, deep in China. With a lot of mongrel labor and two veteran machine gunners from his own war-days platoon to discourage the biweekly bandit raids, Boyard got out his metal. No one else had wanted that mine. No one else had cared to follow him later on, either in person or with capital, into Ecuador, Patagonia, Liberia. "The thing that beats me," ended another at the table he had deserted so abruptly, "is what on earth brings him here."

If Boyard could have answered from any one of his wildernesses, he would have said it was a man's occasional hunger for artificial lights, artificial life, for ease, gayety, glamour, white arms and sheer fabrics, and he would have thought his answer true. If he answered now, making his resolute way among the crowd of chemin de fer players, he might have replied with feeling, "God only knows why I came!"—which was equally false.

His pause and the direction of his involuntary gaze told the truth. He glanced over the spread of colored chips on the green of the hundred-louis table, red louis chips, yellow hundreds, paper thousand-franc notes, white chips worth ten thousand. He watched once more this endless, childish pulling of cards out of a box. He marked the croupier's deft hands and the frozen contempt in his eyes. He saw, finally, Jerry Stafford, playing as always in his accustomed place . . . and slowly Boyard's telltale gaze had lifted above the young man's head and found her, where she always stood, as he had first seen her three years ago, watching Stafford's play with a scarcely hidden terror in her gray eyes.

She was English, although her full name was Elsa Heather Anastasia Marotchka Maria Dolorosa Ashe. She was Russian, too, and her eyes and her spirit would never lose the charm, as well as the mark, of that. She lived in a little villa now, or in small hotels here and there, with her English aunt, a vague little old lady who went wherever Elsa wanted to go . . . just as Elsa followed wherever Jerry Stafford pursued his evil star. It was so Boyard had found her; she had struck him on sight as the essence of the thing that had brought him here and he'd wanted her and wanted to shield her.

Elsa had ended that hope in the very beginning: "We'll stop where we are, Boyard," she had said. "I like you too well. You're a better man than Jerry—but my heart is his." So Boyard had come back to Cannes the following two winters just for ease, for gayety, artificial lights, or so he would have said.

Gaining the open air, he crossed the driveway into a formal garden which separated it from a strip of sand and the waters of the bay. He leaned with his elbows on the back of a white stone bench. Moored at the end of the *digue* out beyond, the last in a row of twenty others, was his battered old schooner yacht, Widsith. Parked in the motor line down below was his long car.

WHICH should he take? Where should he go? The faint, soft trailing of a dress against the sun dial behind him and the sound of her rapid breathing had made him first aware. "Is that you, Boyard?"

She had come and stood beside him. "I followed you." He had said nothing to help her, as if he were not conscious of the loosing and gripping of her fingers as they rested beside his on the

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cool stone of the bench. "Do you never gamble, Boyard?"

"Not with your bits of pasteboard and pretty chips. What do you want, Elsa?"

She told him: "Only twenty-four hundred pounds, twelve thousand of your dollars, Boyard. Just for a few minutes." Then, in her desperation, his silence—something—she offered her security.

"I'd rather give you the amount outright, Elsa," he said finally. "You know that. But you're too proud. You'd rather gamble, even though you risk so much."

"If you think your risk is not equal, I'll add to it," she said quickly. "Promise me that when I have given you back your money, you will leave Cannes at once—and never come back."

"Those are my plans. I have no intention of ever coming back."

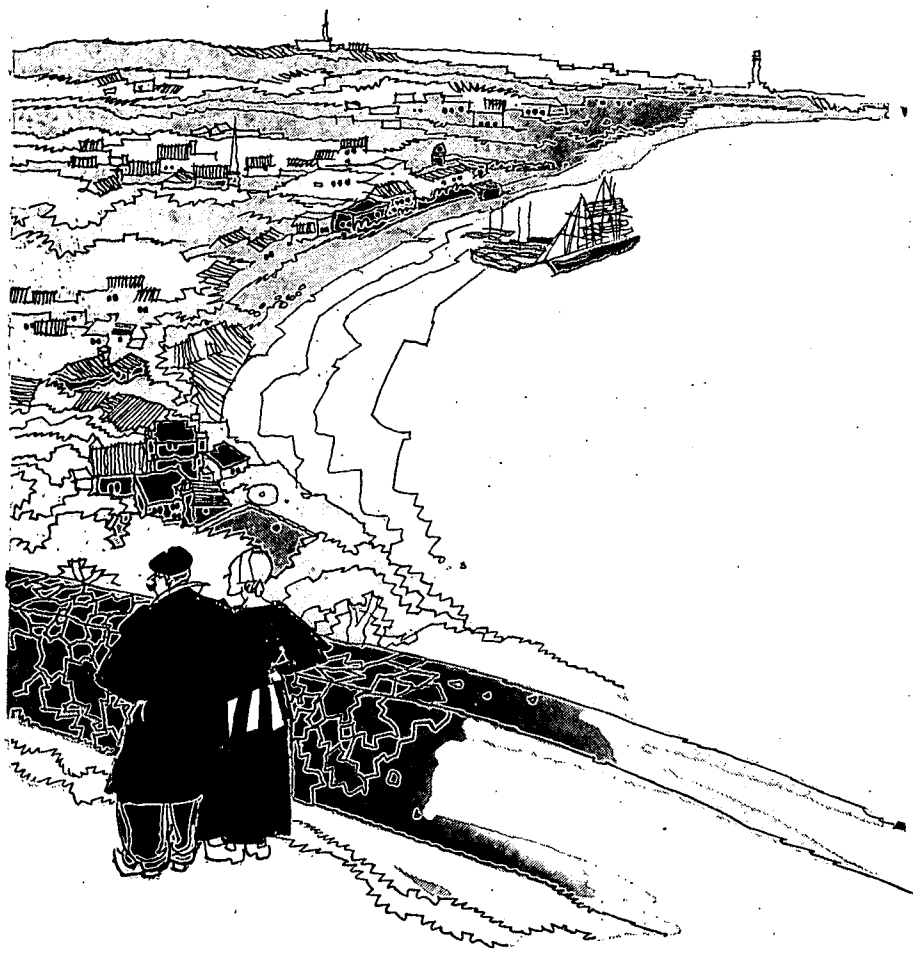
"You'd come back, Boyard," she said, "—and you'd keep coming back, as long and as often as you heard I was here."

He smiled. It was true. Not every woman would have said it but it was true. She would have told him her motive as frankly: his gaze crossing hers too often in the grand salons, disturbing, hurting her, too. And now she had taken his cash check, written and examined in the flare of his cigarette lighter, and departed to the baccarat rooms without so much as a word of thanks. She may have doubled it already, for that matter, or lost it. Twenty minutes had gone.

Boyard had waited that twenty minutes as if dreaming, as if she were still near him, her face, so curiously beautiful, lifted to his. If she lost her play—well, why should he be any better than she expected him to be? Maybe he wasn't. Maybe she knew him, and all men. Well then, he would not even wait.

He started down the diagonal path towards the Majestic Hotel to set his man about packing. Or no, he would go out and tell Hallett to get the boat ready. He was almost out of the garden when he heard his name called. "Where are you going, Boyard?"

He went back to her at once. A dark fur wrap hung loosely about her shoulders. She was laughing, in a way. She started to say something but it didn't come out. She reached out her empty hands and he felt how cold they were.



AN infrequent moon rip in the cloud banks and the whitened path before Boyard's powerful headlights alone revealed the desperate twisting and doubling of the road, the menace of overhanging rock ledges, as they skirted a precipice up the face of the Estérel headland and flung on over the hills towards St. Raphael, Fréjus, St. Tropez. Cannes was already far behind them and below, a toy thing from this height, a scimitar blade outlined in jewel lights. He spoke to her brusquely, if at all, without taking his eyes from the road. "We must make speed, even if you're frightened."

With the soft collar of her wrap close about her chin and one of his odd motor coats down across her knees, she lay back against the seat. Her eyes were closed. The rush of cool night air took her hair back from her brow. A strange little smile touched her lips and they repeated after him without voicing it the word, "Frightened?" as if it were a joke. "Drive as fast as you like. The faster the better." She'd opened her eyes and was laughing at him.

"All right," he said. "If you're satisfied, I am. But don't ask me where we're going."

"I haven't, have I, Boyard? Paris . . . Budapest . . . the South Pacific . . . what difference does it make? I pay up, as I would accept payment, without complaint—and at least without anger."

So then she sensed his resentment, his desire to hurt her, which he could not explain even to himself. The nearer she seemed, the smooth planes of her face, the movement of her breathing, the more he wanted to see her crushed and terrified, and he did not bother to ask himself why. He wanted to make her care what happened.

Perhaps she couldn't. Perhaps the last three years with Jerry Stafford had carried her beyond caring for anything. Boyard had seen enough of them and heard enough about them to complete the story. Chemin de fer had been no more to Jerry in the beginning than to others, a futile, dangerous pastime, but only that. With Elsa in as gay a mood as his own sitting beside him for luck, he had set out to win the price of their honeymoon. Later, it was to recover his heavy losses that he played and, although she still lingered at his side, Elsa must have lost her faith in luck.

When Jerry Stafford followed the Casino devotees on their seasonal way to Biarritz that year and northward to Deauville and Le Touquet, she and her acquiescent little aunt followed after them too. Twice she saw him recoup his fortunes, only to lose again. Her pleas were in vain. Her waiting in the casinos until five and six in the morning in hope that he would spare her, if not himself, was wasted. All Stafford's efforts to pull out of it, promises quickly broken, begging her to wait just a little longer, were matters of rumor. The two long years which followed, the man's steady loss of his once considerable wealth and his final disinheritance by his uncle, Lord Serviss, were matters of fact.

"I told him I didn't care anything about his money." As they neared the dimly lit streets of St. Raphael, Elsa sat up and broke out with that as if Boyard had been speaking his thoughts aloud. "I told him I'd start out with him with a toothbrush and a hope, unmarried—since he thought he had to have a fortune if he had a wife."

Boyard saw her toss her head and the glistening of a tear vanish from her eyes. But he smiled coldly, his anger unappeased. "But of course the honorable Jerry would neither love you without marriage nor marry you without love, even if he'd paid twelve thousand dollars for you."

For a long time there was only the sway of the long car, the mutter of the engine, the rush of black air, the beam of the headlights striking against a white wall, a red roof, villas hanging over the roadway. The few lights of Fréjus blinked drowsily as they passed through and ventured into the dark again. They came to a crossroads where Boyard with a sudden violent gesture jerked the car to the right, away from the sea, into what seemed little more than a dirt cart path. For the best part of a half-hour they bumped along it, emerging finally upon another highway.

"But I don't think of Jerry in terms of ordinary honor," Elsa went on as though there had been no interruption.

"No, nor of any other man," said Boyard.

"Please." She turned to him, appealing. "Why need you be so bitter? I haven't asked you to let me off . . . nor where we're going, nor what you're going to do with me. I meant that it wasn't a matter of honor between Jerry and me. He had played all, risked all, his fortune, his friends, his place, all for me. I would have done the same for him, and finally I did. We both lost, that's all. Why torment me with it?"

"You don't understand me," said Boyard. "But in a few minutes you will."

SHE glanced at him quickly. But they sped on safely, climbing now, gradually topping a long, black, pine-covered ridge. "That's Cannes!" Elsa pointed to the picture pattern of lights taking shape on the floor of the night miles below. She leaned forward, peering: "You're taking me back to Cannes, Boyard."

"What else?" he demanded. The brakes gripped and the car jolted to a stop. The spot of light on the dash and his two eyes in anger were like points of intense heat. "Why shouldn't I take you back to Cannes? Do you think I want you? Am I so hard and rough in fiber and insensitive that I want to carry you away and treasure a cheap purchase in my arms? I have known too many places in the world where a man can buy women, Elsa. Few where he can't. But no man can buy his dream. And you were that to me. . . ."

"Boyard! . . ." She reached up her hand to stop him but his fingers closed on her wrist.

"IF IT were money, Elsa, I'd have given you millions, whatever I had, or my life, or anything. I'd have circled the earth to pick up your handkerchief. I have lain at night in tall grass and seen you in the stars and counted the days and, harder, the nights until I could come back here and catch a glimpse of you across a big room, without a hope of you, without even the right to dream of you. And then I came back . . . and bought you for twelve thousand dollars." He stopped. "All right. We'll go back to Cannes now."

"Well, will you let go of my arm then? I think you have broken my wrist, Michael." She forgot and called him by his first name. When he freed her, she put her hand over his on the wheel. "Please don't think I have not known what . . . all you have said. You've been a wall at my back and often I've wondered to myself, 'Where's Boyard?' and wanted to run to you and be folded up in your strength and not have to struggle any more. But when you have put as much in anyone as I

(*Continued on page 30*)

Above that gaming table, Jerry's face was alight with the brightness of fever

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Anchors to Windward

The easy-come, easy-go days of Hollywood are no more. Now, when a film actor and his money are parted, the money goes into business and the actor cuts himself a large, juicy slice of the profits

By Rob Wagner

William Seiter, director, and his wife, Laura La Plante, in the machine shop of their floor-safe factory

Wallace Beery, aviation enthusiast, in his private plane. He is a transport pilot, and is interested in one of the transcontinental air lines

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

FIVE years ago there was more "sucker money" loose in Movieland than in any other place on earth. Five years previous to that there was twice as much. Those were the gold-rush days of motion pictures. Grown-up little children ran hither and yon with sticks of candy worth fortunes, while an ignoble army of parasites stood on every corner waiting to take the candy away from them.

The Clara Bow-Daisy DeVoe trial, which revealed two children tossing emerald rings, fur coats and automobiles among their boy friends, was an echo of those grand old days. But Clara is about the last of the Klondikers. Nowadays the stars have developed a business sense of their own or have business managers. Many of them still get tons of candy, but—try to take it!

The change from utter irresponsibility to business stability came about gradually, but before it can be properly explained, it is necessary to understand the peculiar position occupied by the picture actors in this topsy-turvy land of sudden fortunes and excitement.

For twenty years B. H.—Before Hollywood—the actor had lived more or less the vagabond life of the gypsy. He had to go personally from one audience to another, following his fortunes the length and breadth of the land. His domestic life was lived with trunks or, if he was lucky, for perhaps a season in a big city. Thus while he might love home and country, he was denied the former and the exercise of his citizenship was practically negligible.

Came motion pictures, and the circumstances of his life were completely reversed.

The Gypsy Becomes a Citizen

Now, day after day, he could act upon the same stage and send forth his art to the most remote audiences. Furthermore, as his art could appear simultaneously before thousands of audiences at the same moment, his earning power was increased enormously. Charlie Chaplin once said to a group of producers who were endeavoring to get him into a deal whereby they could cash in on his fame, "As a stage actor, I could never play to more than two or three thousand people in a night. Now I can go out on a back lot with a camera, fill a little can with film and know that when I return there will be ten million people standing in line all over the world who will pay to see my picture." Yes, and while they are looking at the film, Charlie may be dining at home or playing a game of tennis.

Thus the actor found he could take root, establish a home, raise children or keep dogs, send his children to school, join the Chamber of Commerce and in every way live the normal life of a baker, banker or bishop. In other words the gypsy had got himself a swimming pool and become a citizen.

And how he indulged his pent-up appetites! The home he built represented all his starved dreams of comfort and magnificence. True, many gorgeous estates were somewhat bizarre, but they at least expressed a healthy normal intent. It is also true that these new-rich children were led into the wildest extravagances by flattering architects and interior decorators and were scandalously defrauded by certain irresponsible antique dealers.

I once remonstrated with a big star, who had become suddenly rich, for paying seventeen thousand dollars for a "hand-painted" piano. "Yes, I know you think I am extravagant, but remember this, Rob, the night clubs are not getting my money. It's going into my home, and, gosh, how I've dreamed about a home!"

It takes a lot of spending, however, to get rid of six thousand dollars a week, so even if the film folks spent fortunes, they still had fortunes left. These were the fortunes that became the "easy money" of Movieland.

Gradually the children began to grow up. In the first flush of their great success they had thought their fairy story would go on forever; of course they would some day begin to save, but not yet. But when one or two famous stars, like the one with the hand-painted piano, blew up, they began to wonder if their own fortunes were permanently secure. It was something of a shock to learn that a great star who last year was getting a bushel of fan mail daily was now receiving but a few postcards and couldn't get a new contract at half his previous salary.

Perhaps the biggest blow to a feeling of security came with the sudden arrival of the talkies. Almost overnight some of the greatest stars went into total eclipse; secondary stars rose for a moment and then disappeared from the cinema heavens; stage stars appeared, a few rising to full magnitude, others flashing like comets and rushing off into oblivion. The time had come to be

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darned careful and nurse their immediate, but what might prove to be temporary, success.

Out of this need a new vocation came into being. Actors' agents, who heretofore had had charge of the publicity and studio contracts of their clients, began to take over their financial affairs. Sometimes the agent would act merely as a business adviser; in other cases he would take complete charge of the actor's fortune. I know of many instances wherein the actor actually turns over his weekly pay check to his agent, who deposits the money in his own name, paying all the actor's bills, even to servants and household accounts, and then permits him a very limited allowance. The agent invests the remainder in securities, or whatever else he chooses, and merely gives the client a statement of his holdings. If an agent is handling the income of six or seven clients, the total pay checks of whom are, say, fifty thousand dollars a week, it is plain to see he occupies a financial position of tremendous power.

That such a power has been abused goes without saying. The average actor, utterly incompetent in the market place, is so easy to handle that not only has he been the victim of honest incompetents but even of downright scalawags. One famous character actor who five years ago was living handsomely in an eighty-thousand-dollar house in Hollywood is now hiding out in the suburbs in a five-thousand-dollar bungalow, and it will take years of his salary to pay off his agent's dishonest obligations.

Certain big stars and highly paid directors permitted their bankers to handle their funds, rather than entrust them to the investment enthusiasms even of honest agents. As their fortunes piled up, some of these big depositors became interested in the intricacies of high finance and finally in the banking business itself. Within half an hour's stroll the other day I noted the following names gold-lettered on the directorates of various banks: Cecil De Mille, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Fred Niblo, Alfred Green and Wallace Beery. No doubt there are others. Furthermore, I have learned that these noted picture people are not mere dummies, but sit in actively on the affairs of the banks they represent.

Of course there are many stars who know nothing of banking and in their ultra-conservative fears invest only in government bonds and the best-known securities. No doubt a fair-sized war could be financed on Liberty bonds held by the picture folk. Charlie Chaplin's early poverty has naturally made him a conservative investor and, as he knows nothing, and cares less, about the mysteries of high finance, he buys only the safest securities.

One day Charlie and I were walking along Spring Street in Los Angeles when he suddenly stopped in front of a bank and exclaimed, "Want to see something?" Then like a little boy about to show the hiding place of his treasure, he led me to the vault in the basement of the bank. Opening a deep drawer, he began to stir up a bushel of the prettiest engravings in the world. "Look!" he said excitedly, picking up a handful of bonds, "I earn this!" (pointing to one of the bonds). "But" (pointing to the coupons) "they *give* me these!"

Another fairly conservative method of investment that attracts many of the picture folk is real estate. True, that has its risks, but at least it is a tangible, visible asset of personal and individual ownership. Ruth Roland was the first of the stars to splash in, way back in her serial days when Los Angeles was on the terrific up-and-up, with the result that Roland Square in the heart of the city is worth millions.

The Christie brothers were also cannily Scotch in their real estate investments until now the Christie Realty Company is probably worth five times as much as these fellows will ever make out of their Christie Comedies. The senior Coogans, besides establishing a misfortune-proof trust for the famous Jackie, have also invested enormous funds in real estate all over California, specializing in ranch property. And who would ever suspect easy-going, genial Jack Mulhall of a shrewd business sense? Yet Jack's insurance and realty company, occupying an office on its own two-hundred-thousand-dollar lot, is a fine going concern of big operations.

One day last week I was over on the M-G-M lot watching them shoot a picture in which Hedda Hopper was emoting grandly. When the action was finished she motioned me aside. "Say, Rob, I've got a client for a Beverly Hills house that must have five master bedrooms, four baths and a swimming pool. They'll pay up to eight hundred a month. Do you know—?" etc.

Realtors and Ranchers

The next afternoon she was barging all over the map with her rich prospects. Miss Hopper specializes in residential rentals and sales, the commissions on the latter sometimes running up into four figures.

Ranching is another outlet for the surplus money of the movie folk. This fulfills not only an ancient urge to possess and cultivate one's own fig tree, but ranching is a glorious way to spend one's in-between days and at the same time make it a paying luxury.

Norman Kerry owns and operates a big orange ranch up near Redlands, and recently Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton bought a thousand acres of oranges near San Bernardino. A few years ago Cecil De Mille started a seven-hundred-acre pheasant ranch over in the San Fernando Valley. Silly, expensive

(*Continued on page 40*)

Henry's, the most famous restaurant in Movieland. Henry Bergman, proprietor (standing, extreme left), has appeared in every Charlie Chaplin film for fourteen years

Moss, Los Angeles

Edward Nugent is an antique dealer when he can be spared from the movie studios

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Cecil B. De Mille, with one of the silver pheasants he raises on his seven-hundred-acre pheasant farm in California. He ships over 2,000 pheasants yearly to all parts of the U. S.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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Protection

By W. R. Burnett

Illustrated by Donald Teague

The Story Thus Far:

TWO hostile gangs—Molina's and Monahan's—hope to purchase a string of restaurants, owned by Frank Harworth, and turn them into liquor depots. Harworth sells the restaurants to Molina.

Tom Corson, one of Monahan's gunmen, calls on Harworth, seeking information. Never before, during his five-year climb to affluence in Chicago, has Harworth been in peril. But now? He wonders. . . . Meanwhile, he is having a strange and delightful experience. Robert Joyce, a young society man whom he has met by chance, likes him. Through Joyce, he meets a group of interesting people, among them Joyce's lovely cousin, Louise Joyce, and the wealthy Helen Magnussen, a dashing divorcee. Snubbed by Louise, who fascinates him, he turns to Helen, who welcomes his advances.

Heretofore, he has had only one friend: old August Stein, his confidential adviser. His business associates—Sam Michaelson, Anton Hrdlicka, Canovi and other products of the underworld—bore him. Nor does Lily, the little dancer with whom he is supposed to be in love, interest him. Now, at last, he is in the magic realm of "Society"!

Soon he is sure that Helen admires him, perhaps loves him. With her, her former husband, the wealthy Richard Magnussen, and "Jo," a girl in whom Magnussen is mildly interested, he goes to a night club.

He sees a newspaper, reads the glaring front-page headlines. Tom Corson has been "put on the spot"—murdered! Molina's gunmen have killed Corson—and he, Harworth, is now in deadly peril.

VI

HARWORTH was asleep in his chair, looking very pale and haggard, when Joseph came in. Joseph glanced at him, then tiptoed about the room. But Stein, in a bathrobe, came in a moment later and, seeing him asleep in his chair, shook him gently. Harworth started, wide awake instantly, and sat bolt upright.

Joseph went out.

"Well," said Stein, "you must've had a night."

"I couldn't sleep," said Harworth.

"Tough on Corson, wasn't it?"

Harworth winced slightly.

"Yes."

"Well," said Stein, "if you take that kind of money you've got to expect some kind of trouble."

"Let's forget it."

"I'm willing."

HARWORTH'S spirits revived while he was taking a shower. The lukewarm water eased his nerves and a glow spread through his body. It was good to be alive!

He went out to breakfast whistling and Stein, who was already seated, said:

"Well, well. Had a change of heart, eh?"

"The shower did it," said Harworth, smiling. "Water's a great thing."

"Externally," said Stein.

Harworth wanted to talk to Stein, to explain to him what had been running through his mind the night before, but he was afraid Stein would laugh. They ate in silence.

That evening Harworth called on Helen. She met him at the door.

"Hello, Frank," she said. "Better?"

"Yes," said Harworth. "I brought the roadster. Want to take a ride?"

"Yes. It'll be fun," said Helen, but she didn't go for her coat; she stood looking at Harworth.

For a moment he was puzzled. Then he suddenly reached out and put his arm around her.

"Frank," she said, "the maid!"

"Oh," he said, embarrassed, awkwardly releasing her.

"You clumsy!" she cried, laughing; then she went for her coat.

They went out to the car arm in arm and he helped her in. The sky had cleared; the night was cool and bright. Harworth drove north along the lake road. There was a strong wind blowing across the lake and big waves were running and breaking over the cement parapets.

"What a lovely night," said Helen, looking up at the stars. "I'm glad I didn't go away."

"So am I."

"You're not."

"Of course I am."

"Running away from me last night."

"I wasn't."

Laughing, Helen leaned against him and shouted:

"You were. You were afraid."

Harworth turned and kissed her on the mouth. To do so he had taken his eyes off the road for a moment and as he was driving fast his car swerved. A man yelled at him:

"Hey, you ——, want all the road?"

Harworth immediately jammed on his brakes and pulled over to the side of the road, but the man had gone on without looking back.

"Brave guy," he said.

Helen laughed.

"LIKE you," she said; "running away."

"Say," said Harworth and, turning, he slid his hands inside Helen's coat and pulled her toward him. She turned her face away, laughing, then she kissed him repeatedly.

"Hey!" yelled somebody.

Harworth turned. It was a traffic policeman.

"You can't park here," said the cop. "Don't you know no better than that? If you want to neck, go out farther."

Helen burst out laughing.

"O. K.," said Harworth.

"You'll get your tail bumped necking on this road the way guys come flying out here."

Harworth drove off. Helen was still laughing.

"Oh, I love that," she said. "Were we necking, Frank?"

"We were."

He was driving fast now and the wind was whistling around them. Where had

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his doubts gone? He felt strong and young; it was good to be alive on a night like this, to feel the wind on his face, to have a powerful motor responding to a touch, to have a woman like Helen Magnussen beside him!

What good fortune!

He sat driving in silence. Helen slid down in her seat and put her head on his shoulder.

He remembered one winter night in Detroit when, broke, nearly frozen, he had found a pocketbook with a dollar and fifteen cents in it. He had been able to eat and get a bed for the night. The next day he met Joe Fry on the street and Joe lent him car fare back to Cleveland. It was luck; his luck. Things like that were always happening to him.

And now look!

Helen said:

"Why don't you say something?"

"All right," said Harworth. "I think you're about 'it.'"

Helen laughed.

"Is that the best you can do?"

"What's the matter with that?"

She pulled his ear.

"You're the most unromantic man I ever saw. You should hear some of them."

Harworth didn't like that. He said nothing.

"Yes," said Helen, "you should hear some of them."

"And they get the laugh for it."

"Certainly, but it sounds nice. We like to hear it."

"You'll never hear me."

"Don't be too sure."

Harworth sat up. "What do you mean?" "Listen," said Molina, "I like you. I'll put you in on my racket for what you lost. See?"

Harworth suddenly lost his feeling of compliance, of good nature; she was taunting him. She was Helen Magnussen, yes; but a woman just the same. With a sudden twist of the wheel he turned down a side road and stopped.

"Why stop here?" Helen demanded. "It's dark as pitch."

HARWORTH said nothing. He slid his hands inside her coat and tried to kiss her. She turned her face away, catching his kisses on the cheek. She was not laughing now, nor playful. She sensed how serious Harworth was and she knew why: she had been teasing him and he had resented it. In a little while she began to return his kisses, lying close against him.

After a long silence she cried:

"No! No, Frank!"

Harworth said nothing, but, after a momentary hesitation, let her go. There was a long, embarrassed pause, then Helen said:

"Well, Mr. Cave Man, that's a nice way to act!"

"What do you expect?"

"Nothing," said Helen. "I'd like to go home."

"All right."

He was hot with anger. So that was it! Playing with him.

He turned the car around and drove back along the lake road without speaking. Helen was sitting as far away from him as possible, but presently she began to look at him out of the corner of her eye.

Finally she said:

"What do you take me for, anyway?"

"Do we have to argue?" Harworth demanded. "Let's forget it."

There was a certain finality about this that chilled Helen.

But she said:

"Well, that's a nice way to act."

Harworth was gradually cooling off.

"Never mind. I got steamed up—that was all."

"I should say you did!"

There was a protracted silence. He turned down her street and stopped in front of her apartment house; then he jumped out and opened the door for her. She got out and started to cross the sidewalk. He didn't move.

"AREN'T you going to say good night?"

"Yes," said Harworth then, stammering; he went on: "I'm sorry about . . . I mean, well; I guess I wasn't exactly gentle."

She came back.

"You certainly weren't."

He said nothing. She put her hand on his arm.

"Don't you like me a little bit?"

"Yes."

"Just a little bit?"

"No; a whole lot."

She came closer.

"Frank, don't you love me?"

He hesitated, then said:

"Yes."

She took hold of his arm.

"Come in."

At eight o'clock the next morning the phone in the library rang and Joseph hurried to answer it. He could hear Harworth snoring and didn't want to wake him. But it was Helen Magnussen and she insisted that he call Harworth. Hesitatingly, Joseph opened Harworth's door and called him. Harworth sat up and stared vaguely at Joseph; his hair was tousled and his face was swollen with sleep.

"What is it?"

"It's Mrs. Magnussen."

"Good lord!" said Harworth, jumping out of bed and pulling the bed clothes with him.

He ran to answer the phone, falling over an ottoman in his haste.

"It's Helen," said the voice. "I woke up thinking about you, darling. Did I get you out of bed?"

"Yes," said Harworth, "but I don't care. Have lunch with me?"

"Yes, and dinner. When will you be over?"

"About one."

"Why so late?"

"I've got some business I've got to look after."

"Oh. Well, I'll see you at one. Good-by, darling."

"Good-by, babe."

He heard her laughing.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing."

He became immediately suspicious.

"Yes, you were."

"Well," said Helen, "nobody ever called me 'babe' before."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. I love it," she answered.

LILY was lying on the lounge looking at Harworth, who was standing with his hat in his hand. He had just given Lily a check and she was holding it up, looking at it.

"Well," said Harworth, "see you later."

Lily sat up.

"Frank," she said, "stick around a while."

"No; I'm busy."

"You're always busy."

"I can't help that."

"You used to could help it and how!"

Harworth said nothing.

"Yeah," said Lily. "I remember when you used to take that receiver off the hook so nobody could get you."

Harworth was exasperated, but said nothing. Helen was waiting for him and he didn't want to be late. What was Lily kicking about, anyway? He should have told her not to bother him any more. As it was, he was just giving her money for nothing, but she had to start a row!

"Yeah," said Lily, "mighty funny you can't come around any more, so we could have some fun like we used to."

Harworth stood looking at her, wondering why he had ever spent so much of his time with her. Her hair was dyed, she had her nails stained red, she wore big, long earrings; and you could smell the perfume she used across the room. He remembered Helen's creamy complexion, her delicate ways.

"Well," he said, "I'm going. I'll drop around to the Alvarado some night."

"Make it soon," said Lily; "or maybe you'll be sorry."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing. Only Hrdlicka says you're stepping around with a lot of high society folks. I guess I'm not good enough for you any more."

"Oh, come off."

"All right. But you better be careful how you treat me."

Harworth was puzzled, then suddenly he thought of the silly letters he had written her. He started to ask her about them, but thought better of it and said:

"Tell Hrdlicka to mind his own business."

"Yeah," said Lily, "I know them society women. Campi dances with 'em once in a while. Ask him about 'em. They're red hot."

"All right," said Harworth. "You know."

He turned and started out. She called after him:

"You better listen to what I'm saying."

But Harworth shut the door.

Lily got up and stamped about the apartment in a fury. Then she phoned Campi.

Harworth was slightly uncomfortable. It was the first time he had ever been near a college and the atmosphere

(Continued on page 44)

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Social Secretary

By Charles Brackett

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

SYLVIA HARRIMAN, wealthy, spoiled, weak, meets Frank D'Agnoli, a bootlegger. Unknown to her grandparents, the Ogden Harrimans, with whom she lives, she has many secret meetings with the man—becomes infatuated with him.

The Harrimans give a dinner party. The guest of honor is young Lord Danforth, to whom Sylvia's grandparents plan to marry her. Sylvia is late. To avoid having thirteen at the table, Mrs. Harriman orders Helen Blake, her social secretary, to take Sylvia's place. Helen, a beautiful girl, obeys; and Lord Danforth promptly falls in love with her. . . .

Five years before, Helen had married (and divorced) a scoundrel—Frank D'Agnoli! Since then D'Agnoli has not changed. He disappears; and Sylvia, having learned his true character, is much relieved. Now she will marry Lord Danforth—for his title.

But Lord Danforth has other plans. Loving Helen Blake, he asks her to marry him. Helen adores him. But she is well aware that if Lord Danforth marries her he will be ruined. He has, she knows, come to America to save his company—Tress Oil. Two men hold the key to the situation: one is the wealthy McKecheron (who holds a large block of stock of vital importance in the Tress deal); the other is Ogden Harriman. . . . And Ogden Harriman can, if he so desires, ruin Lord Danforth! . . . For his sake, Helen resists Lord Danforth's advances; then, carried away by her emotions, admits her love for him. . . . With D'Agnoli out of the way, Sylvia issues an ultimatum. She will, she announces, marry his lordship—if the wedding takes place within a week.

"That's easy to arrange," says Mr. Harriman, seated in his luxurious Fifth Avenue mansion. "But," he adds, "I'm going to have the most expensive grandson-in-law in the world. I've got him—but I have to pay high for him. He was dickering with McKecheron: so I bought McKecheron out—for close to fifty million dollars."

And Helen Blake, listening, knows the truth: that she has lost the man she loves.

IV

MR. AND MRS. HARRIMAN talked for more than an hour, while Helen tried to think through and around the solid, complacent things they were saying.

Mr. Harriman's deal with McKecheron was an accomplished fact, otherwise she might have told the two genial old autocrats what had happened and taken a chance on their sympathy. One could hardly expect them to lavish fifty million dollars' worth of sympathy on a secretary whom they liked in a casual way. Why waste a thought on such a possibility?

All her thoughts were as wasted, however. The only result of her efforts was that she realized the full extent of the calamity by the time the Harrimans grew tired and departed for their beds.

"Paul, I've got to see you right away," she said, as soon as she could get to a telephone.

"You sound disturbed, sweetheart. Have you thought of some more qualms that I must dispel?"

"Something has happened."

"I'm afraid you'll have to come here. I've put in a call for my gov'nor. I couldn't wait to tell him about us even if it is four o'clock in the morning in England."

"I'll start immediately. Will you be in the lobby?"

"I will, but steady on, sweetheart. Nothing could be as grave as you sound."

Helen didn't attempt to answer. It was in the taxi, riding downtown, that she saw what must be done.

There was a midnight grill at the St. Gregory where people danced. Lord Danforth hoped it was the persistent music issuing from it which tautened his nerves, not the agitation which he'd probably only imagined in Helen's voice. Just because he was in love he mustn't get fanciful.

At the sight of Helen's face as she came through the revolving door he knew that at least the fault didn't lie in his imagination.

"What is it, my dear?"

"McKecheron. He's sold out to Mr. Harriman."

"How could he?"

"He has. He tricked you. He and Mr. Harriman have been in session all evening. He used you as a lever."

"My God!"

"MR. AND MRS. HARRIMAN were drinking a toast to their success when I got home."

"I suppose I'd have suspected it if I hadn't been a conceited ass."

"I'm sure Mr. McKecheron saw to it that you shouldn't. You were honest. That was all."

"Honest and dense. Well, I've got to get hold of McKecheron."

"You can't possibly, now. And it would do no good if you could. The thing is done."

"How could I have been such a fool?"

"You were only a fool in failing to realize that you can't beat a person like Mr. Harriman. With his brain and his money, to fight him is like playing against the gods."

"That's easy to say."

"Will this mean ruin for your father and all those relatives you were joking about a few hours ago?"

"Absolute. Bankruptcy."

"I thought so."

"I can't go back to England, Helen. We've got to start out for New Zealand or Australia, or someplace."

"And desert your father?"

"I wouldn't be any good to him back there."

"You can't do it, Paul."

"What choice have I?"

"You can save everything by marrying Sylvia Harriman."

"I won't. I'm damned if I will."

"If it were you alone who'd be damned that would be very well. It isn't. You can't be considered any longer."

"How about you?"

"Nor I. We're atoms caught in a tremendous machine."

"But this sort of thing doesn't happen," he said wildly.

"It's always happened," Helen told him with sad wisdom. "When a marriage has been essential to great interests that marriage has taken place. It's as though you were a prince and the alliance were necessary for your kingdom."

"I don't even like the girl."

"That doesn't matter. She isn't in love with you."

"AND don't you care?" he demanded.

"Of course I care, but I don't think our emotions are as important as your honor."

"How can I make such a proposal with any decency?"

"You won't have to. Ask for an appointment with Mr. Harriman. He'll make the proposal."

He couldn't accept it as inevitable, but sat with his hands clenched so tight that the knuckles were white spots.

"Lord Danforth," a bellboy called from the other side of the lobby, "Lord Danforth."

Paul signaled him.

"I'm Lord Danforth."

"London will be on the wire in five minutes. Will you go to the telephone room, please?"

"Right away. I know where it is."

Paul gave the boy a quarter and he moved on.

"What am I to say to my father?"

The question wasn't directed at Helen, but at himself. Helen answered it, however:

"Either that he's a bankrupt, or that, though tomorrow morning he may seem ruined, everything will be all right."

"THERE isn't any choice," Paul admitted, and he rose. "Will you wait for me here?"

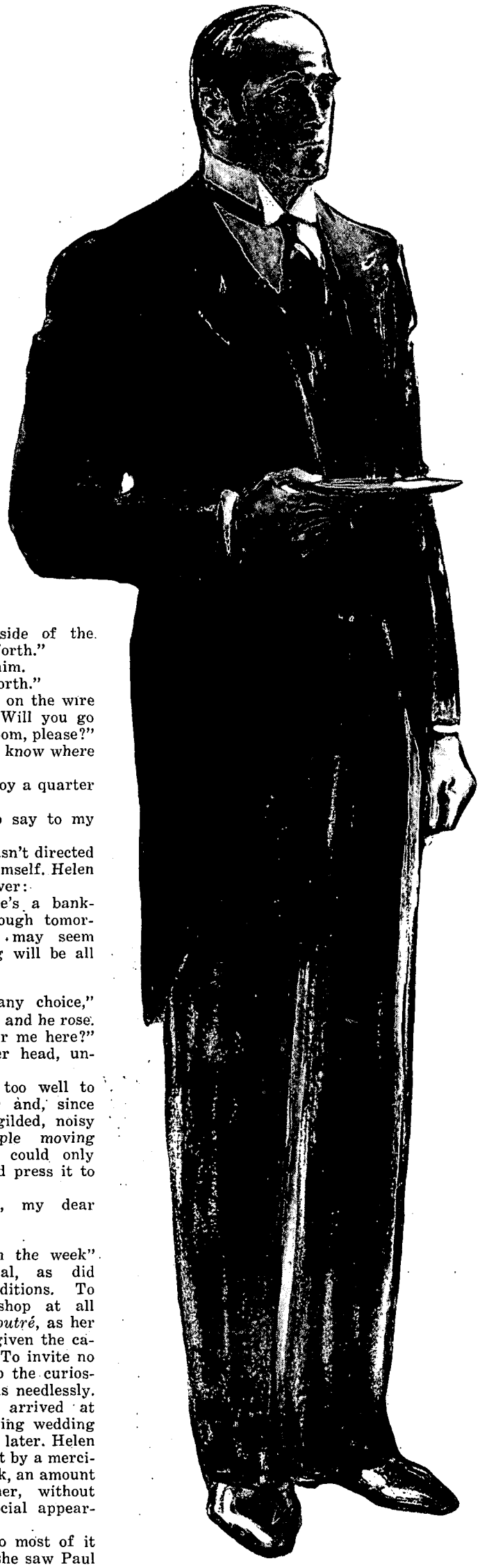
Helen shook her head, unable to speak.

He understood too well to protest that *finis* and, since they were in a gilded, noisy place with people moving around them, he could only take her hand and press it to his lips.

"Then good-by, my dear love."

Sylvia's "within the week" proved impractical, as did other of her conditions. To have had no bishop at all would have been *outré*, as her grandfather had given the cathedral its apse. To invite no guests would snub the curiosity of their friends needlessly. The compromise arrived at was a small, evening wedding at home nine days later. Helen benefited from that by a merciful amount of work, an amount which excused her, without question, from social appearances.

As she could do most of it in her own room she saw Paul only twice, once when Mrs. Harriman brought him in for a consultation on what publicity should be given out.



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"You've met our Miss Blake, haven't you, Lord Danforth?"

"I had the pleasure of sitting next to Miss Blake when first I dined with you, Mrs. Harriman."

"So you did. Well, how about some congratulations, Blakey?"

"I've had an opportunity to speak to Lord Danforth about his marriage, Mrs. Harriman."

"Let's get down to business then. My idea is for you to get a flock of amanuenses, Blakey, and send out personal notes to most of the people on my A list, announcing the engagement, and inviting them to the wedding. On the day those are posted give the facts to the newspapers as briefly and unsensationally as possible. I'll trust your tact for that. I brought Paul because I thought you might need some information about his family or titles or something."

"I can get it all from Burke's Peerage, I think, Mrs. Harriman."

"Smart girl! I could never find things in it myself."

THE second time, he happened to be with Mrs. Harriman and Sylvia when Helen took in some photographs for them to choose from.

While they were studying the pictures it would have been awkward if he had not spoken.

"I suppose you must be very busy these days, Miss Blake," he said. "Aren't you?"

"Very."

He glanced over to see that Mrs. Harriman and Sylvia were engrossed.

"You will be amused to know that Tress Oil will not be affiliated legally until after the ceremony. Mr. Harriman does not make the mistake of thinking a man's word as good as his bond."

"I'm surprised at his being distrustful when distrust is so stupid, but I suppose giants aren't subtle."

He made a gesture which seemed to say, "You're right. What loss is there to him in any slight difference in my feelings?"

Mrs. Harriman handed over a photo.

She tore it open. It was not a pleasing communication for a young woman with a newly acquired taste for dignity

"This one I think," she remarked, and added, with a chuckle: "The photographer said that it brought out the beautiful spiritual quality in Sylvia's face. When are you talking to the newspaper people, Blakey?"

"I've typed out a statement, Mrs. Harriman. I thought it was safer, in this instance."

SHE did not add that the safety for which she had feared was her own. She'd had a nightmare dread that, if she gave it orally, suddenly, before the hard-boiled press group, she might burst into tears.

It was therefore in Helen's own words that Frank D'Agnoli received the news.

"Going to get married, is she?" he said with sour indifference when Abe read the item aloud from the paper their landlord's kid, Benny, had brought.

"In a week. Hell, no. In three days. That little tramp has brung us an old one again."

"Next time he sticks his nose in here I'll grab him and lick the pants off that kid."

"No, you won't. Ain't you wise to the fact that we got to watch our steps around here?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's been too long since you give his poppa that white ice to suit me."

An advantage of the superior lodgings they now occupied was that Ben, the landlord, knew how to dispose of jewelry. Sylvia's pin was the inducement which had led him to give them sanctuary.

"You're crazy," Frank D'Agnoli told his friend. "If Ben wanted to sell us out to the mob, what's he waiting for?"

"He don't want no Italian football kicked into this joint, and he bargained most likely that whatever was done was done out of the house."

Abe was given to lurid imaginings.

"What gives you that idea?"

"Notice how bad the eats have got lately? Just leave one of us go down to the delicatessen and see what happens."

"You was talking that way before," Frank reminded him, "but I made the slide to here, and you made it after me."

"We had luck. Next time we take the air we better take just two jumps. One for the spill, and one for Canada."

"Using what for money?"

Abe had no answer to that. He glanced down at the paper in his hand.

"Too bad she's stepping off," he commented. "You could've ribbed some more jack out of her."

"Couldn't rib no more out of her."

"Sometimes," Abe observed profoundly, "when you can't rib you can histe. She was too smart to write letters, though, I guess."

"Never wrote me a line."

Then, abruptly, Frank sat upright on the iron bed where he had been sprawling.

"Yes, she did, oncet. I never got it, though. D'you think Benny's got sense enough to get in a post-office box?"

WHEN Parker rapped at Sylvia Harriman's door she called: "Come in. I'm decent."

She was standing in a sheath-like gown of ivory satin. At her feet knelt Madame Koopman of Berger-Koopman.

Madame Koopman regarded it as among the

(*Continued on page 63*)

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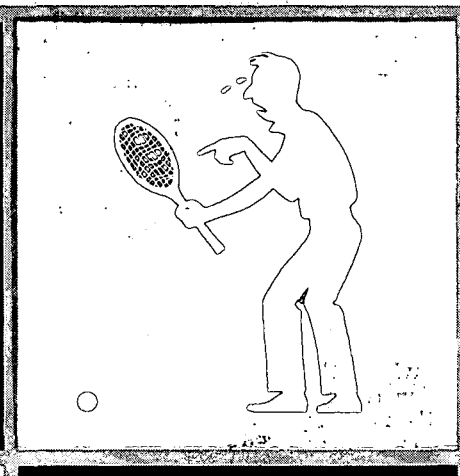
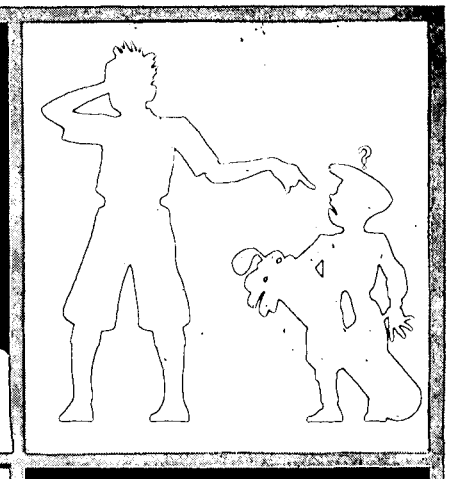
U. & U.

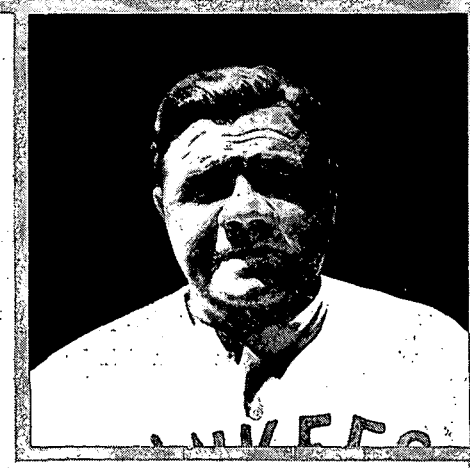
Helen Wills



U. & U.

Bobby Jones





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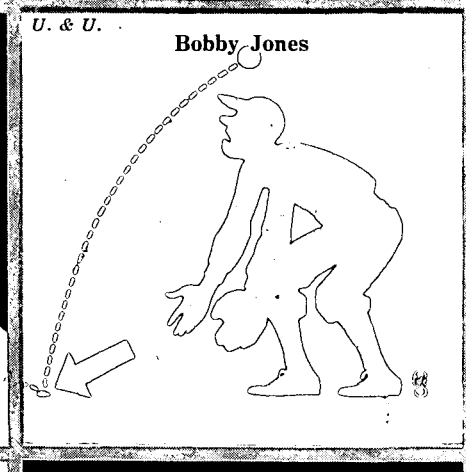
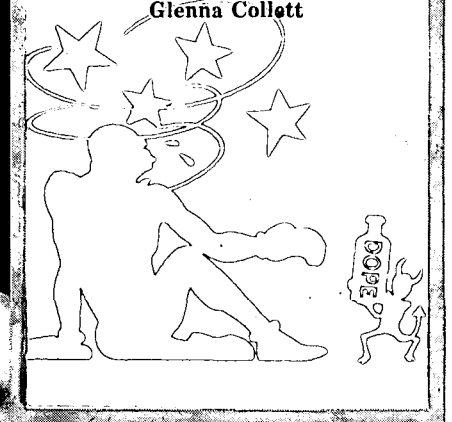
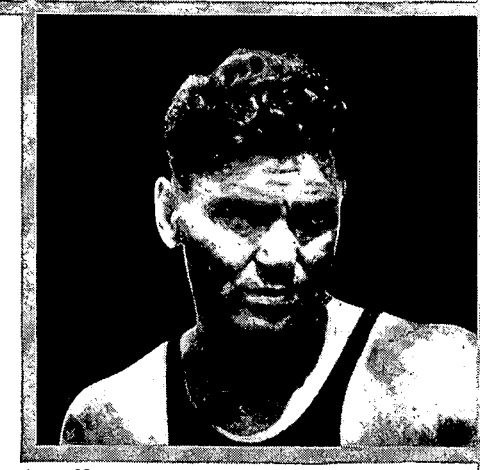
Babe Ruth



U. & U.

Glenna Collett





Acme-News

Jack Dempsey

Acme-News

Walter Hagen

It was this Way

To the loser belongs the alibi, and he usually has one handy—that's human nature. But Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey and a few others learned to lose gracefully. Which may have helped them win so often

By Grantland Rice

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer, who was first another unknown golfer, stood facing a slippery four-foot putt. He had just ordered his caddie from the green.

"I don't want you moving around," the lawyer said. "This is important. Hide behind that mound and don't move."

He then addressed the putt and, with a quick, nervous jab, missed the cup by two inches. He whirled suddenly, but his caddie was still hidden. All of which didn't prevent the following outburst: "Say, boy, you *must* have moved."

The alibi is one of the fixed parts of all competition. Christy Mathewson used to say that it belonged in the game and played an important psychological part. "The alibi," Matty said, "often helps a player with an inferiority complex to keep part of his self-respect and part of his confidence. He may be kidding himself but there are certain types that need this support or they would break down completely."

Of course it is impossible to wring an alibi from many players no matter what the justification might be. In this list one might mention Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Jack Dempsey and Glenna Collett. Last summer, for example, in rehearsing a radio interview with Babe Ruth, I asked him if an accident to his fingernail had not cut down his home-run production.

"Yes," he said, "but I don't want it printed. The finger hurt so in handling a bat that I had to change my grip. That brought on a big blister that was as bad as the damaged fingernail. It was four or five weeks before I could get back into using my old grip."

"Why not use this in our radio talk?" I asked.

"No chance," said the Babe. "Spill that and I'd have a bunch of these guys panning me for crying. You have to go on that ball field just as you are. If you have only one leg that's your fault, not the other side's."

One rookie ball player figured out a brand-new alibi during the training season. The old regular pitchers were out there, merely tossing the ball up. The rookie got two doubles.

Later the manager stuck in a new pitcher who opened up with all the speed he had, plus a fast curve. As the rookie batter fanned for the second time the manager started to say something, but the ball player beat him to it. "Say," he told the manager, "we had a swell ball game going along until that big bum came in and took all the science out of it."

No game lends itself more to the alibi than golf. Perhaps this is because the player has no one to blame but himself and each human hates to think he can't control his own brain, nerves and muscle.

The Caddie's Chief Function

A golfer I know suddenly got the idea that bad caddies had been responsible for a recent slump. One morning he was beaming and ready for a clean-up. He gave his reason. "I got out a half-hour ahead," he said, "lined up about seventy caddies and took my pick. I've got the smartest little kid today you ever saw. He's a ball hawk and he knows this course."

One member of his foursome promptly cut in: "If that's the case I'll double our bet today." The golfer with the caddie wonder for an aid opened the war with a terrific hook far over the course. The ball traveled about 240 yards, dropping in a wheat field. He and his caddie started on the trail. They were still hunting for the lost ball in the high grass when someone heard this remark, offered with all the bitterness of a broken heart: "Why is it, caddie, that I always get a little smelt like you?"

Whether it is true or not, the keener followers of Mrs. Molla Mallory have always thought that Suzanne Lenglen fell back on the old illness alibi when she defaulted during the match at Forest Hills some years ago.

Mrs. Mallory was then at the top of her game and the peak of her career. Mlle. Lenglen, then the world's best beyond any question, had not allowed herself time to get acclimated. However, this was not Mrs. Mallory's fault. It was easy to see after the first few minutes of play that the French star was not at her best. Part of this might well have been due to the fact that on that afternoon Mrs. Mallory was hitting the ball brilliantly, and the big gallery was giving her full support.

The combination of events was more than the temperamental Suzanne could stand. In the face of defeat she promptly defaulted, claiming illness.

Few realize the alibi Helen Wills might have claimed in a championship match at Forest Hills against Betty Nuthall. For the first time in American tennis since winning the championship the California entry was being pressed to the limit. And this lasted through both sets.

Miss Wills herself had nothing to say about the matter. But one of her closest friends told me two days later that the American champion had a fever and was barely able to last out the match.

"But," he added, "Helen was worrying more about the story of her sickness getting out, in the shape of an alibi, than she was about the match itself."

Alibis had to come fast in the old days of the Giants, because McGraw demanded one for each error.

"What made you pull that boner?" he asked a player who had lost a game.

"Well, I thought—" began the player.

"You don't have to go any farther," snapped McGraw. "That's enough to lose two ball games."

And yet, if all alibis were suppressed and we all had to admit that every failure was entirely our own fault, what a dejected race we would be! After all, an alibi rarely does any harm, because no one ever believes it.

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The Dearest Beast

Death is the penalty for taking a white elephant out of Asia. Mr. Buck, who has fetched animals of almost every sort into this country, never achieved that feat. Nevertheless a white elephant once was brought here. And its curse came with it

By Frank Buck *with* Edward Anthony

Illustrated by Herman Rountree

It was one of the duties of the royal choir to sing to the white elephants at regular intervals

OVER and over again, in the course of my many years as a collector of animals for the zoos and circuses, I have been asked to name the most sought-after—which is the same as saying the most valuable—creature of them all. The answer is: the white elephant.

The most valuable animals in America today are the two single-horned armor-plated Indian rhinos—an almost extinct species—that I brought out of Nepal about eight years ago—one for the New York Zoölogical Park, the other for the Zoölogical Society of Philadelphia. These animals, both of which are alive and in excellent condition today, would probably bring about $20,000 apiece. This is a very high price for an animal but small in comparison with what a white elephant would bring.

For most of the years that I have been engaged in collecting I have had standing orders for white elephants—at almost any price I cared to name. I found it useless to tell the circus authorities, dealers, etc., who wanted to get hold of specimens of these rare animals that native superstition made it practically impossible to get one of the freaks out of Asia. They kept firing letters and cables at me pleading with me to fill their orders.

Efforts of showmen to secure a white elephant began with the Barnum era. One of the early circus owners, finding the barriers of superstition too much for him—you see, a curse is supposed to descend upon anyone who lets a white elephant out of Asia—resorted to a typical Yankee ruse.

White Elephants Made to Order

With the aid of a brush and gallons of whitewash this showman created a white elephant of his own. He did too good a job, however, with the result that his creation was a flop. It was just another case of a man paying the price of his literal-mindedness. He gave his white elephant a pure white body color, not knowing that the skin of a white elephant is mainly gray.

The white elephant is an albino and has all the strange attributes of the type: pink eyes, white toenails, white bristles around the head and ears, a white tuft on the end of the tail, white or light reddish body-hairs and skin of a pinkish hue at the end of the trunk, around the flaps of the ears, about the mouth and on parts of the under side of the body.

In 1926, while I was at Singapore, I learned that a white elephant had been caught in a drive up near Katha in Burma. Having operated in this territory, I knew the *keddah walla* (corral foreman) of the district, whom I promptly wired to see if the report was correct. I soon learned that it was but that the authorities were not interested in my offer of 25,000 *rupees* ($9,000) for the animal. I kept on bidding until I had reached 50,000 *rupees*, finally receiving a reply to the effect that the animal was not for sale.

Had the animal been found in Siam I should not even have gone to the trouble of sending a wire. I knew from long experience that all white elephants found in that country were royal property and automatically belonged to the king. There is about as much chance of getting a *chang pheuak*, the Siamese name for these freaks, out of Siam as there is of walking out of Egypt with the Pyramids tucked under one's arm. It just can't be done. You'd be caught at it—and almost simultaneously you'd find a knife between your ribs.

In Siam the white elephant is worshiped as a sacred animal possessing divine affiliations. The king houses several of them in splendor near the palace in Bangkok. A retinue of servants attends them and they are given titles designating them as members of royalty. When ill they are ministered to in a manner leaving no doubt that there are no higher-ranking nobles in the land. Should death occur, one of the court dignitaries—a brother noble—takes charge and, after impressive religious ceremonies, has the animal cremated.

In Burma the white elephant is also regarded as a sacred beast but it is not worshiped so fanatically as in the bygone days when the country was an independent state ruled by its own king. A British colony today, Burma still makes a big fuss over its white elephants, but in the old days, according to a venerable soldier of fortune (an old friend who claims to know and ought to), these freaks of nature were decked out in robes of velvet and gold, studded with precious stones. It was one of the duties of the royal choir to sing to them at regular intervals. The king's cabinet would even consult the animals on important governmental affairs, gravely setting forth its problems and interpreting various movements of the trunk, legs and tail as indicating the course to be pursued in the matters under discussion.

While it is true that the Burmese have sobered somewhat on the subject of white elephants, they still have a bad hangover. I discovered this shortly after I cabled my agent in San Francisco to see how far I could go in bidding for the Katha catch. I figured that if I went high enough I could land the coveted albino. My agent cabled me that I could safely bid as high as $50,000. This I did. The reply was as complete a turndown as anyone has ever given me. It was to the effect that my unflattering offer could not be taken seriously. Did I realize that the animal had been insured for £35,000? Evidently I did not appreciate the value of a white elephant. However, that did not matter, for, regardless of price, the revered creature could not be taken out of the country. To permit such a thing would be an act of sacrilege.

Pa Wa on Display

So that was that. I recall my amusement over the broad hints that something would surely happen to the person who took a white elephant out of Burma. It wasn't difficult to remember juicy murders that had taken place in Siam as a result of efforts to sneak white elephants out of the country, but so long a time had elapsed since I had heard of a throat being slit on this account in Burma that I couldn't help thinking the corral master was being needlessly dramatic.

Some months later at Rangoon I had an opportunity to see the white elephant for which I had negotiated so strenuously. It had been brought down to the Rangoon Zoo—the best institution of its kind in Burma and one of the finest in Asia—and placed on exhibition there in a special enclosure. The zoo did a land-office business, even the poorest natives managing somehow to dig up the modest price of admission so that they might pay homage to Pa Wa (the name which had been given the white elephant).

It was a colorful sight, that scene at the zoo the day I was there. The *sarongs* (wide-flowing, bright-hued skirts) of the salaaming natives, the yellow robes, with umbrellas to match, of the kneeling Buddhist priests, the gorgeous drapery that had been flung over the majestic-looking Pa Wa—all combined to make a picture that could be seen nowhere else in the world.

One native, by my side, irritated by the wall of backs that kept him in the rear and prevented his getting as close

(*Continued on page 36*)

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The good word

that one man speaks to another . . .

"More important than all the deliberations of the industry are the family councils on the performance of cars, the atmosphere of service stations and the courtesy of salesmen. Millions of daughters, mothers, sons and fathers are writing the future of the automotive business around the firesides of America with no one there to plead the case of the manufacturer, car or dealer. And the verdicts are final".—MOTOR MAGAZINE

Everyone values friendship—loyal, lasting regard—and the motorists of America long have given the finest kind of friendship to the Buick car.

Buick craftsmen build into this Eight its quality and character. They give it excellence. But it is the motoring public that confers upon Buick the distinction of winning *more than fifty out of every hundred sales* of the fourteen Eights in its field.

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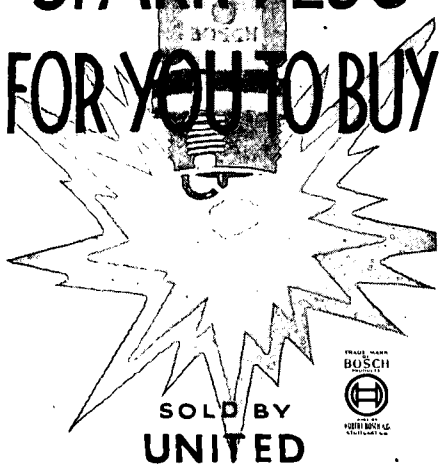

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One Love Apiece

Continued from page 19

have in Jerry, and he has gone to the bottom for your sake . . ."

He nodded, and some sort of resignation must have been in his manner; for she suddenly lifted herself on one knee and kissed him. Boyard almost pushed her away. "Don't! How can you do a thing like that!"

Passing the Casino along the Croisette sea-front drive, she said: "Don't take me home yet. Do you know that little red salon in the Grand Hotel? They've tried to make it into a bar but it's not one. Take me there and, if there is anything left of your dream of me, Boyard, I'll test its powers."

They found the place almost deserted.

"Very well, Elsa, let's have it," said Boyard when they were seated.

"Jerry," she said.

"Stafford? What do you mean?"

"I want you to save him. Give him some money and some work and send him away, out of all this."

Boyard shook his head. "It's too late. Stafford is a gambler."

"Ah, yes," she said quickly, "but he has gambled for love of me. This was to be the last day he ever touched his finger to a card. Do you know why I took that money from you tonight, Boyard?"

"You didn't tell me and I didn't ask," he said.

"I'll tell you now. Jerry came to me this evening with his last resources in cash in his pockets, and I said we'd better take it and go to London and get jobs. But Jerry said it wasn't enough, even to start out with. He said he'd make one last play at the tables tonight, double or quits, three hundred thousand francs or nothing. I hate you for that smile, Boyard."

"Well?" repeated Boyard.

"He lost. You know that. Valgaropoulos, the Greek, drew to a five and got an eight. I left Jerry dazed at the table and went out looking for you, Boyard. Yes, I knew where you were. If Jerry could make a double-or-quits play for me, I could do it for him. I cashed your check at the desk and gave him the money. I told him to play it. I'd given him money before, out of my annual bit, as long as I had any."

"And you think Jerry would have stopped with three hundred thousand francs if he had won it, Elsa?"

"I know it. If he hadn't . . . if he didn't . . ."

"That's enough," said Boyard. "Take my pen, will you? Write on the back of that drink list. Write this: 'Here's my last. Good luck with it. Our three hundred thousand francs or nothing.' Now sign it. Any way you like. Now scratch out the three hundred thousand and make it a million. Got it? Please empty your little handbag and give it to me."

SHE watched him recap his pen and put it with the empty bag into his pocket as he rose. "What are you going to do, Boyard?"

In the second great hall of the baccarat rooms, under the blaze of a huge crystal chandelier, the high-stake tables were still ringed by white faces, heavy, smoke-dimmed eyes. Boyard cashed a check at the desk and stood watching the game at the end table while he stuffed a bundle of ten-thousand-franc notes away somehow in his pockets. Prince Nitiukoff nodded and lifted a plucked eyebrow at sight of him. An ex-dancer smiled and waved a glittering sleeve of diamond bracelets reaching almost to her bony elbow. George Edmonds, the rubber magnate, peered at him with circled, inflamed eyes. "Is that Mike Boyard? Come here and break this bank, Boyard. The damn' thing's run eleven times."

"Banco," said Boyard with a sign to the croupier. He stepped to the table and took his two cards, facing them immediately, six and deuce, natural. Then he departed with four hundred thousand francs in chips and notes bulging his pockets and a hard line of contempt about his mouth. Where was the thrill, or the sense? A man could either afford to be a fool or he couldn't. He went on to another table, and then to a third, but his scrutiny of these rings of white, weary faces was in vain.

IN THE lounge Boyard found him, sitting alone with a barely tasted whisky-and-perrier on the table before him. Jerry was man enough at least to meet his bad fortunes with a smile: "Sit down, won't you, Boyard? Whisky? I've got two louis in my pocket. They'll just do it. Or we can match for it."

"Let me celebrate a win, Jerry." Boyard piled the paper and chips out of his pockets upon the table.

"Good Lord!" said Jerry. "Beginner's luck, eh? I couldn't win a coup tonight if I made up my own hand. Seen Elsa? I've been looking for her."

"Yes. I've been with her. She's gone home now, and she said, if I saw you, to give you this."

Stafford's finely cut face was a study as he turned the bulging little hand bag over and over in his long fingers. Slowly he snapped open the catch and nodded. "Oh, of course. Elsa and I were running a joint bank earlier in the evening, my only run of luck tonight. She forgot to leave my share of the profits." He read the message without a change of expression. "That's it. She's lucky, you know. Elsa, I mean."

"You think she is, Jerry?"

Stafford glanced up from his rapid, practiced counting of the franc notes and an engaging smile lighted his face. "Oh, come now. She'd be luckier of course if she'd ditch me and take you on, Boyard. Too good for me, Elsa."

"She's the best judge of that," said Boyard. "Maybe she sees some hidden virtue."

Jerry laughed: "For that crack, Boyard, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just cut the deck with you for about a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Done? Garçon! Fetch us a new deck from somewhere, will you? Did you hear about the trimming the Comtesse St. Pare has taken this week?"

"Here's your boy," said Boyard. "Want him to shuffle?"

Jerry made a gesture of indifference: "Break them out and shuffle, boy. Mr. Boyard has the first cut. Me first? Righto, no odds on that." Nor did Jerry Stafford's gayety fail him when the best he could turn up was the four spot of clubs.

Boyard drew and threw down his card without showing it. "You win, Jerry. Four is big enough." He counted out his loss and pushed it across the table. "Well, that gives you three hundred thousand, Jerry. Is that all you need?"

"Think I'll try for a million at the table instead, if you don't mind. Come on. Let's both do it."

The six decks of the "shoe" were being reshuffled and stacked when they went in and there were places for the two of them, and for the Greek, Valgaropoulos, as well as the nine players assembled again at the high table. Boyard ran a small bank twice and took his profit. The play spurted after that. Jerry bancoed against Madame Naillot's run and dropped seventy thousand. But he called the double and won it back on the next coup.

There were several high points in that game, although only one as far as Boyard was concerned. Valgaropoulos lost a banco to Jerry for two hundred thousand francs, and Boyard with an expression of puzzlement watched Stafford's surreptitious counting of his winnings as they were piled before him. He had half a million now. Nitiukoff took fifty thousand of it, and then the bank came to Jerry and he ran it until there were three hundred thousand francs spread across the center of the table. *"Pour trois cent mille, mesdames-messieurs,"* intoned the croupier. *"Le banco est demande pour trois cent mille."*

Three hundred thousand! Would he let it run again? Jerry would have his million if he won the next coup. Who was going to cover it? Was Valgaropoulos asleep? Or had he had enough of Jerry tonight? How about Edmonds?

"Marquez vos jeux, mesdames-messieurs," sang the croupier.

"Banco," said Boyard quietly. A hush came upon the entire table and perhaps the tenseness of it all disturbed him. He drew a third card, a trey, and it was only when the croupier's paddle faced his whole hand that they saw his first two would have made a natural nine.

"Great stars!" Jerry was staring at the bits of pasteboard. "You had me beaten if you hadn't drawn."

"I know," said Boyard. "My eyes must be tired."

His eyes did not seem very tired as they fastened upon the four hundred thousand francs in front of Jerry Stafford's place and the six hundred thousand of his winning in the center of the table. Did Jerry know? Did he realize? "You've got your million now, Jerry, but I'll get some of it out of you on the next coup."

"I don't think you will, Boyard," said Jerry. He stood up. "Sorry, everybody, but the bank passes. I'm done." He tossed a thousand-franc tip to the croupier. Then he bowed and was gone.

A FEW minutes later Boyard was at his hotel. In his mail box was a message to telephone Miss Elsa Ashe as soon as he came in, but he tore the slip of paper into tiny bits and let them run through his fingers to the floor. . . .

The following morning, Elsa found him on the after deck of the Widsith where he was supervising the loading of baggage. "Why didn't you telephone me last night, Boyard?" she'd demanded. "You got the message?"

"Yes," he had replied. "I knew you'd hear soon enough, Elsa. A pig-headed man is never in a hurry to advertise how wrong he can be. I thought I knew something of men. Nobody knows anything. All I can say now is . . . I'm glad."

"Yes, you were quite wrong about Jerry, Boyard. I shan't let you off that. But neither am I entirely without gratitude, nor am I stupid enough, no matter what the rest of them think, to believe Michael Boyard drew another card, when he already had a natural nine, by mistake. I hope it repays you a little to know . . . Jerry and I are going to London in a few days."

(Continued on page 32)

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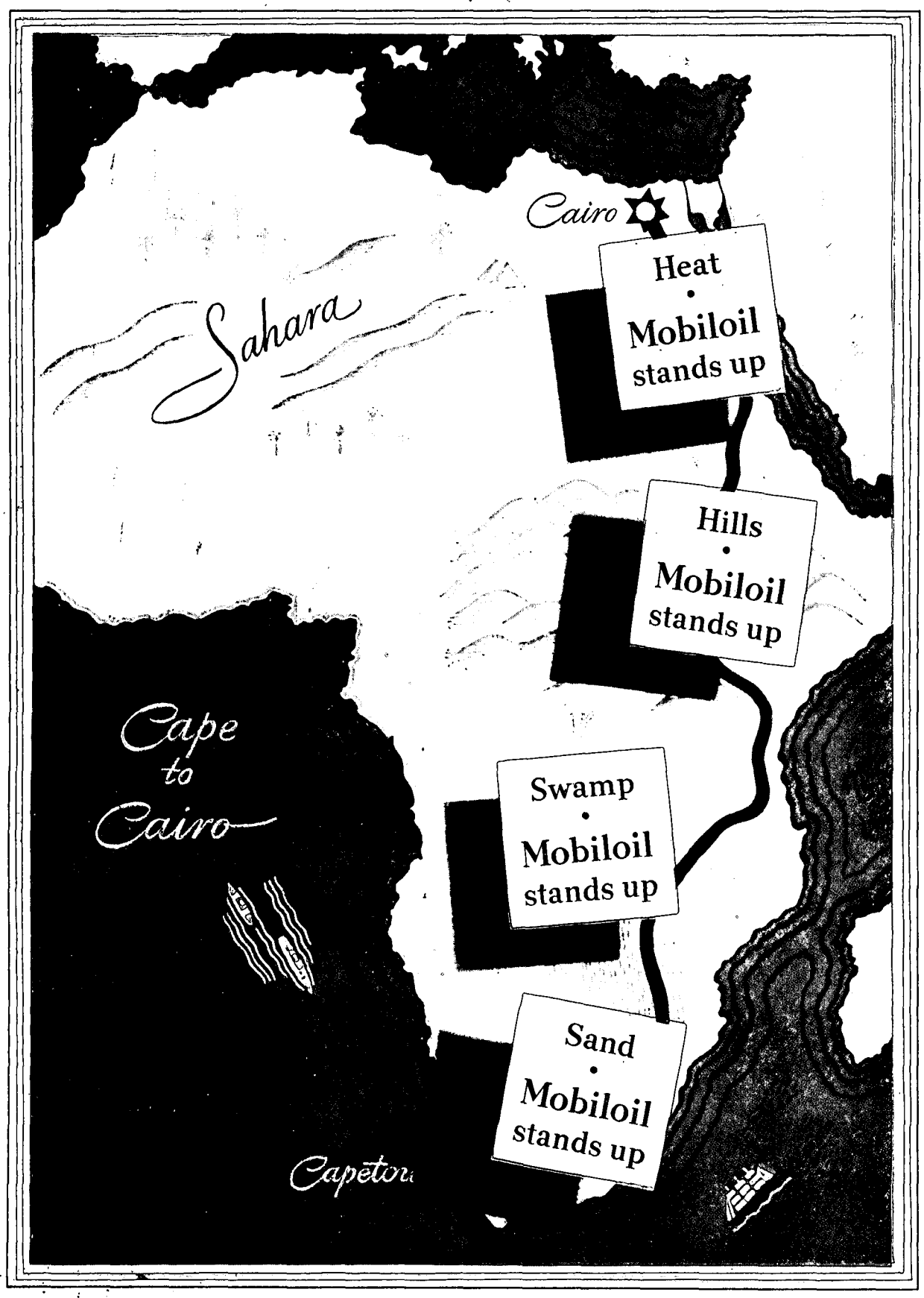
In low at *five* . . . . in high at *sixty* !



Under scorching heat, through tropic jungle, over burning desert, up hills, through swamps, Jerry Bouwer's famous Cape-to-Cairo run was made in a car lubricated with Mobiloil.

Step on the gas! Let your car take it wide open, mile after mile.

Mobiloil will stand up. Mobiloil will take the punishment with a smile.

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Mobiloil stands up

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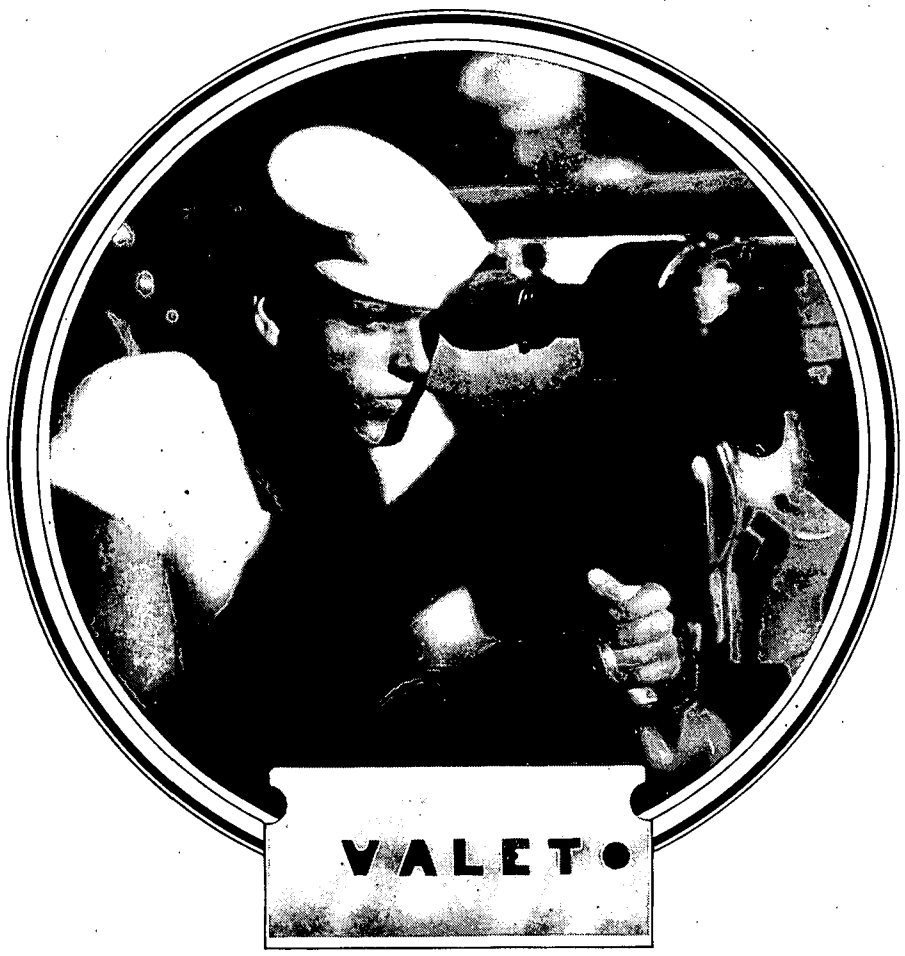
— MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



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.. A lot better result

ONE clean hit after another is scored on far-off targets when sights are trained with mathematical exactness. In gunnery—as in every other important human endeavor—far better results reward painstaking care and precision.

Made with scientific accuracy and inspected under powerful microscopes—the new Valet blade is built to almost incredible standards of excellence. That's why it is prescribed by dermatologists—preferred by metallurgists.

This blade is designed exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—and can be cleaned and stropped without removal.

Learn what a difference precision manufacture can make. Shave with a micro-perfect edge that soothes the skin—helps keep your face young. Buy a package of Valet blades today—and the razor if you haven't one.

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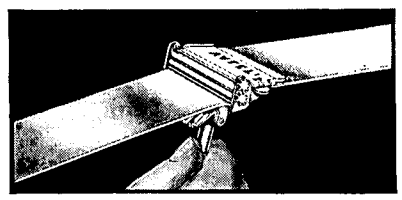

VALET AutoStrop
RAZORS AND BLADES

One Love Apiece

Continued from page 30

"Why not today?"

"Are you so anxious to be rid of us? What is all this packing? You're sailing? Today? You're not to, Michael. Oh, don't you see? . . . you are a sort of challenge to Jerry. George Edmonds is giving a dinner at the gala Thursday evening in honor of Jerry and me, Michael. If you are there, I will lift my glass and you will know in whose honor I drink. Will you be there?"

"It is not easy, Elsa," he had told her, "but I will remain until then. Widsith will go out at midnight that night."

IT WAS the Rose Gala and a rouge of soft light colored the sweep and elegance of the grand salon of the Ambassadeurs. In the foyer at the top of the stairway there were ermine and sable and jewels, the white arms and sheer fabric of Boyard's outland dream, the ribbons of orders across the white bosoms of gentlemen, the tinkle of cocktail glasses, the murmur of several hundred voices, the laughter of a brilliant room, the beginning of the slow parade down the stairway into the rose-lighted room.

It was a panorama without meaning to Boyard, a background against which floated the image he was intent upon fixing in his memory for always, an impression of gold and gray, a flow of fragile, translucent black which bound her and yet freed her too. She sat opposite him between Prince Nitiukoff and Jerry Stafford, and she never looked at him once.

Occasionally he tried to be polite to Madame Naillot at his right, but that sage old Norman told him to be still. When he glanced up again, Elsa was looking him straight in the eyes and her fingers raised up a champagne glass.

Boyard reached for his own. Then he rose and went to Elsa and they moved together to the crowded dance floor. They danced slowly twice around and then she said: "What time is it, Boyard? Eleven-forty? Already? Do you wish me to come out on the pier with you, Michael? I could watch as long as Widsith's stern light shines this side of Ile Ste. Marguerite."

"No," he said. "You have some idea that I am strong, haven't you? Well, I'd rather you kept it."

Only Madame Naillot saw him go. Dancers were thronging to the floor and he was not noticed.

Boyard walked rapidly and without turning the length of the digue and across the gangplank to Widsith's deck. "You can cast off now, Hallett."

"I'm waiting for Freeling, Mr. Boyard. We was promised that welded shaft housing and Freeling was to be here with it by now. Wouldn't like to start out without it, sir. Oh, no, sir, it won't be an hour."

"When Freeling gets here, cast off," said Boyard. "I'll be in my cabin and I do not wish to be disturbed for anything until just before we round the island. Where we're going? I don't care a hang, Hallett . . . as long as it's south and east and far."

IT IS the habit of gala diners to parade the baccara rooms. They are the club of Cannes, those rooms, and whoever is anywhere is there. Elsa went without any fear, with her hand confidently on Jerry Stafford's arm and her thoughts somehow preoccupied; for there seemed never to be any perfect content, no matter how things turned. Nitiukoff took her away from Jerry for a moment. She left him watching the casual play at a twenty-five-louis table, and when he came back to her shortly she saw nothing in his manner that might have given her warning or alarm. "That's a thick-headed crowd back there. If I'd been playing, I could have taken them for fifty thousand francs."

Elsa smiled. *If* he'd been playing . . . that was all she had to hear. Nitiukoff took her on into the lounge where they smoked his Russian cigarettes and spoke Russian together.

The throng had moved to the head table by the time they emerged, pushing and crowding to glimpse over somebody's shoulder as some dramatic risk was being played. Nitiukoff whispered to her: "It's Valgaropoulos again. He's run a bank to a half a million francs and he is taunting them all with it. That's his way."

But Elsa was not listening to what Nitiukoff had to say. She was staring at Jerry's face bent above that gaming table. It was haunted and yet alight, although it was lighted with the brightness of a fever, a face made up with Jerry Stafford's features but not his unless Jerry were transported in the presence of a stronger love than any she had ever claimed from him. "Banco!" Clear enough, a clap of thunder if she thought of it that way. Jerry Stafford's banco was a bursting of bonds.

After a few minutes, when he came out through the crowd with his hands full of new gains and the fever of excitement still burning in his eyes, he couldn't find her. "Elsa! D'you see her, Nitiukoff? Look at this, will you? I can take that Greek any day four out of five. Is she in the lounge? Wait until Elsa sees all this."

THE black shadow of Ile Ste. Marguerite fell across the Widsith's bow. Boyard came to the rail for a last glimpse of that arc of shore lights which was all that remained for him at Cannes. He was glad. It had seemed an eternity, waiting in his cabin before they had gotten away. Maybe that was the worst of it, the beginning. Maybe it would not be so bad soon, although he had never been very successful at forgetting things. He saw Elsa standing beside him at the rail but he knew it was a hallucination. Well, he hoped it would last. Perhaps she would go along with him like that always, into the far hills, down all the seas.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Michael? Did you know? Did you know he would go on with his gambling forever? Is that why you waited? No man has a right to more than one real love, has he, Michael? Jerry has his, his play. He proved that tonight and, somehow, it released me. I flew to your boat, just in time, because it seemed only fair that you should have your love too."

He reached out and touched her, her hand, her cheek, and then she rushed into his arms, heart-spent, breathless. "Take me and keep me with you always, Michael. This is where I belong. I'm so tired of fighting against . . . life."

A shoulder of the island took away the last point of light from the bay shore. Presently her breathing became quiet again and she lifted her face and smiled: "Yours was a long-shot gamble, too, Michael; you are about the biggest and dearest gambler of them all."

"The biggest winner anyway," he said.

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It was Nature's wise idea. We simply borrowed it. We borrowed Nature's idea, too, when we made Heinz Rice Flakes taste so good. Nature doesn't approve of making foods "good-for-you," without making them good to eat, too. And neither do we! So we've made these crisp little flakes just as delicious as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties." Taste them and see for yourself! . . .

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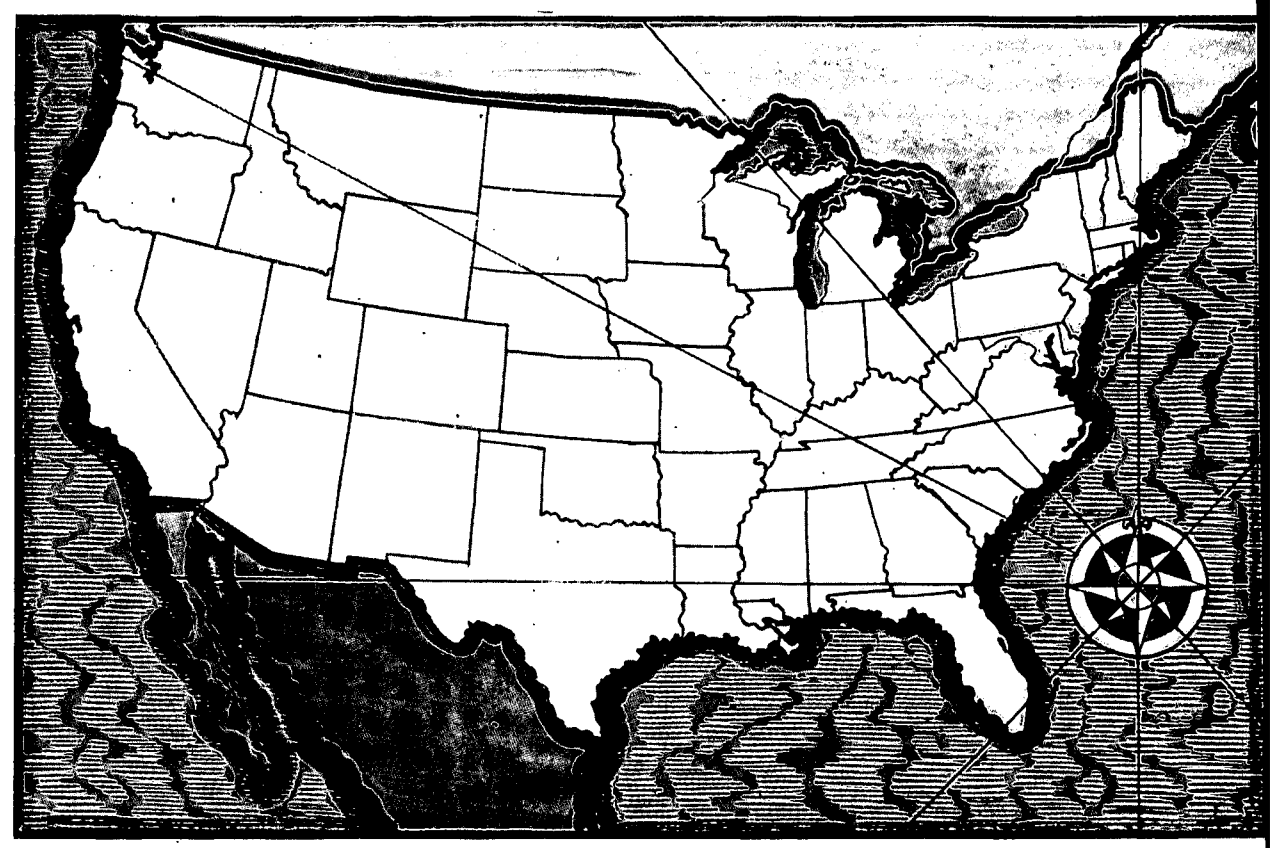
ALL THE WORLD WILL SOON

AT THE New



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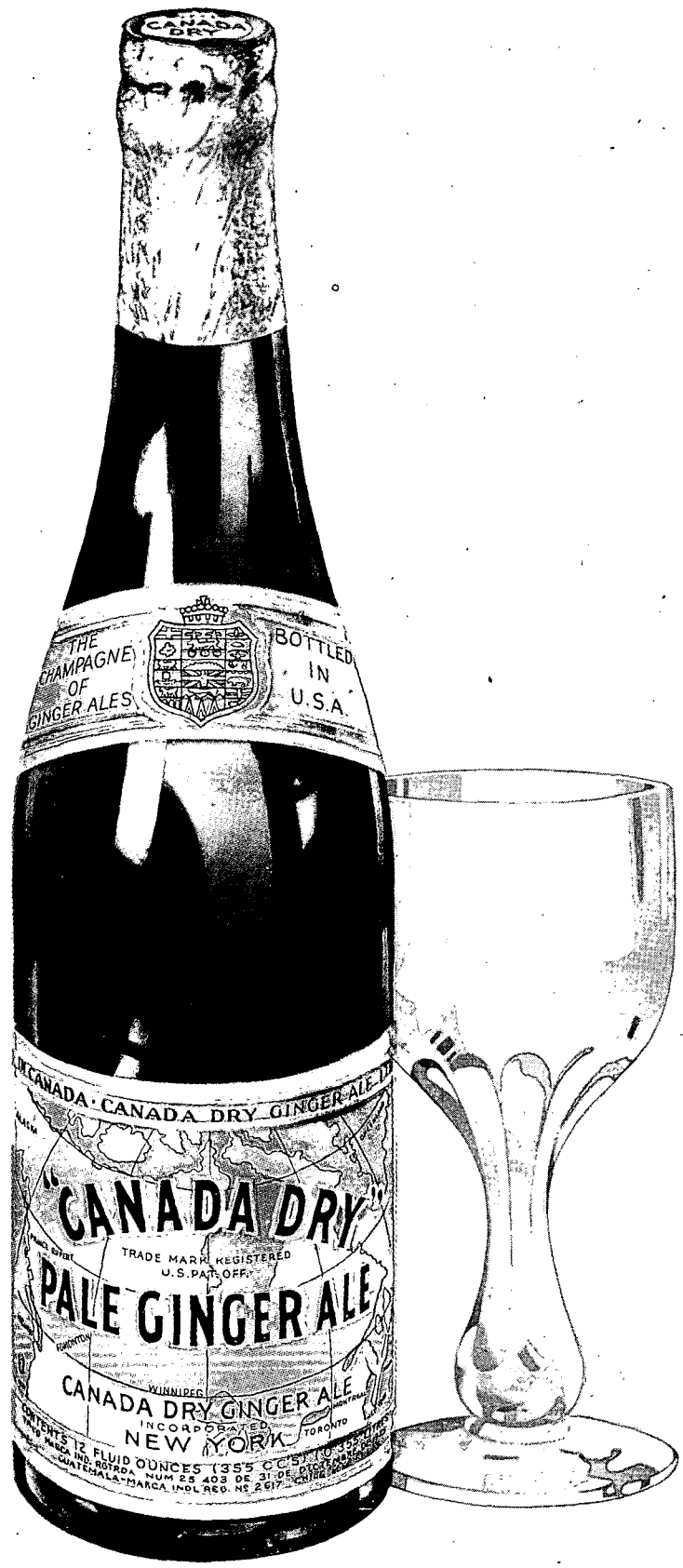

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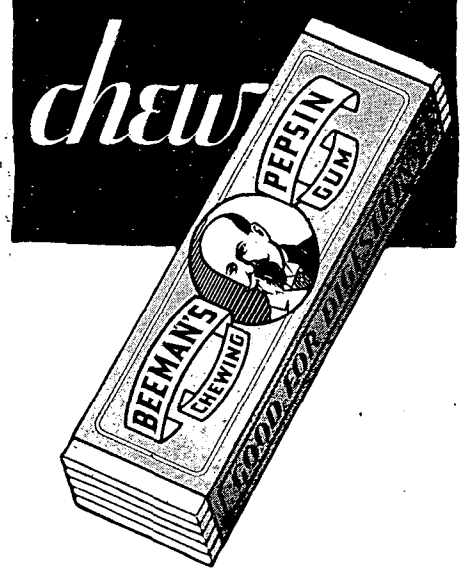
listless?

when you eat too much



chew

for digestion

When you eat a hearty lunch, and have no pep to tackle the rest of your work for the day—just see how much your digestion is to blame.

Chew a stick of this delicious pepsin gum which Dr. Beeman perfected to aid digestion.

For over 30 years, millions have preferred its fresh, keen flavor and satisfying smoothness. When you buy your morning paper, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM aids digestion

The Dearest Beast

Continued from page 28

to Pa Wa as he felt he should be, temporarily forgot that the white elephant, among other things, was a divine messenger of peace and dealt one of the swaying forms that blocked his path a terrific kick that sent the recipient thereof banging into one of the priests. This upset the holy man and knocked the begging-bowl out of his hand, spilling in all directions his harvest of bits of bread, fruit, etc., begged from shopkeepers along the way to the zoo. The old gentleman set up a terrific wailing, beating his fists upon his smooth-shaved head (time-honored mark of his profession) as a boy in the crowd seized one of the fallen tidbits and devoured it. The other edibles restored to the bowl by fellow worshipers, the priest calmed down and resumed his praying.

Pa Wa remained on display at the Rangoon Zoo for several weeks. The animal's fame spread rapidly—with the result that, not long after the admiring throngs at Rangoon started paying their *annas* to see this emissary from the Buddhist heaven, the London Zoölogical Society, one of the most powerful organizations of its kind in the world, started a series of maneuvers designed to secure it as a star exhibit. The idea was to borrow Pa Wa and put this pachyderm rarity on view in the London Zoo.

Working with England's high colonial officials, the society succeeded—after a series of negotiations that taxed the diplomatic powers of these representatives of Britain in this strange foreign land—in getting the O. K. which they sought.

The First Time in History

I understand that among the more fanatical priests and laymen there were angry mutterings—even threats of reprisal—when it became known that, for the first time in the history of Burma, permission had been granted to let a white elephant out of the country. "What next?" these uncompromising exponents of orthodoxy demanded. "How far will this invasion of our religious rights go?"

Still others were said to have voiced this sentiment: "Let the English use their influence and get permission to remove Pa Wa from Burma. What good will it do them? Surely there is not an elephant driver in the land nor a *mahout* foolish enough to join forces with so foolhardy an enterprise. For death—sudden death—awaits the sacrilegious ones capable of so vicious a betrayal."

At first it was difficult to find natives who were willing to accompany the expedition to England. A world-old superstition made most of those whose services were sought as members of Pa Wa's retinue shy away from the proposition.

However, even in Burma it is possible to find natives who can be made to forget the vengeance-dealing proclivities of the country's religious bogey-men. Persuasive arguments, to the tune of clinking gold, gained their end. And not long after the London Zoölogical Society launched its campaign of persuasion, Pa Wa was on the way to England in sumptuous quarters aboard a first-class boat, in the care of a group of attendants that included a mahout named Said Ali, an elephant driver known as Sandy Wee, and Me Wai, a Shan States boy-of-all-jobs who had once helped me bring a shipment of elephants from Rangoon to Singapore.

The albino from Katha made an instantaneous hit in London. Layman and scientist came and applauded, the latter remaining to study. Yes, more than one British zoölogist spent days studying the Burmese freak.

Enter, at this point, John Ringling, famous American showman and head of the combined Barnum & Bailey-Ringling Brothers Circus. Scene: The London Zoo. Time: About five years ago.

Mr. Ringling, a visitor in London, hears about Pa Wa. Instantly there revives in him an ancient ambition, the hope of all showmen since the first circus tent was pitched. This ambition was, of course, to bring that white elephant back to America with him.

I don't suppose it would have made any difference to Mr. Ringling if he had known that he was tackling a job at which P. T. Barnum had failed. When Mr. Ringling wants a thing he goes after it. The possibility of failure is the least of his concerns.

All kinds of objections had to be overcome. In the first place, the animal was not the property of the London Zoölogical Society. It was necessary for the zoo heads to turn once more to the British colonial officials and get these men, who had performed one miracle of diplomacy in getting Pa Wa out of Burma without bloodshed, to tackle the owners of the sacred beast again and get them to consent to its shipment to America at a time when influential Burmese were clamoring for its return to Rangoon. Somehow this second miracle of diplomacy was performed.

One showman is reputed to have created a white elephant of his own

The Barnum & Bailey-Ringling Brothers Circus, with Pa Wa billed all over the place, was showing in San Francisco when I arrived in that port from Calcutta with a big shipment of animals, reptiles and birds.

My business concluded, I decided to have a look at Pa Wa and a word with Me Wai.

My conversation with the Shan States boy revealed that the white elephant's attendants were beginning to worry about the return home. Their American engagement would be over before long and then there would be the tough assignment of going back to Burma and facing the music. The two that were most badly scared, he said, were Said Ali and Sandy Wee.

Me Wai tried to reassure them by insisting that if any curse had been in store for them it would have been visited upon them long before. But Said Ali and Sandy Wee, not to be consoled, announced that they would not return to Burma. It would be too dangerous. No, they would seek employment in London where England would protect them.

An Ancient Vengeance

That is all I knew about Pa Wa & Co., until long afterwards I heard, in the course of my travels, of the death of the celebrated white elephant. The animal, on its way back to Burma, had died at Calcutta, where it was awaiting transshipment to its native land via the weekly Rangoon boat.

I recall that I couldn't help thinking how lucky Said Ali and Sandy Wee were to be in London, with a good safe distance between them and possible Burmese vengeance-seekers.

And then, some weeks later, my San Francisco Chronicle caught up with me—the issue of August 26, 1928. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the queer feeling at the pit of the stomach which I experienced when my eyes lit on this headline over an Associated Press dispatch from London:

CURSE OF WHITE
ELEPHANT KILLS
INDIAN MAHOUT

SLAIN NIGHT FOLLOWING
SACRED ANIMAL'S DEATH

That queer feeling got worse as I read:

"Said Ali, mahout, considered one of the finest elephant trainers in the world, was beaten to death in his apartment in the London Zoo last night. Sandy Wee, elephant driver, was found beneath Said Ali's window, seriously injured.

"Said Ali's body was badly mangled. A pickax and a sledge hammer were found beside it.

"Those versed in Indian lore saw a strange coincidence between the London tragedy and the reported death at Calcutta, last night, of Pa Wa, a famous white elephant. Wee and Ali came to England with the elephant two years ago and later toured America.

"A curse is supposed to fall on someone whenever a white elephant leaves its own land."

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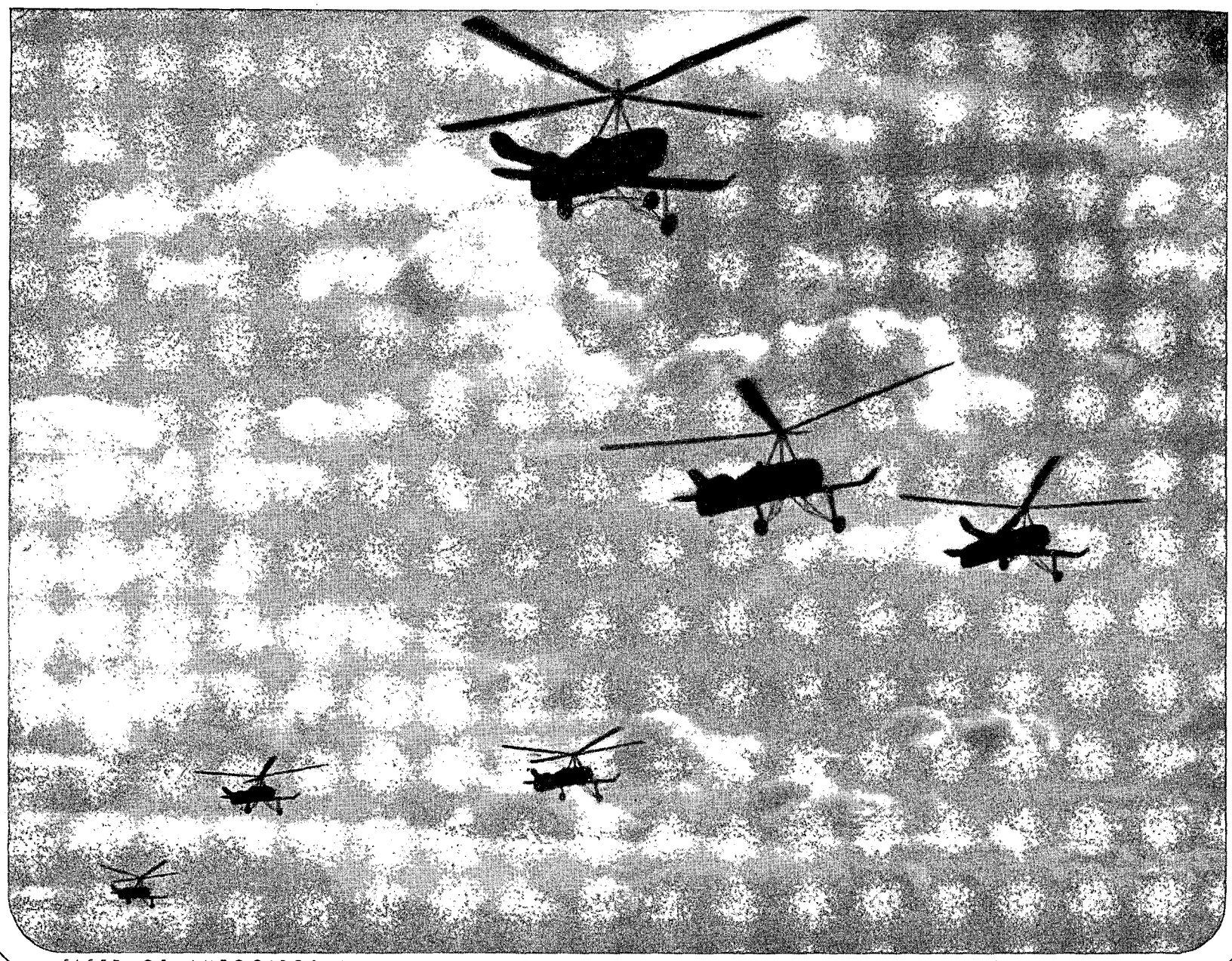
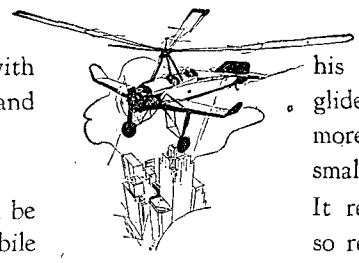


FLEET OF AUTOGIROS IN A STRIKING SETTING CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA OF CY LA TOUR

The answer—to what?



IN COMMENTING upon the Autogiro, those most familiar with aviation's progress have expressed the same thought again and again, in almost the same words: "That's the answer."

The answer to what?

To the need for an aircraft with such inherent stability that it can be operated by the average person capable of operating an automobile—an aircraft whose security does not depend primarily upon the highly developed skill of its pilot, an aircraft which is capable of high speed but can stay in the air at low speeds as well, an aircraft which will alight gently with little or no forward motion and which can take-off or land in almost any small open space. That is what expert observers of the Autogiro mean when they say "That's the answer."

Although the Autogiro can travel at high speeds it does not require speed to stay in the air. It can slow down, stop and hover—or descend at no forward speed—in perfect control.

It cannot fall off from a stall into a tail spin. Even if the engine dies, the pilot and his passengers face no trying emergency. The Autogiro can still glide to earth just as the airplane does, or it can descend vertically, more slowly than a man in a parachute, and land in almost any small, open space.

It requires much less skill and experience to fly an Autogiro—and so requires less time to learn. It is an aircraft in which *you* can "go places and do things." That is why the almost unanimous expression of approval has been, "That's the answer."

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff.

PRESENT LICENSEES ARE: Buhl Aircraft Company, Detroit, Mich. • • • Kellett Aircraft Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. • • • Pitcairn Aircraft, Inc., Willow Grove, Pa.

"A SALUTE"—"The most extraordinary figure that has loomed on the aeronautical horizon since the days of the Wright brothers is Senor de la Cierva, inventor of the Autogiro. This fact must be admitted regardless of any predilections for or aversions toward the autogiro itself. The name of its inventor is destined to go down in history, if not *with* the Wrights—that would be too much to expect of any name—at any rate as the name of the first man to hit upon a radical innovation in the Wrights' system of securing controlled free flight.

AUTOGIRO

© 1931, Autogiro Co. of America

"That statement may seem extravagant but it will stand examination. Heavier-than-air flying, with the single exception of the autogiro, is today in method exactly what it was as demonstrated by the Wrights a quarter of a century ago. Their work has been developed, refinements have been introduced, power plants have been perfected; but the fundamentals are the same. It remained for Cierva to try something distinctly different—something different, that is to say, *that works.*"—*Quoted from an editorial in U.S. Air Services, January, 1931.*

AUTOGIRO COMPANY OF AMERICA • • • • LAND TITLE BUILDING • • • • PHILADELPHIA

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The mariner recognizes character in the light that points the way to safety...The smoker recognizes character in the taste and fragrance of mellow
Old Briar
TOBACCO
United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

Mile Rock Light, at the Golden Gate, San Francisco Harbor.

15c size

A WHIFF of its fragrance arouses a keen desire to try it. A taste of the rich and flavory tobaccos that are blended to give OLD BRIAR its distinctive character only whets the appetite for more. In contrast to ordinary blends, it has a sparkling quality that grows more satisfying with acquaintance.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
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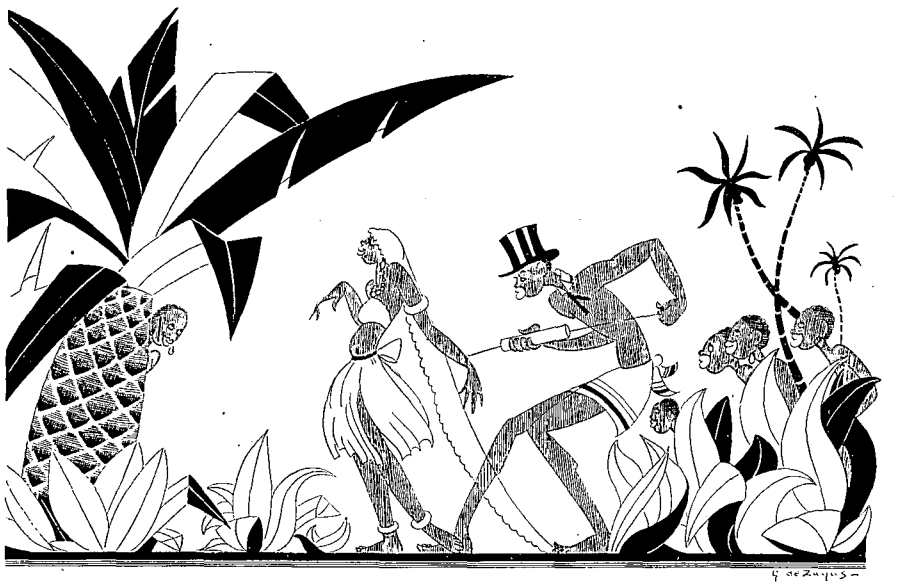

Keep Up with the World !

By Freling Foster

Among the Bugis, a semi-civilized tribe on Celebes Island, brides are drugged during the three-day festivities preceding their marriage, apparently to prevent the darlings from looking at other men and changing their minds at the last minute.

The majority of blood donors are finding that the practice improves their general health.

Although this country purchased $250,000,000 worth of paintings and sculpture in 1930, art dealers hope to increase their business greatly this year through their new installment payment policy.

The new Riverside church, New York, has a tower 26 stories high and contains 4 elevators, 10 kitchens, library, gymnasium, bowling alleys, a number of schools, earphones for the deaf and a 72-bell carillon, the largest in the world.

Dentists now are permitted to administer intoxicating liquor to patients "when necessary to afford relief," a new regulation which undoubtedly will create more "suffering" than all the instruments in the profession.

More than 65 of every 100 arrests made in this country today are for either traffic or liquor law violations, such arrests virtually being unknown 20 years ago.

Tigers are unknown in Africa, the country which contains the largest variety of wild animals in the world.—*By W. W. Gibson, Macon, Georgia.*

Wearing spectacles, as a mark of education and position, was a Chinese custom 2,000 years before the science of optical correction became known, and it still exists today in some parts of China.—*By E. J. Tangerman, Bayside, L. I.*

Mothers of fastidious children will be glad to know that powdered spinach and fish flour are now on the market and can be disguised easily when prepared with other foods.

Certain churches now hold beauty contests, teach "love economics" to classes of young married couples and conduct "Body and Soul Clinics" for persons suffering from mental disorders.

The end of the jazz age is seen in the changing policies of American newspapers which now are cutting down their "sex, money and crime" stories to make more room for news of science, business, religion and education.

Women make 90% of the attempts to smuggle articles through the U. S. Customs.

The oldest painting of the Virgin and Child in existence, done about 150, is today on a wall in the famous Priscilla Catacomb in Rome.

In a new 120-ton gyrostabilizer, the 55-ton rotating wheel powered by a 200-horse-power motor requires almost an hour to attain its maximum speed of 15 revolutions per second and runs on its own momentum for two hours after the current is off.

No wild animal, no matter how large, ferocious and hungry, ever will attack or touch a skunk.

Arsenic, once the favorite poison of suicides, is eaten habitually today by the peasants of Austria to aid digestion, increase respiration, improve their complexions and enhance their personal magnetism.—*By Alexia J. Rosbrook, New York City.*

During Ramadan, the holy Mohammedan month, all Moslems are forbidden to eat, drink, smoke or indulge themselves from dawn to sunset, but after dark the modern ones violate the spirit of this old Koran law and stage parties that would make the festive god Bacchus ashamed of himself.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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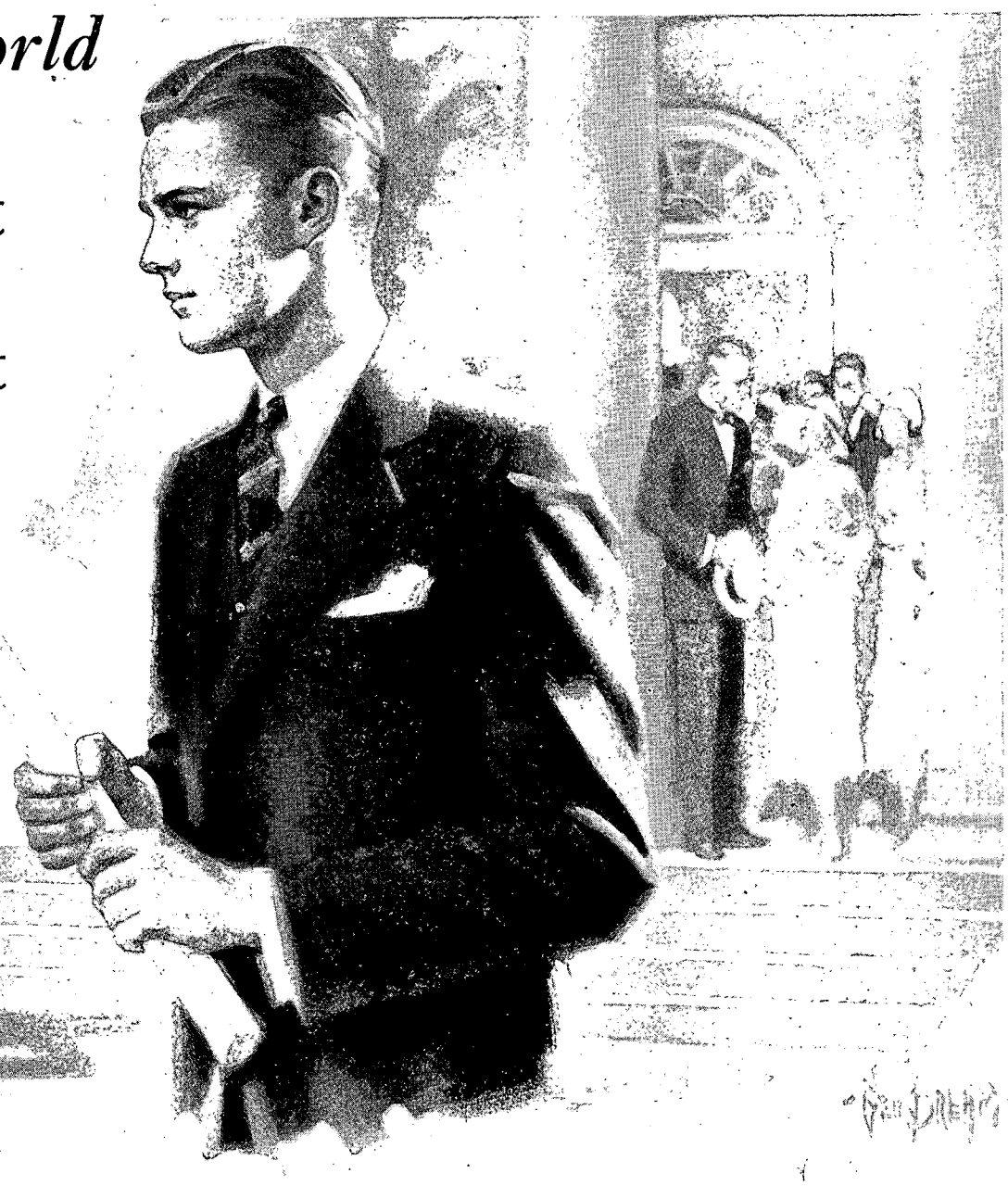
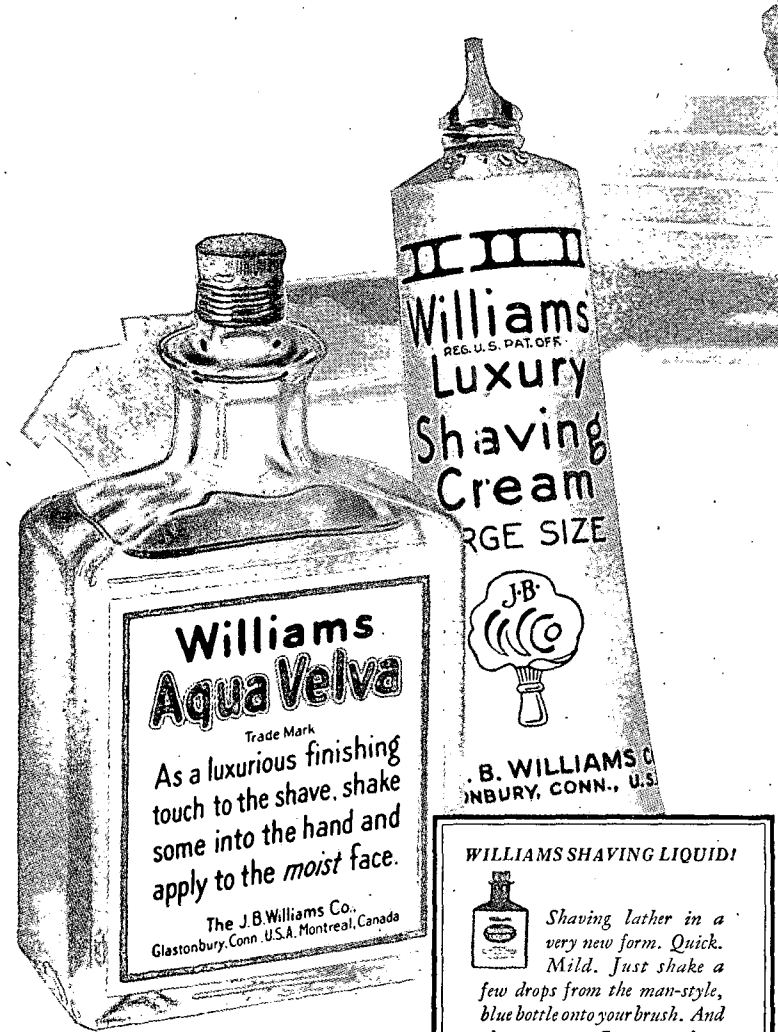
Out into the World

with a *mind* that's fit

and a Face that's Fit





WILLIAMS SHAVING LIQUID!

Shaving lather in a very new form. Quick. Mild. Just shake a few drops from the man-style, blue bottle onto your brush. And there you are. Great, too, for a shampoo.

SCHOOL or college behind him . . . the world in front of him . . . eagerly he steps out to *make* his place. Fit in mind. Fit in body. Face fit, too. For more than likely he has already graduated to the perfect shave—with Williams Shaving Service!

And what a quick and easy way it is. Wet your brush. Squeeze on a bit of the snowy-white Williams Shaving Cream. In a minute your face is covered with a friendly, generous lather. Cool, but not chemically cold. Moist, but not greasy. Your razor does a swift glide—and your face is freshly smooth. No taut, dry after-feel, either. There are no dyes in Williams Shaving Cream.

Now splash your face with water—then douse on Aqua Velva. Or, if you like a spanking, bracy tingle, dry your face before applying it. But, either way, this sparkling Aqua Velva helps to care for casual nicks, wakes up the tissues, tones and protects the skin.

You can get Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva at almost any store, anywhere. For millions of men—here and abroad—start their day with this happy shave, and step out into the world with a Face that's Fit.

MAIL THIS!

It will show you the way to Face Fitness

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. C-180, Glastonbury, Conn.
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I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

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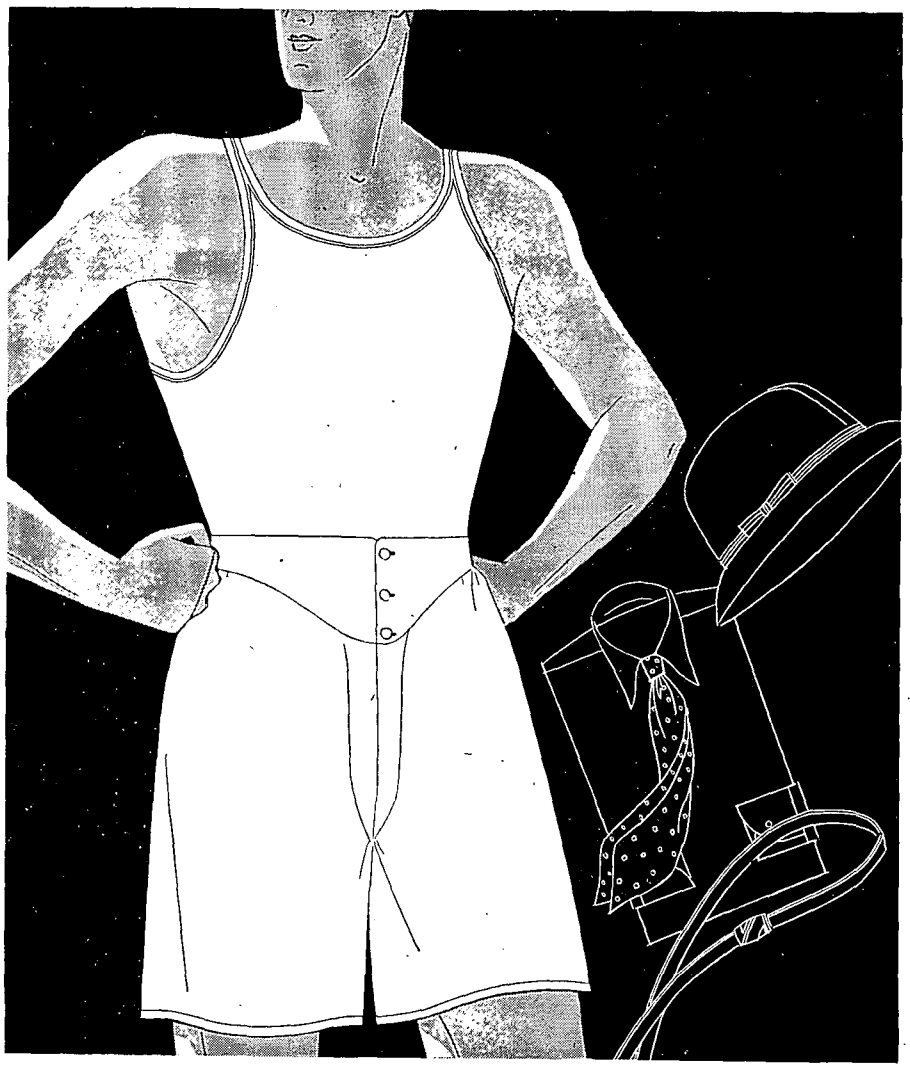
DO YOU LOOK LIKE A PRINCE OR A PAUPER IN THE BOUDOIR OF YOUR WIFE



YOU may *feel* like a cinderpath champ when you're wielding the towel after your A. M. shower. You may *look* like a track hero when you're swashbuckling around in your best silk robe.

But at that halfway point between bathroom and breakfast—when the woman in your life catches a glimpse of you in your *underwear*—do you look like something to be pitied as well as blamed?

There's no reason why you shouldn't look as much the man in your underwear as you do in your city flannels or your country tweeds.

Sign up for B. V. D.'s! There's the answer to your manly prayer. They're expertly and exactly tailored to fit. Union suits, shirts and shorts or drawers—they're beautifully cut and splendidly tailored—the best-looking underwear you've ever worn.

Look for the red-woven B.V.D.—the most famous label in the masculine world. You'll find it in Union Suits of B. V. D. nainsook—the warm weather fabric with Arctic virtues. You'll find it in knit shirts—in shorts in whites, solid colors and neat patterns (the 1931 style swing is all away from barber pole stripes and ye olde chintz patterns to the smart whites).

You'll look better in B. V. D.'s! You'll feel better. And you'll pay less than you often do for underwear with fewer style or comfort virtues.

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B·V·D

KNIT SHIRTS—$.50 to $1.50

KNEE DRAWERS—$.75 and $1.25

Anchors to Windward

Continued from page 21

fad, everybody said. The De Mille ranch is now shipping over two thousand pheasants a year to all parts of the United States.

Without doubt the liveliest and most serious realtor of the whole bunch is Hallam Cooley, whose signs dot the landscape in all directions. This young man began as one of the "Escrow Indians" of Beverly Hills, but his enterprises have carried him far afield. At present he is promoting a big beach subdivision down at Laguna, and when he isn't making love to the other fellow's wife in a screen story, he is luring and touring iowans ("iowans" has become a common noun in California, meaning any colonist from whatsoever state) to one of his many real-estate promotion schemes.

In Person

Folks who have been paying rent all their lives quite naturally love the thrill of turning landlord. That's why—irrespective of the profit—so many movie stars have gone in for building. Alla Nazimova led off with The Garden of Alla (most people insist upon spelling it Allah), one of the first and finest of the bungalow courts. Next came the Talmadge Apartments, a huge structure on Wilshire Boulevard. Harry Beaumont and Corinne Griffith have confined their building to Beverly Hills, Miss Griffith adding to her present office structures with a big new market. Raymond Griffith is the owner of one of the largest markets in Hollywood, and now Conrad Nagel is building a huge block of stores in Beverly Hills, being on the job every moment he can spare from film work.

During a slump in pictures a few years ago Fritzi Ridgeway went down to Palm Springs and built the Hotel del Tahquitz for the fun—and profit—of landlording her professional friends who wished to spend their week-ends and between-pictures vacations in the desert. So well did she succeed that the stage and screen have permanently lost one of their most charming performers.

In the old days each studio had a huge cast, not only of stars, but of character actors and even bit players, and that is why you saw the same old faces in nearly every one of a particular studio's pictures. Now, by turning everybody loose except a few valuable stars, they can cast each picture for its particular needs with the whole of Hollywood to choose from.

The scheme is grand for an exceptional few who get a higher wage for a short engagement, but it is not so snappy for the great majority, who may work two weeks and then have six or eight weeks left on their hands.

Among these are the people who have gone into trade and businesses requiring their personal attention, and in some cases the business has grown beyond the need of film work.

Six years ago Larry Wheat was in every other Paramount picture. When the non-contract scheme came into effect, he opened a tailor shop and did so well he doesn't care now if he never is called. William Beaudine, the director, has a string of auto laundries. Lon Chaney, before his death, set up his son in a men's furnishings shop, and James Finlayson, the goofy comic of the Hal Roach studios, for years has owned and operated four Scotch bakeries.

William Haines, Edward Nugent and Vera Lewis own antique shops and you'll find them on their jobs every minute they can be spared from the studios. Ethel Clayton and Katherine MacDonald are in the business of manufacturing cosmetics and Kathleen Clifford has a string of beauty shops.

Charles Bickford looks like a rough deep-sea whaler. Well, he is one. He owns the controlling interest in two whalers that operate off the coast of Mexico. Besides, he owns several gas service stations and a garage.

The late Fred Thomson also had a machine shop in which he worked out his airplane and camera gadgets, many of which were granted patents. Howard Hughes, whose father made millions with his oil drills, maintains a large machine shop in which he carries on experiments with drills and other oil mechanisms. He has also built a large factory for the making of color film.

The couple most personally interested in manufacturing are without doubt William Seiter, the director, and his wife, Laura La Plante. They own and operate, in conjunction with two Seiter brothers, a big plant which manufactures a floor safe that is being widely adopted by chain stores and other busy shops open to holdups.

Oil has lured a lot of picture folk to take a chance. The most successful of this group is a young lady whose brother-in-law is an oil expert. By combining brother's experience with sister's money, the pair have recently brought in Margaret Livingston Well No. 3, down in the Venice Field.

Airplanes, too, have challenged the picture folk. No end of them own stock in big companies and Reginald Denny, himself a pilot, was in the airplane rental business until his wife's nervousness compelled him to give it up. Wallace Beery is another picture chap who is ready to step into a new business the moment his cinema star begins to dim. He is himself a transport pilot and is heavily interested in one of the big transcontinental lines.

Several of the cowboys are in the horse and equipment business, but it remained for Hoot Gibson to cash in on his fame and prowess in a big way. He bought the big Baker Ranch at Saugus where he not only stages most of his Westerns but also some of the finest and most profitable rodeos in America.

Gary Cooper is another cowboy who refuses to become the proverbial waster and ne'er-do-well. The moment he began to earn real money it all went into land, until now he is the proud possessor of a famous string of dude ranches up in Montana and Idaho.

Even Movie Actors Eat

Noah Beery is a great fisherman and a few years ago he organized a little private club for trout-fishing up in the San Bernardino Mountains. So successful did it become that he opened it to the public and now Noah Beery's Paradise Mountain resort is one of the show places of California. The famous heavy of the screen is also furnishing trout for the big hotels up and down the coast.

But trout can be bred and raised wherever there is plenty of cold running water, and so we find Ruth Roland a landlady to trout in a stream right in the heart of Los Angeles. City water pours over an artificial fall, all properly chilled on its way, with hundreds of fishermen standing on the bank of the stream angling for trout at two-bits a catch.

You remember the play Is Zat So? by this same James Gleason and Robert Armstrong. It was a story built around a prize fight, with Jack Perry, a professional middleweight, in the cast. Well,

(*Continued on page 43*)

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Let a man *who knows how* repair your tubes

AUTHORIZED MEMBER OF THE SHALER NATION-WIDE REPAIR SERVICE GUARANTEED TIRE AND TUBE REPAIRS

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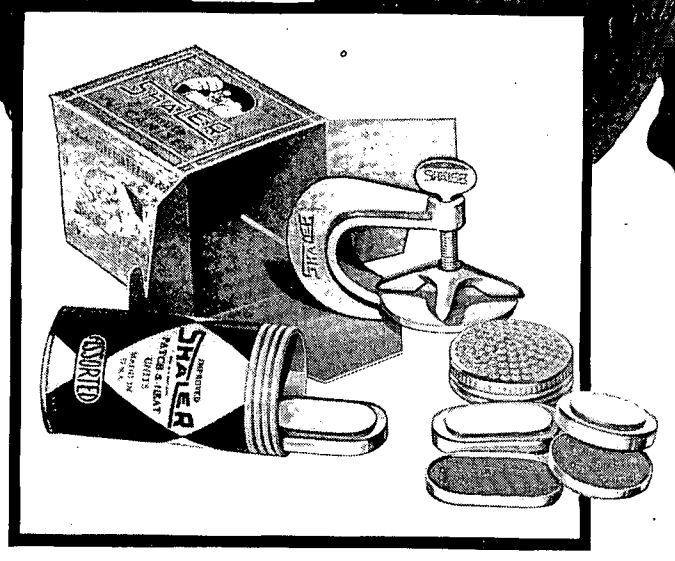
To correct sticky valves . . . . add Shaler-Rislone to your regular lubricating oil.



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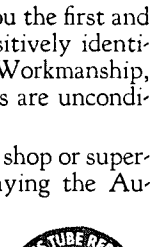
Many motorists find it wise to carry a Shaler Emergency Kit in their car for unexpected roadside repair work. Ask your nearest Authorized Member about it.

Uniform materials uniform methods Guaranteed *repairs*

AUTHORIZED members of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service realize that public safety is their responsibility . . and in assuming this responsibility have equipped their shops to do the best tube repair work possible. They are skilled workmen. Untried and unproven methods have been replaced by tried and proven methods. Unknown, questionable materials have been replaced by the world famous Shaler "hot patch" . . the finest type of tube repair yet developed.

Through this nation-wide organization of authorized tire and tube repair stations, extending into every city, town and village in the United States, Shaler offers you the first and only uniform and positively identified repair service. Workmanship, methods and materials are unconditionally guaranteed.

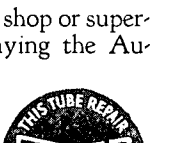
At any garage, tire shop or superservice station displaying the Authorized Member sign of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service, repairs are made by *heat-welding live rubber* into an integral part of the inner tube. All authorized Shaler repairs are guaranteed against failure and will be replaced *free of charge* by man who made the repair.



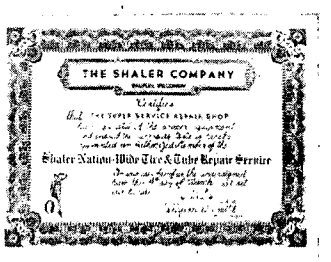
Ask for this claim check when you leave your tires and tubes.

With thousands of motor cars crowding the highways . . with faster motors and higher speeds . . now more than ever before, perfect tube repairs are essential. Serious and often fatal accidents occur when tube failures due to poor workmanship or faulty materials wrench control of the car from driver's hands.

Let a man who knows how repair your tubes. Look for the sign of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service. It is a guardian of your safety. It is your guarantee of the finest tube repairs.



Look for this sticker when your tire is returned.



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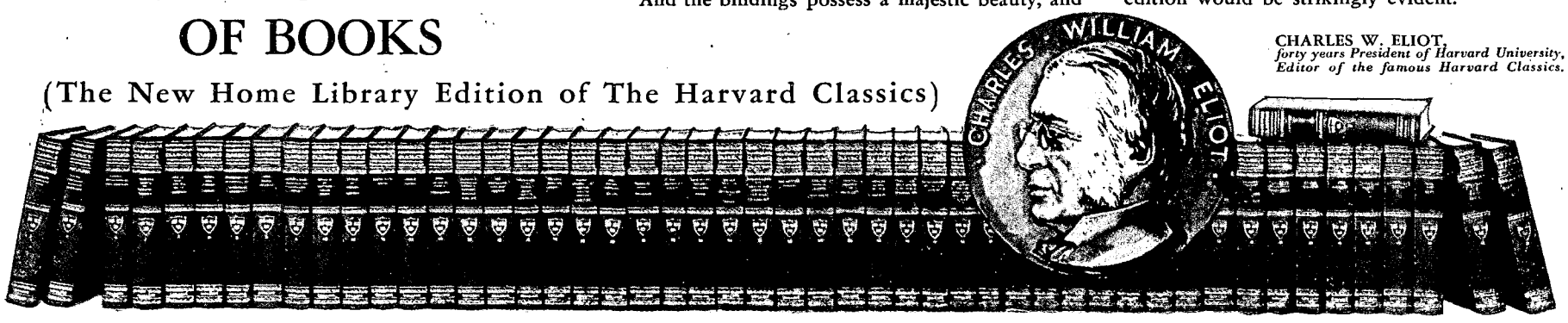

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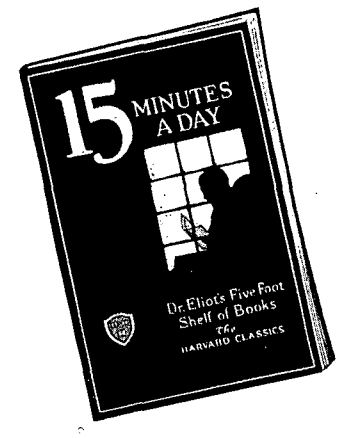

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Anchors to Windward

Continued from page 40

after filming the stage play, Gleason and Armstrong built a boxing stadium over in South Gate and put Perry in charge. It has been a very profitable investment.

Since film folks are professional entertainers, it is natural that they should invest in entertainment projects. Now that Eddie Quillan has arrived, he is financing the other eight Quillans of his large and talented family in a series of comedies. Colleen Moore has recently purchased the play June Moon for her brother Clive.

The coming of the miniature golf excitement started a perfect stampede of film folk into the game. Among those who built and operated these entertainment projects were Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan, Richard Barthelmess and William Seiter.

One of the best ways of cashing in on personality is by operating a restaurant. The picture people would naturally patronize a place run by one of their fellow workers and the attendance of the film folk also attracts the iowans, who flock wherever they can get a face-to-face look at celebrities. When Fatty Arbuckle was driven from the screen by scandal, he became proprietor of The Plantation, a famous night club. Erstwhile fellow workers went there as a gesture of friendship, the iowans followed, and The Plantation became an institution. A few raids on the alcoholic lawbreakers, however, finally ended the popularity of the place.

Charlie's Wheel-Horse

Raymond McKee opened a chicken, steak and hot-dog stand out on Ventura Boulevard, called the Zulu Hut, which is still a popular roadside resort.

The Brown Derby in Hollywood, run by Wilson Mizner, but owned by a group of film folk, is at present one of the most successful restaurants in Movieland. Those who have money in it naturally attend and this in turn guarantees a huge patronage of iowans and rubbernecks.

By far the most famous restaurant in Movieland is Henry's. Although Henry Bergman is almost unknown by name to the average fan, he is one of the unique characters of motion pictures. It goes without saying that Charlie Chaplin's films are the most widely distributed in the world, and Henry Bergman has appeared in every one of them made during the past fourteen years. What's more, he has appeared as several characters in each one, for Henry is Charlie's big wheel-horse who will play a cop, then double for a landlord, a fat woman, a clown, or anything that is necessary.

Henry Bergman also has the distinction of being on the longest continuous pay roll in the history of pictures, for he has never missed a week since joining Charlie Chaplin in the spring of 1916.

Doubtless many people who read this story of the off-screen activities of the film folk will be disappointed. They are the ones who prefer to believe that Movieland is a wild, crazy place of bubbles and bright lights wherein the citizens live like fairy princes amid splendors and excitements. On the other hand, there will be those who will be interested to know that while weekly salaries *seem* huge, the number of working weeks for most picture players are so few that their annual earnings are not excessive, and that instead of spending their surplus money and extra time in debauchery and extravagance, they are for the most part settling down into fine, self-respecting citizens.

Furthermore, though the erstwhile prodigals are now harboring their fortunes against an insecure future, they are not mere money grubbers. Give any one of them a choice between his work and a great fortune, and the chances are ten to one that he would prefer his work. Charlie Chaplin has literally walked away from millions. I was present when he refused ten million dollars for merely lending his name to a monster movie enterprise. Recently he turned down another fortune from the radio fellows. Mary Pickford, who is supposed to be very shrewd in business, has refused any number of huge advertising bribes. No, all that these film folk are doing is providing against what is in truth flickering fortune.

"Here's a nice line of blankets that might interest the tourists this summer!"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT ------- By Ripley

EXPLANATION OF RIPLEY'S CARTOON BELOW

ICE TRAYS GO MODERN

Removing ice cubes is no longer a fussy, messy job. A slight pressure "pops" them out of the new flexible rubber freezing trays—one, two, or a trayful,—instantly from tray to glass.

AS CONVENIENT AS A SELF STARTER

Finger tip pressure ejects the cubes—no longer is it necessary to melt cubes into the sink—no need to pound them out and ruin trays and temper.

THEY'RE ECONOMICAL, TOO

Take out only what you need . . . save the rest. The cubes are not partially melted . . . they are colder, larger, dry, clean and sharp-edged. You actually use fewer cubes.

NOW USED BY ALL LEADING MANUFACTURERS

Flexible rubber ice trays are now supplied by all leading automatic refrigerator makers—and these trays are enthusiastically endorsed by household economists.

MAKE YOUR REFRIGERATOR MODERN

An inexpensive flexible rubber ice tray is made to fit every automatic refrigerator—the Quickube Tray for Frigidaire—the DuFlex for General Electric—and the Flexotray for Westinghouse, Kelvinator, Leonard, Electrolux, Servel, Copeland, Universal and others. See your refrigerator dealer or write us direct.

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are definitely correct in style. *Ankle-Fashioning* preserves their smooth lines longer and gives you snug ankle fit, even after months of wear. No gapping—no slipping.

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Protection

Continued from page 23

seemed alien and unfriendly. Mechanically he reached for his monocle, which at one time had been his defense against embarrassment, but he had left it at home; Helen had laughed him out of it. She said it was silly. Harworth shifted, uncrossed and recrossed his legs and glanced out of the corner of his eye at Helen.

"I wish they'd start," said Helen, turning. "Poor Louise is so nervous."

Harworth did not like the way she said "poor Louise." He detected a latent enmity. He couldn't imagine why there should be ill-feeling; they were lifelong friends. At first he had thought that he was unduly suspicious, but now he was sure that Louise and Helen merely pretended to be friendly, that, underneath, they disliked each other intensely.

Harworth glanced about him. He and Helen were sitting in the rear of the big assembly hall, which was empty except for the musicians on the stage, who were tuning up now, and a small group of students. Burne was sitting on a chair before the conductor's music-stand, glancing vaguely out into the audience. Louise was in the first row.

"I hope it clicks," said Harworth. "I don't know anything about music, but Burne seems to me like a smart fellow. I hate to see a fellow like him getting the worst of it."

"Oh," said Helen, "he doesn't care."

"I think he does."

"Well," said Helen, shrugging, "what does it matter?"

"It doesn't matter, not to me. Only . . ."

"There's an only, isn't there?"

Harworth looked at her in surprise. He thought she seemed very ill-tempered, but as he continued to stare, her expression changed; she put her arm through his and smiled.

"You like Louise, don't you?" she demanded.

"Certainly."

"Yes, I know you do."

He said nothing.

"Louise would give anything to get rid of Arthur."

Harworth said:

"Do you think so?"

Helen laughed.

"I know so. Arthur is impossible. Nobody could get along with him, and he hasn't a penny."

"They've been friends for a long time, haven't they?"

"Oh, yes," said Helen, laughing. "She nearly married him once."

"That so?"

"Yes; they had the license."

THERE was something in Helen's tone he didn't like. He glanced at her. She sat looking straight ahead; her jaw had an aggressive tilt.

"Why didn't they use it?"

"Louise decided it would be more sensible not to. Why marry a man without a cent and no prospects?"

"She doesn't seem like that to me."

"Of course not."

Harworth turned and said:

"Here come the rest."

Larsen, Richman and Magnussen had just come in and were standing in the doorway. Louise saw them and hurried back. Harworth watched her as she stood talking with them. She looked very tired. Helen called to her and she came over to them, bringing the others. Harworth got hastily to his feet.

"I hope everything goes off all right," he said.

"So do I," said Louise. "Arthur's half crazy. This is the final rehearsal, you know. If it doesn't go well tonight, Arthur's going to withdraw it from the program."

"Maybe he's too particular," said Helen.

"I don't think so," said Louise.

Magnussen said:

"Tell him not to worry. We'll all be here the night of the concert. Tell him he'll have his own claque."

Richman said:

"Harworth, can I see you for a minute?"

"Sure," said Harworth, excusing himself.

Larsen stood without saying a word, staring at Louise.

Richman led Harworth back to a huge embrasure in the rear of the hall.

"Well?" said Harworth, slightly puzzled; Richman had never been very friendly.

"It's like this," said Richman, "I'm working on a novel."

He hesitated and Harworth said:

"Yeah?"

"Yes. You see, it's a satirical novel about a big city; Chicago, to be specific, and I'm using you as the chief character."

Harworth, puzzled but flattered, stood staring.

"You haven't any objections, have you?"

"Why, no."

"Good," said Richman. "I've already had an advance on it from the people who published my last book; so you see, it's not just one of those ideas writers have; it's going through."

"Well," said Harworth, expansively, "that's mighty interesting. When'll it be out?"

"It's scheduled for November."

"Well," said Harworth, smiling, "don't call me any names in it."

"Of course not. Only you must realize that it's a satirical novel. Funny, understand? Not real. I'm just using you and your peculiarities as a starting point."

"My peculiarities?" exclaimed Harworth, flattered that anyone had taken the trouble to notice them.

"Yes," said Richman; "the monocle, you see. Stuff like that. Surface peculiarities."

THE musicians were tuning up loudly now and, turning, Harworth saw Burne rise and take his position before the music-stand.

"It's starting, I guess," he said.

"Thanks, Mr. Harworth."

"That's all right."

Harworth hurried back to his chair in time to hear what Louise was saying; she was talking to Magnussen.

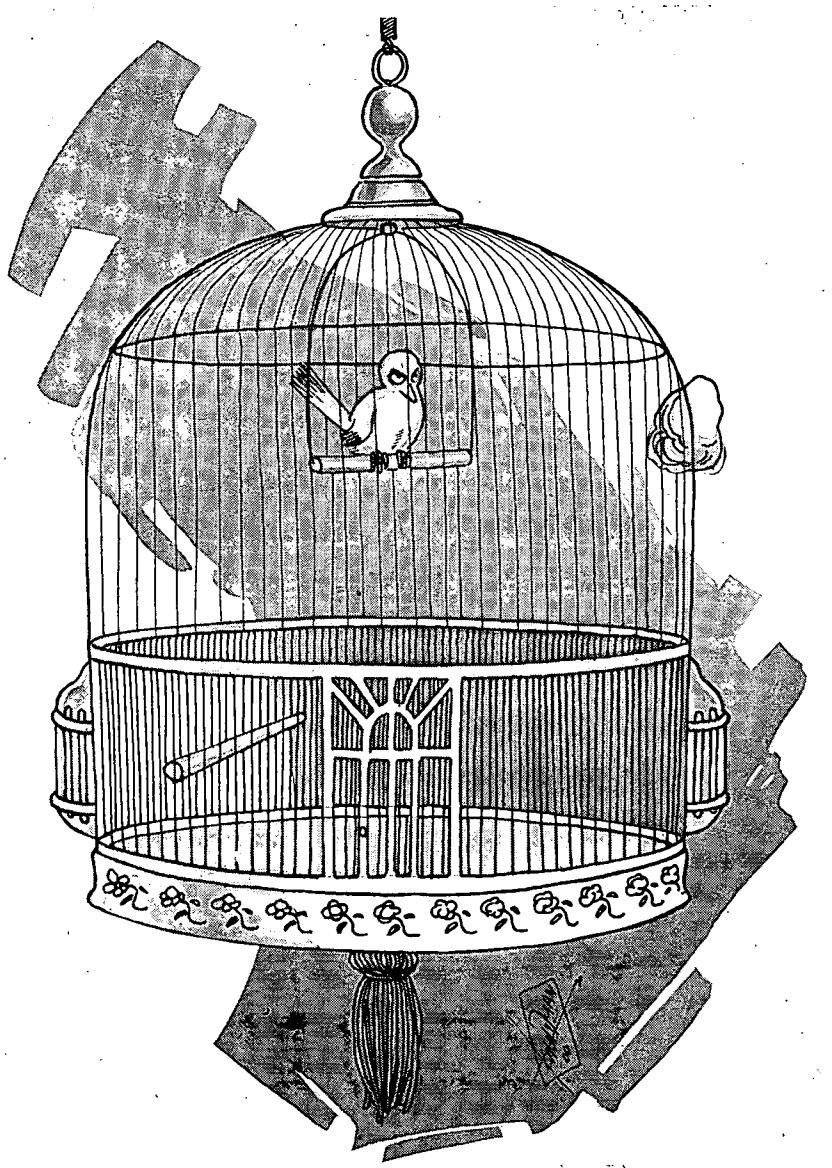
"That's all he talks about. It gives me the creeps. I try to help him get it off his mind, but it's no use."

"What's that?" Harworth asked.

Magnussen looked at him. But Louise said:

"Death. It's all he talks about."

(*Continued on page 47*)



"Bum acoustics"

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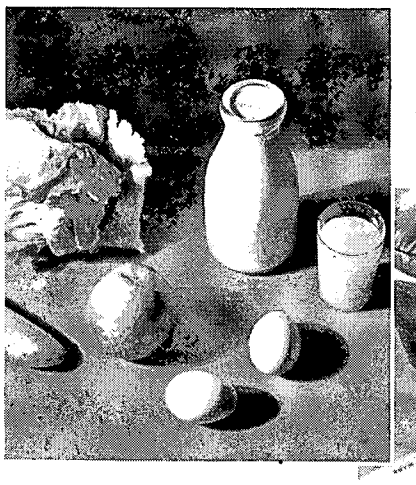
Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



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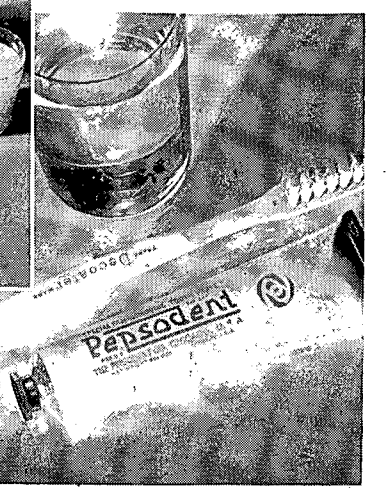
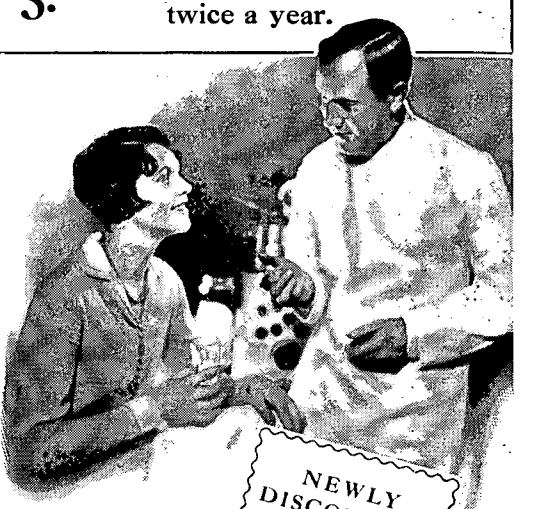


2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.



YOU know as well as we do there are several good tooth pastes on the market. You know they will clean teeth satisfactorily and safely.

Then why should anyone insist on having Pepsodent? Why should dentists by the thousands *urge* and *recommend* it to their patients?

BECAUSE medical people and hundreds of thousands of others believe the best is not too dear when healthy teeth are in the balance.

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"I never feel I'm extravagant when I buy the most nourishing food," you hear women say. For the same common-sense reason it is economy to use the finest tooth paste modern chemistry has been able to develop.

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Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

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"Another smooth shave. This is a treat!"

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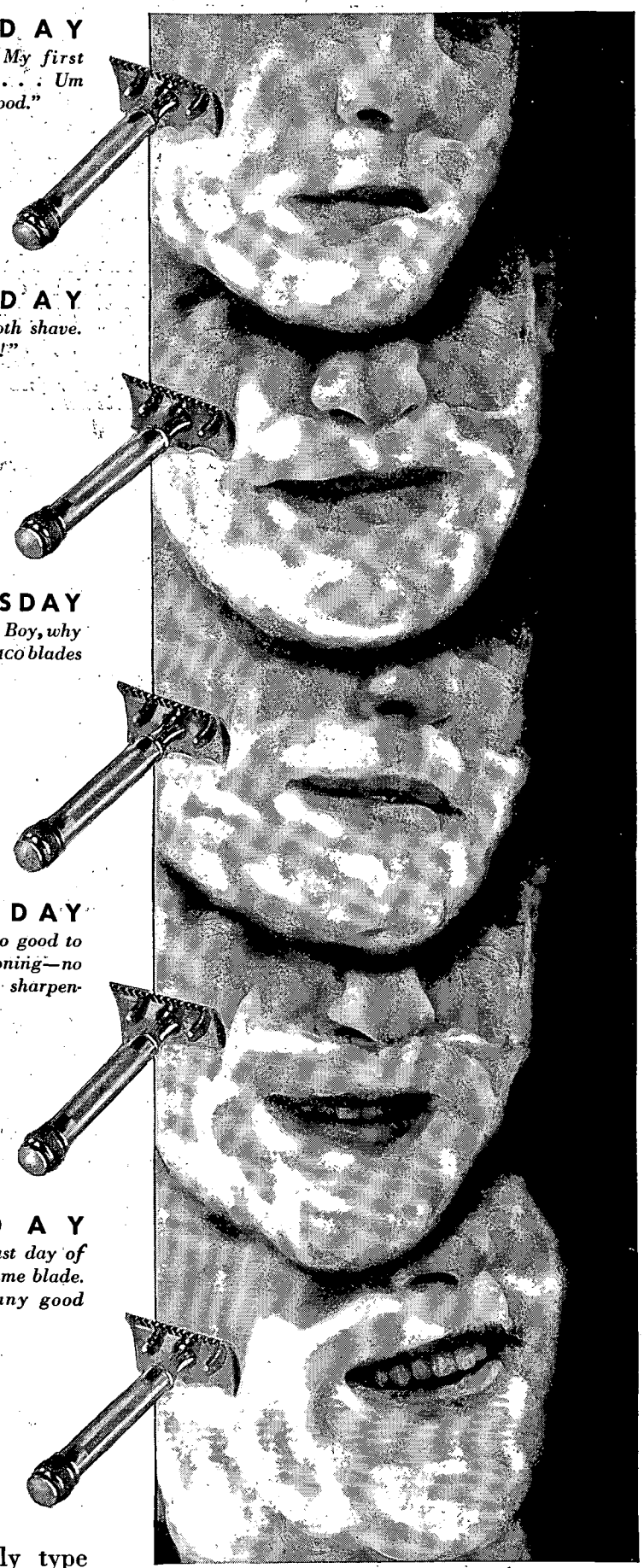

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Ammco's amazing performance due to
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No wonder this blade never carries on like a temperamental star. No wonder millions of men buying through 50,000 stores in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia root for Ammco. It was tested in these great cities—and men found it doubled their satisfaction and cut their shaving bill in half. • Now *you* can have the same thrill! Now you can buy Ammco at independent stores in *your* town! Get your first pack tonight. AMMCO, 150 W. 28 ST., N. Y. C.

AMMCO *Blades*

4 *for* 25¢

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Protection

Continued from page 44

Harworth felt a sudden twinge and the blood rushed to his face: Corson lying in a dark alleyway riddled with bullets.

But he said:

"That's queer."

Helen said:

"Sit down, Frank."

The musicians ceased tuning up; Burne raised his baton. Louise turned and hurried to her seat in the first row.

Helen put her arm through Harworth's, and when the lights were dimmed she pressed her knee against his. Richman and Larsen stood in the back of the hall leaning against the wall. Magnussen sat down beside Harworth.

THE music began: the English horn played a slow, sad, high-pitched melody against a background of dissonance from the stringed choir, muted.

Harworth felt a shiver go down his spine. He thought about Corson, about his own father, who had died of a stroke, about the man he had seen killed in a gun fight in St. Louis. He turned and whispered to Helen:

"What does he call it?"

"Lament for the Living. Silly title."

Harworth sat listening intently. He knew nothing at all about music, except popular stuff. He had been a baritone once in a barber-shop quartet; he was used to trite little tunes, to hackneyed harmony. This music was too much for him and gradually his attention wandered. He saw Burne bent over his score, beating time; he watched the rhythmic rise and fall of the violin bows. Helen squeezed his hand and after a moment he returned the pressure. But he felt uneasy; the music vaguely disturbed him. It went on and on, softly, the voice of the wood winds rising and falling; the strings muted. Once there was a sudden fortissimo and the piccolo shrilled above the others; Harworth winced slightly, the note was so piercing.

Before he realized it, the music had stopped with a roll of the kettledrums. The lights came on.

There was a burst of applause. Helen said:

"That's certainly peculiar music."

"It sure is," said Harworth.

He turned. Richman was still applauding; there was a queer expression on his face.

Magnussen said:

"Arthur's a real composer. If he wasn't so impossible he'd get someplace."

"What do you know about it, Dick?" Helen demanded.

"Nothing, nothing."

Burne was in the middle of a group of students who were congratulating him. Louise came back to join the rest of the party. Richman came over to her.

"That's great music. Great music."

Louise smiled.

"I wouldn't know," she said. "But it went off well."

Helen whispered to Harworth:

"Frank, let's go, before someone suggests a party."

They got up. Louise turned, saw that they were going and nodded to Helen, then offered her hand to Harworth.

"Thanks for coming."

Harworth pressed her hand, then Helen took his arm and they went out.

"See you tomorrow, Harworth," called Magnussen.

"All right."

When they had gone, Richman said:

"Helen fell hard, didn't she?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Magnussen; "she never falls very hard. But she falls frequently."

They all knew about Magnussen's troubles with Helen; none of them laughed.

AT TWO o'clock the phone rang and Helen answered it. Harworth had just shut the door behind him and was waiting for the elevator. She said, "Hold the line," and running from the room flung open the door and called to Harworth. He came back.

"Phone," she said.

Harworth took up the receiver. It was Stein. He was excited. The Burgoyne had been raided and wrecked.

Helen, who was watching Harworth, saw his face turn red, then livid. She started back in alarm.

"Damn!" shouted Harworth; then: "I'll be home in a minute."

"Wait," said Stein. "Molina's coming right over. He phoned."

"Yeah," said Harworth. "A fine lot of protection he gave me."

He banged up the receiver. Then he got up and stood staring across the room. Helen didn't know him; she felt a little frightened.

"Call you tomorrow," he said, coming to himself and going out into the hall.

"Kiss me, Frank."

He kissed her, a brief peck.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing, only this evening cost me a hundred thousand dollars."

"Good heavens!"

Harworth went out, slamming the door. Helen walked up and down for a moment, then she sat down and tried to read a magazine. But it was no use. She couldn't get Harworth out of her mind. What kind of man was he after all?

THE limousine stopped and Sandy opened the door.

"Through with me, boss?"

"Yes," said Harworth, starting across the sidewalk.

Sandy took him by the arm.

"Boss, could I use the roadster for a little while?"

"What for?"

"Well," said Sandy, "I got a little blond kid over here on Oak Street. . . ."

"This time of night?"

Sandy grinned.

"Yeah. You see the mister works at night on a newspaper."

Harworth shrugged.

"All right," he said. "But how about that flivver you was driving?"

"I sold it."

"What for?"

"I needed the money."

Harworth shook his head several times.

"What a guy won't do for a blonde!"

"But, boss," said Sandy, "you ought to see her!"

"Different, eh?"

Harworth laughed shortly and went into the lobby and took the elevator.

Stein let him in when he rang the bell.

"Heard from Michaelson?"

"No," said Stein.

Harworth took off his hat and went into the library. Stein followed him, limping and leaning heavily on his cane. Harworth sat down and said nothing. Stein said:

"Frank, my leg sure is cutting up right now. I think I'll go to bed and ease it."

"All right. When'll Molina be here?"

"Ought to be here now. Frank, be careful. Molina's sore as the devil and

(*Continued on page 48*)

The 2 INGRAM barbers

[JERRY JAR OR TERRY TUBE]

give you a shave as Cool as a General's Salute!

COOL and snappy! That's the Army manner—and that's the Ingram shave! For the two Ingram barbers (Terry Tube or Jerry Jar) give you a shave that is absolutely unequalled.

Even the sun-baked chin of a mule-skinner feels as smooth as a debutante's cheek. The toughest beard that ever sprouted lies down and rolls over when the greatest shaving cream ever made attacks it. Ingram's is

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You'll never know what shaving comfort really is until you try one of the Ingram barbers—for both boys carry the same fine cream, give you the same fine shave. You'll recognize its difference as soon as the first dab of cool lather nestles on your cheek.

Ingram's is cool because it has got things in it that make it cool . . . three special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin *while you shave*. A lotion is unnecessary after you use Ingram's . . . because Ingram's is more than a shaving cream. It's something never known before. It's a shaving cream and a lotion and a face tonic combined—the three-in-one blessing to the faces of men.

And all this goes for Ingram's in either package. Tube or jar, it's the same cooling, soothing, chin-charming stuff! No smarts, no burning stings, no nasty nicks.

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

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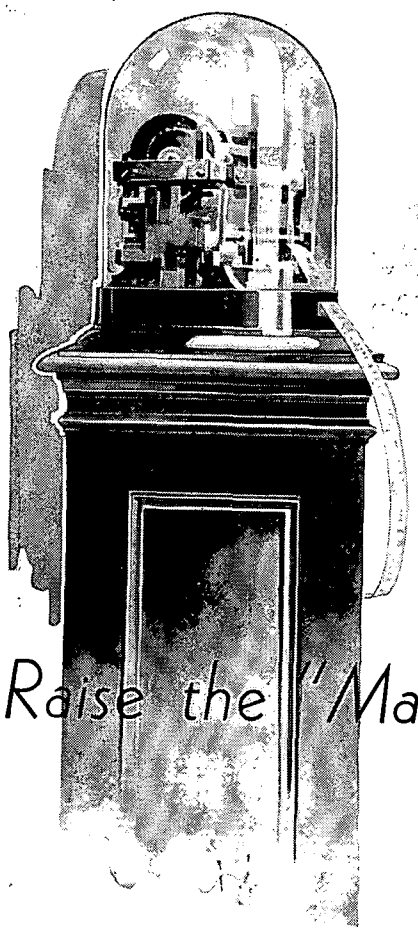

COPPER BRASS AND BRONZE

Raise the "Market Quotation" on Your Home

BEFORE you buy or build a home, remember — some day you may want to sell it. Your position may call for a larger, more pretentious home . . . You may move to another city. Plan now, to be sure you won't have to sell at a loss!

A good house is more than a home — it's an investment. And if you install Copper, Brass and Bronze in its vital parts, its market price will always be "high." Ask any real estate agent about the selling value of these enduring metals.

Copper or Brass for plumbing pays its own dividends . . . in a strong, clear flow of water, year after year . . . in freedom from rust, and the troubles and expenses it causes. Copper gutters, downspouts and flashings are on a par with the safety factors that you look for in good stocks and bonds.

Because they cannot rust, they protect you from costly repairs and replacements. Solid Brass or Bronze hardware and lighting fixtures are as positive an indication of a home's worth, as a banker's approval of a stock!

In the average $15,000 home it will cost only about $382 to give it the protection of Copper, Brass and Bronze — but it will prove to be the soundest investment you ever made! You'll save this slight extra cost — and many dollars more! — in freedom from trouble and from repair bills.

Study the table below — then write for our illustrated book about the advantages and economy of using Copper, Brass and Bronze. If you so request, we will refer your inquiry to our member companies, who manufacture and distribute these products.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York

This table reveals the true economy of Copper, Brass and Bronze. See how little extra they cost — for invaluable extra service.		
	For Copper or Brass Plumbing . . .	5/10 of a cent*
	Copper Gutters, Downspouts and Flashings	5/10 of a cent
	Bronze or Brass Lighting Fixtures . .	55/100 of a cent
	Brass or Bronze Hardware . . .	9/10 of a cent
	Bronze or Copper Insect Screens . .	1/10 of a cent
	Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only	**2-55/100 cents**

*Compared to cost of best grade of rustable pipe

YOU DON'T EXPERIMENT WHEN YOU USE COPPER, BRASS OR BRONZE

(*Continued from page 47*)

he's going to cause somebody a lot of trouble."

"Suits me," said Harworth. "I been going around feeling sorry for people for the last week or two. That's a laugh."

Stein looked at Harworth for a long time, then he sat down.

"I think I better sit in on this conference," he said. "Molina's killing mad and you don't seem much better."

"What about Michaelson?"

"You know what I think. I always told you he was a crook."

"Think he engineered this?"

"Sure," said Stein, "and I think Bourke's behind him. That's the syndicate. You was making too much dough and when you wouldn't sell out they fixed you."

"Bourke, eh? I guess you're right. Well, Molina's got a fine drag, hasn't he? He can fix everything. What a laugh!"

"What's on your mind, Frank?"

"I don't know yet."

Stein said:

"Frank, listen to me once. Take your loss and say nothing. I never did want you in that business and now you're out of it. You got your two big night clubs left and they're coining money."

HARWORTH said nothing. It might seem like big money to Stein, but not to him.

"I'll make a million before I'm through and then some," he said.

Stein looked at Harworth and sat tapping his cane on the floor.

"Frank," he said, "be sensible. You've got more money now than you need."

The doorbell rang and Harworth went to answer it. Molina and Frankie Dean came in.

"Well," said Molina, "nice little mess, ain't it?"

"Yeah," said Harworth. "Come on in."

They followed him into the library and Harworth introduced them to Stein.

"He's all right, is he?" Molina demanded.

"Sure. He's my manager."

They sat down. Molina said:

"Well, Michaelson don't care what happens to him, does he?"

"He ain't got no sense," said Frankie. "Never had."

"We'll learn him some sense," said Molina.

"How?" asked Stein.

Molina turned his eyes slowly in Stein's direction.

"Oh, we'll just reason with him."

Frankie laughed curtly.

"Wait a minute," said Stein. "I'm going to say my piece first, then you do as you please. The job's done; the place is smashed and nobody'll ever have the nerve to open it again. We might just as well take the loss and shut up."

Molina laughed.

"I was protecting that place," he said, "and they can't get away with that stuff with me."

"Well," said Stein, "Frank, here, lost about a hundred thousand dollars on that deal, and he's the one that's got the biggest kick coming. It didn't cost you a cent, Molina."

Molina jerked his thumb toward Harworth.

"He's a friend of mine, ain't he?"

"Is he?"

Molina looked at Stein with narrowed eyes for a long time.

"Ain't doubting my word any, are you?"

"Well, I'd like to hear your story first."

"Say . . . !" said Frankie.

But Molina laughed.

"All right, Pop. I guess you're on the up and up."

Harworth sat listening. He was pale and kept wetting his lips.

Frankie said:

"See how it is? This is all over town. Joe, here, can't stand for that."

"No," said Molina, "I ain't standing for it. Michaelson's number's up. He'll leave town tonight."

"He's small fry, see?" said Frankie, explaining the lenience.

"And Bourke," said Molina; then he hesitated and laughed. "Bourke's in a tough spot."

Frankie threw back his head and laughed.

"And him a reform candidate," he said.

Stein got to his feet.

"Frank, take my advice. Keep out of this. I'm going to bed. I don't know a thing."

"Smart guy," said Molina.

Frankie said:

"You let Harworth alone, Pop. He knows his business."

Stein walked toward the door.

"Frank," he said, "take your loss and forget it. That's the best you can do."

"I'm running this," said Harworth.

Stein went out. Molina said:

"Now we can get down to business."

"All right."

Frankie got up and began to pace the floor. He was picking his teeth with a match.

"I'll take the loss," said Molina.

Harworth sat up.

"What do you mean?"

"Listen," said Molina, "I like you. You're a young guy and you got the stuff. I'll put you in on my racket for what you lost. See?"

Harworth said nothing.

"When I give a guy protection, I give him protection. My word's good."

"Good as bond," said Frankie.

"And listen," said Molina, "it'll mean plenty to you, see? You get a cut and I'll see that you get a square one. We'll team up, only you don't need to do nothing. Just set back and make money. Got it?"

Harworth thought for a long time.

"All right."

He wanted money; he wanted lots of money. He was tired of feeling like a poor relation around Magnussen.

Molina sat with his big head on one side and his plump hands on his knees, looking at Harworth.

"Say," said Molina, "why don't you come out to my house and have dinner with me and the missus some night?"

Harworth didn't know what to say. He had no desire to go. What was Molina after all but a gangster? But he didn't want to offend him.

"I think we can arrange it."

"Fine," said Molina. "Make it Friday night. We can talk things over."

HARWORTH was trapped. He shifted in his chair but finally said:

"All right."

Molina got to his feet and held out his hand. Harworth took it; it was soft and fat and sweaty.

"Easy on them fingers," said Molina, grinning. "You nearly busted my hand that night at the fights."

Harworth smiled.

"Listen," said Molina. "You don't know a thing, see? But Bourke'll never be an alderman."

"Ain't that too bad?" said Frankie.

Harworth felt suddenly uneasy. He had cooled off somewhat by now, but what could he say? He said nothing. Let other people look out for themselves. It wasn't any of his business.

"So long," said Molina, at the door. "See you Friday. Six o'clock."

"So long," said Frankie.

When they had got out into the hall, Molina said to Frankie:

"Great guy, ain't he? I'll have to put on a swell feed for that bird. He's society; goes around with all the swells."

(*To be continued next week*)

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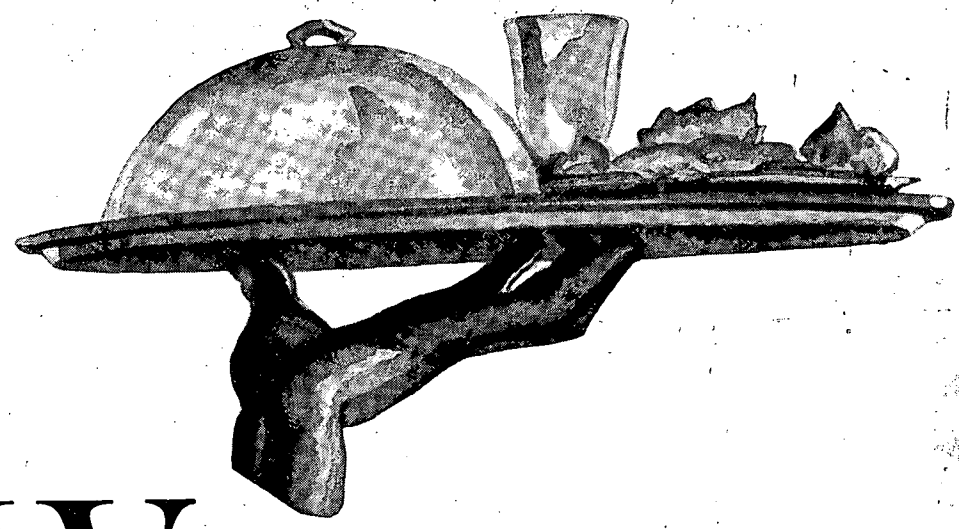

WAITER CHEF *and* STEWARD

were proud of their curry *of* chicken

HAVING temporarily satisfied at breakfast his yearning for ham and eggs, he was in doubt as to what he should order for luncheon—as men often are when away from home. He wrote us a pleasant letter, telling of the incident. The train, by the way, was our National Limited, out of New York.

The waiter was genuinely interested and seemed delighted to be of help. "Now that curry of chicken, Sir—that's the favorite of the chef—Chef is very proud of his curry of chicken. He sort of invented it."

So the curry of chicken was ordered and our friend wrote that never before had he eaten anything quite so appetizing. Then the steward stopped at the table and said, "Was that curry of chicken satisfactory?" On being assured that it was, he said, as pleased as a hostess, "The chef certainly has a touch when it comes to chicken—but in my opinion, that curry is his masterpiece."

People seem to remember the food on our trains. During a year, we receive many letters thanking us and telling us how much the writer enjoyed some particular dish or meal. Now and then, these letters suggest improvements. We value that kind of friendliness.

In our dining car service, and in many other ways, we have tried to make ours a comfortable and pleasant railroad on which to travel east or west—why not use the B & O on your next trip?

The B&O

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

BALTIMORE & OHIO

New York . . Philadelphia . . Baltimore . . Washington . . Pittsburgh . . Cleveland . . Detroit . . Chicago . . Cincinnati . . Louisville . . St. Louis . . and intermediate points

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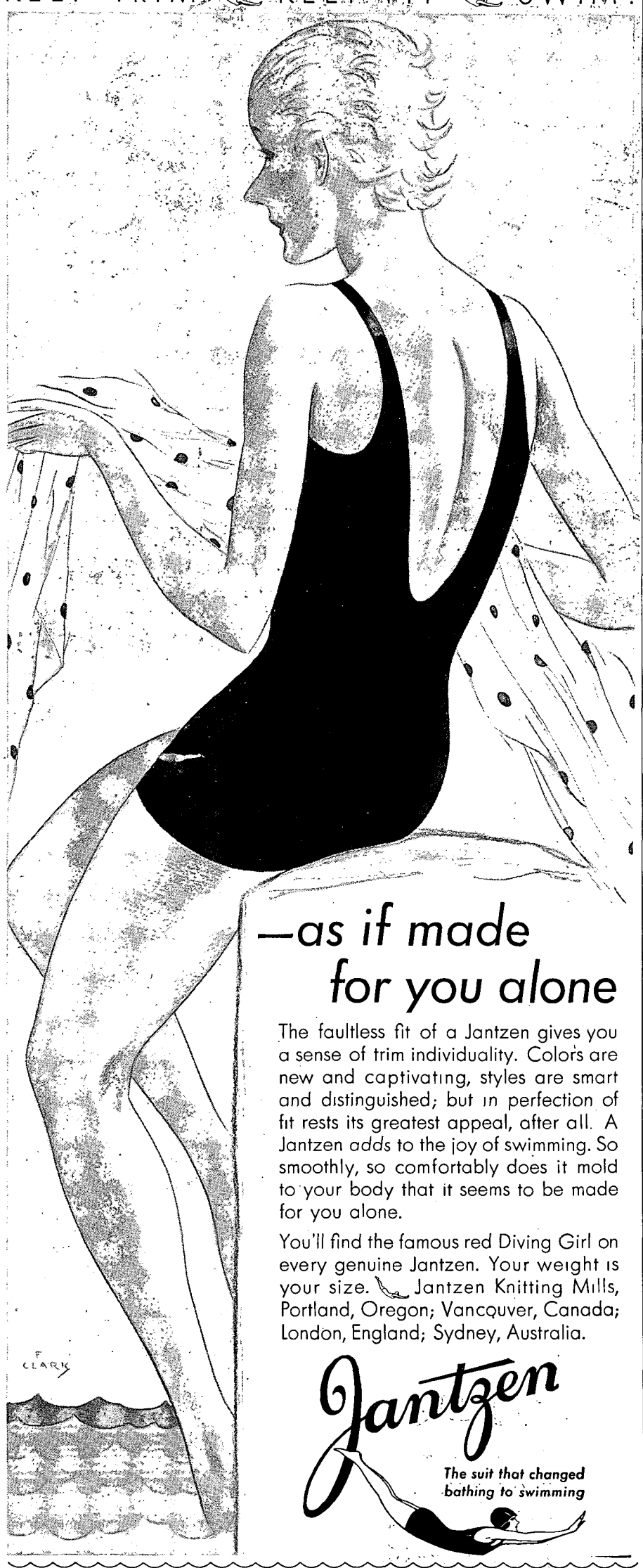
KEEP TRIM KEEP FIT SWIM!



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You'll find the famous red Diving Girl on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

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JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 112) Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1931 models. Womens ☐ Mens ☐

Name_____ Address_____

The Backslider

Continued from page 11

sliced ear must have kicked him after he was down. He tried to wash his head but it was too painful. He climbed out of the bathtub and dried himself gingerly with a towel and found clean clothes and called up a doctor.

While the doctor cut away the hair from the cut the chains had made on his head and dressed it Martin Brown told his story. He did not want to tell it. He was too humiliated. But he had to tell it. The doctor was sympathetic. Martin Brown saw that the doctor did not realize he was humiliated. The doctor was bitter on the subject of gunmen, bandits and crooks. But he was not surprised. His idea of life was not reversed. He had always known that life was like that.

LATER in the day Martin told his story to the chief of police.

"We'll do our best to get those two men," the chief said. "Anyhow, don't worry. Your car was insured, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so," Martin Brown said.

"Buying it on time?" the chief asked.

"Yes," Martin said.

"Then you c'n bet it's insured," the chief said. "The finance companies always insure a car against fire and theft until they've got their money."

But he was mistaken. Martin Brown discovered when he went to see the dealer that the dealer had financed the car himself. He'd intended to have it insured against fire and theft. But he hadn't. Martin Brown had to reconcile himself to paying out two hundred dollars a month for a car that he no longer possessed. He had to reconcile himself to traveling in day coaches and waiting for trains. He couldn't afford so much as a flivver until the car he had lost was paid for. He'd intended to spend his summer vacation touring New England. He wanted to see Cape Cod and the White Mountains and perhaps cross over into Canada. Instead he would have to teach in the summer school for the sake of the money.

He went up to Oshkosh that June to deliver a lecture. The train for Grandison did not leave until ten o'clock the next morning. He breakfasted at eight o'clock as usual. He had an hour to kill. He walked around near the railway station. He found himself gazing into a pawnbroker's window. In the middle of a collection of musical instruments and fishing tackle and cheap jewelry was a trio of revolvers. Martin Brown stared at the revolvers. Two of them were small nickel-plated affairs. But the third was a big gun with a long blue barrel and ivory grips.

Martin walked into the pawnbroker's shop and asked to see the revolvers. The proprietor brought out the two small ones, expatiating on their merits. Martin shook his head. "Let's see the big one," he said.

The pawnbroker laid the big gun on the showcase. Martin stared at it, fascinated. Of course it was silly to carry a revolver. But how satisfying it would be to meet the man with the sliced ear if you had a gun like that on your person!

Martin picked the gun up and examined it. The ivory on one side of the grip had been carved in relief to represent the head of a long-horn steer. Martin turned the gun over. The other piece of ivory was plain. And then he saw that it wasn't. There were some lines engraved on it but they were so dirty they were hard to read. He studied them, trying to decipher them. Suddenly he got the last line:

"And I will equalize!"

Martin grinned. "How much?" he asked the pawnbroker.

"Fifteen dollars," the pawnbroker said, "and a dollar for the permit to buy it."

"All right," Martin said.

He paid over the sixteen dollars, after giving the necessary information about himself, put the big gun in his suitcase, and ran for his train. When he got home to his flat he laid the revolver out on his desk. The more he saw of it the more satisfying it was. He studied the lines on the left side of the grip again. They still puzzled him. He got some soap and a cloth and warm water and washed the ivory. When he got through the lines stood out clearly enough in fine old-fashioned script:

"Be not afraid of any man,
No matter what his size;
When danger threatens, call on me—
And I will equalize!"

"And I guess you would, too," Martin Brown said to himself. He hoped that some day he would meet the man with the sliced ear.

He got some cartridges at a hardware store Saturday afternoon and walked out along the railway track north of Grandison to try the gun out.

He fired the whole box of cartridges at knots in telegraph poles and fence posts at close range and only hit a pole or a post two or three times. He went home disgusted with revolver shooting and the next morning his wrist was so sore he couldn't use a pen or a pencil. He had been a fool again.

THAT afternoon he took the gun to a gunsmith.

"I can't hit anything with this," Martin said. "I can't even come anywhere near anything with it."

"Ever clean it?" the gunsmith asked.

"No," Martin said.

The gunsmith shook his head sadly. He got a polished steel rod and some canton flannel and oil and powdered emery and a brass bristle brush. He scrubbed interminably.

"Well," he said at last, "it's badly pitted. But the lands are still there. It may shoot fairly well still if you clean it every few shots. Otherwise the powder residue will cake up in those pits."

"How good a gun is it?" Martin asked.

"I don't know how good it is," the gunsmith said. "I haven't tried it. But it was about the finest thing of its kind in the world when it was made—the good old single-action .45." He glanced up at Martin curiously. "You're a professor, aren't you?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"What do you want with a revolver?"

"I just thought I'd like to learn to shoot."

"Let's see you try a dry shot."

"What's a dry shot?"

The gunsmith looked at Martin in astonishment. "A dry shot," he said, "is a shot without any cartridge in the gun." He handed the revolver to Martin. "Try aiming at something here in the shop and pulling the trigger."

Martin aimed at a carton on a shelf and pulled the trigger.

"Yeah," the gunsmith said.

"You mean I didn't do it right?" Martin asked.

"You gripped the gun so low that you couldn't control it and then you jerked the trigger and on top of that you flinched. I wouldn't bet that you could hit a man six feet in front of the gun that way."

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"I'm going to learn," Martin said.

"Then you need to practice for about a month in your room, aiming and pulling as carefully as you can but never firing a cartridge. That's the only way you'll ever catch yourself flinching and you'll never hit anything until you quit flinching."

The gunsmith turned back to his bench. Martin interrupted him long enough to learn exactly how the gun should be held.

He kept the big gun on his desk for a paper weight. And every once in a while he picked it up, held it firmly but not tightly, aimed at a spot on the wall, and slowly put more pressure on the trigger. After a month of this pastime he bought another fifty cartridges and went up the railway track. He was gratified to find that he could now hit a telephone post at fifty feet every time.

He called on the gunsmith to show him what he had accomplished.

"You really have been practicing, haven't you?" the gunsmith said.

"Why not?" Martin asked.

THAT was the beginning of an odd friendship between professor and mechanic. The professor learned gradually that the gunsmith was one of the dozen or so men in the whole country who really knew his trade. Customers sent him work from as far east as Boston. The professor went shooting with the gunsmith a good many afternoons and as he gradually acquired skill in pointing the big revolver and a fund of gun-lore the gunsmith rebuilt the old gun.

He relined the barrel. He fitted adjustable target sights. He cut down the hammer. He fitted a new and unbreakable spring. He reduced the trigger pull. By the end of that long summer there was little left of the gun Martin had found in the pawnbroker's window except the ivory grips with the verses on one side and the head of the long-horn steer on the other.

They talked more of killing power than anything else. The gunsmith designed a bullet which he called a man-stopper. It was nearly as broad across the front as across the base. He had a mold made to cast that bullet. Martin Brown became an excellent shot. He had acquired a hobby.

All the following winter, when it was too cold to shoot outdoors, he shot in the house. That is, he shot exactly as if he were shooting at a mark with no cartridge in the gun. There was something immensely soothing to his nerves in snapping the big gun. His skill with it gave him the sense of power—of being dangerous if he were ever called upon to be dangerous—that is so pleasing to young men. He still believed that civilization had changed human nature. Men were no longer dangerous to each other—ordinarily. But there were exceptions. There were individuals who had not become civilized and on occasion those who had been civilized would have to throw off their fear of violence and defend themselves with the original ferocity of mankind.

In the spring Martin Brown bought a flivver and considered moving out into the suburbs. The street he lived on had once been entirely given over to residences. But the business section of Grandison and the student quarter had been expanding. They were about to meet. The principal bank had put in a branch a block down the street. There was a business building going up next door.

He also considered fitting a holster for I Will Equalize under the instrument board of the new flivver. He might never meet a thug on a dark and lonely road again but if he ever did it was only sensible to be ready for him. But he did not actually carry out this scheme. He knew that he could kill a man with one well-placed shot at any distance under a hundred yards but there was no likelihood that he would ever have any occasion to . . .

One morning Martin Brown walked briskly down from the campus toward his apartment. As he stopped to turn in, something down the street caught his eye—something odd at the door of the bank. A policeman was standing there with his hands held high above his head and somebody with a mask on was covering him with a sawed-off shotgun.

Martin Brown ran up the stairs, picked I Will Equalize off his desk, and stepped out on the porch off his living-room. The policeman was still standing there with his hands high above his head. Martin raised the hammer, pointed his gun. The front sight found the notch. Then he lowered the sight until it was in line with the man's knees. As the gun roared the man went down.

A thick-set man stepped out of a car that stood at the curb in front of the bank, picked up the sawed-off shotgun and aimed it deliberately at Martin Brown. Martin Brown shot a fifth of a second sooner. The man with the sawed-off shotgun went down. A third man came running out of the bank with a sack in his hand. As he struck the bottom step the policeman landed on him. The two went down together, the policeman on top.

The papers from Maine to California told the story of those two hits at a hundred yards. They lauded the professor who could do such a thing until it was embarrassing. But Martin Brown was not quite happy about it. He said as little as possible to anybody and nothing at all of what was on his mind until he called on his gunsmith friend.

"Look here, Martin," the gunsmith said, "I see by the papers that those two fellows you shot are going to get well. They weren't even seriously injured. They will be out of the hospital and on trial in another couple of weeks."

"Well—" Martin Brown said. He hated to tell the truth. But the gunsmith was the only man he could tell the truth to, and he wanted to tell somebody.

"Isn't that man-stopper bullet of ours any good?" the gunsmith continued. "Or did you get buck fever or what?"

"It wasn't exactly buck fever," Martin Brown said slowly. "It was just that I'm too damned civilized—or cowardly or whatever you want to call it."

The gunsmith looked at him.

"I didn't shoot to kill—when it came to the point," Martin Brown said. "I—I thought it would be just as useful to drop them. I shot for their legs and—and that's what I hit."

"In other words," the gunsmith said, "you're not a killer."

"No," Martin said sadly. "No—I'm not."

THE gunsmith stroked his chin. "Do you think, Martin—do you think there's another man in this whole town or this whole state—that could 'a' done what you did?"

"There's one, Al," Martin Brown said. "There's you. You're just as good a shot as I am."

"Yeah," the gunsmith said. "I might have done it. I wouldn't like to bet on it. But I might have."

"Only you would have shot them both through the heart—like a man."

"I would have done exactly what you did—if I could," the gunsmith said.

Martin Brown looked at the gunsmith. "Al," he said, "you really mean that—you aren't trying to save my feelings?"

"I mean it," the gunsmith said. "I'm no killer either—not unless it was absolutely the last resort."

(Continued on page 52)

Clear the scalp pores
for a new crop of hair

Hair falling? That doesn't mean that you need to let yourself become bald and older looking, because there's new hair waiting to replace what falls out if you will only help it along.

Here's how—and why—you can grow a new crop. Once a week, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic generously to the scalp. It's a pure, cleansing tonic that dislodges dust and perspiration. Massage the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic into the scalp, working from the hair line up to the crown of the head. This stimulates the circulation of nourishing blood to the roots and also works the tonic into the pores where it can do the most good. Follow with your usual shampoo. Simple to do—sure to result in a healthy scalp condition, essential to a vigorous growth of hair. Start your "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatments today.

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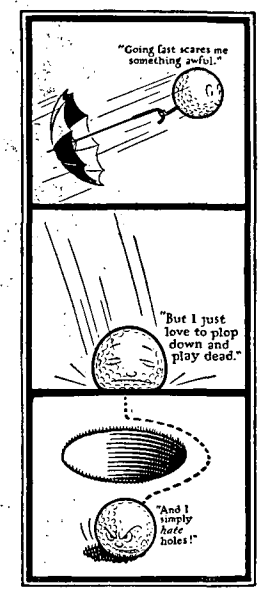
Remember . . . ?

Mac *swore* his golf ball

"ACTED QUEER!"



● *How to lop from 4 to 19 strokes off your score!*

Remember Mac's surprise when he walked out to his drive on the first hole? Thought he'd slammed one out for 250 or so (he said it had felt like it) and there the fool ball was, lying just short of the 200 marker!

And later, putting another ball of the same brand on the 5th green . . . remember how he barely tapped it . . . and how it skipped gayly right over the cup? Yep, and that 5th is the slowest green on the whole course.

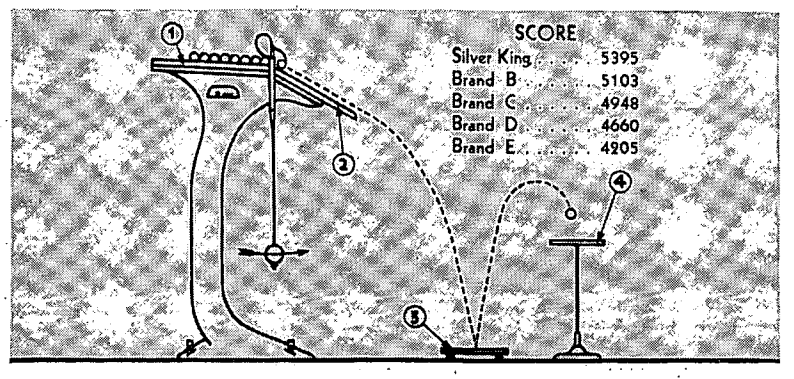
Well, Mac's not so mystified now, because now he knows that some makes of golf balls have "temperament"! He's seen the Consistency Tester prove it and he's also seen the Consistency Tester prove Silver King to be the most untemperamental, the most consistent-acting golf ball of them all!

Really, gentlemen, the new construction Silver King is more likely to go where your stroke sends it, *every time,* because it is actually 4.9% to 19.9% more consistent. And this may mean anything from 4 to 19 strokes difference in your score!

In the Consistency Tester, Silver King registered 292 more "hits" than its nearest rival . . . and this nearest rival got accuracy only at the expense of distance. That's because of Silver King's uniform high compression. (Uniformity=consistency; high compression=distance.)

Play Silver King, gentlemen. Your eye may be off the ball . . . you may be off your form—but you can always count on Silver King . . . the one invariable in your game!

GET THE NEW SILVER KING FROM YOUR PRO OR AT ANY GOOD STORE. DISTRIBUTED IN U. S. SOLELY BY JOHN WANAMAKER



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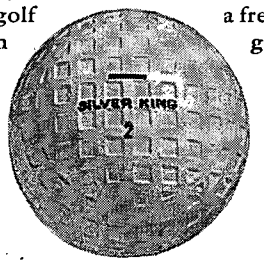


PLAY

85c NEW SIZE . . . NEW CONSTRUCTION

SILVER KING

. . . it's more Consistent!

(Continued from page 51)

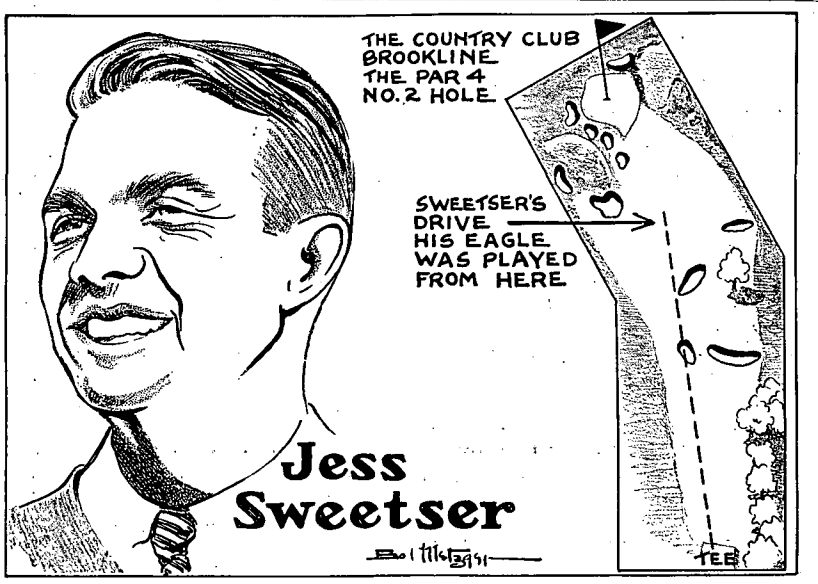
Martin Brown felt better. "But what's the matter with us?"

The gunsmith shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "But my theory is that men have got so they aren't dangerous to each other unless it's a war or else they're criminals. The race of men is going to the dogs. It isn't just you and me. The vast majority of men are just as wishy-washy as you and I are."

"I suppose that's so," Martin Brown said. "I suppose we aren't any worse than the rest."

The gunsmith grinned. "It's too bad that thick-set guy wasn't the man with the sliced ear."

Martin Brown smiled. He no longer felt humiliated by that experience.



Jess, the Killer

By Sol Metzger

ONE thing only is certain in golf. A match is never over until the last putt is holed. He who believes otherwise should learn what converted Bobby Jones into a relentless monarch.

Bobby had his bitter lesson just when it seemed that he was about to bite off a title. The time is 1922. The scene is the Country Club, Brookline, where nine years before Ouimet had broadcast to the world that American golf had arrived.

Jones arrived in Brookline, favored for the amateur crown. Earlier that summer he had served notice of what might be expected by finishing one stroke behind Sarazen in the Open. The old guard—Ouimet, Evans and Gardner—might offer opposition. But the real hurdle, it was predicted, would be the "Siege Gun"—Jesse W. Guilford—ranking champion, playing over a course that was home itself to him. Or it might be Willie Hunter, past British Amateur titleholder, who had torpedoed Bobby's ship the year before at St. Louis. Or it might be an unknown.

Jess Sweetser was then an unknown, although he had qualified the two previous seasons and had won the 1920 intercollegiate title. Golf dope meant nothing to this dark horse and he proceeded to prove it. Hunter and Guilford, Jones' foretold rivals, went down to disastrous defeat before Sweetser. His spirit was shown in the morning round with Guilford when, with 2 down and 3 to go, successive birdies brought him to lunch, one up and smiling. Titled opponents meant nothing to him.

But Jones, it was felt, would. Sweetser represented a new principle in competition not then recognized: His plan was to crush and kill each adversary as quickly as possible and thereafter offer no openings. The hope that springs eternal might be all right, but Sweetser's idea was to stifle it without mercy. He was a killer.

The type was unknown to Jones. But when he saw it in all its solemn effectiveness it determined his whole future course in competition. His conversion was dramatic. Halving the first hole of his semi-final match with Sweetser, Bobby outdrove him on the 305-yard dog-leg second. There is a gradual rise to this green from a swale some 80 yards in front of it.

Sweetser, away, had a 75-yard approach. He selected a spade, the club that has since dug the grave of many a fine golfer. His high pitch on a bee-line for the pin struck just short and then—bedlam! Jess had holed an eagle 2.

That blow would have finished many a stanch opponent. But Jones consoled himself that 34 holes of play remained. He now tried to duplicate Sweetser's feat, missing by a half-foot. But its effect was noticeable on the outgoing nine. Bobby could not rally his forces. Jess was 6 up and out in 34.

Coming in, the Atlantan did his best, but his 34 regained him but one hole. Sweetser left no openings. His round was a record-breaking 69, and his victim was Bobby, 8 and 7, the most crushing defeat of Jones' career.

The years of glory that eventually crowned him with all four important world titles last season, were due in no small part to this catastrophe at Brookline. Bobby drew from it his own moral of never easing up on any opponent. Thereafter he was a killer, too, knowing full well that no match can be over no matter what the lead, until the last putt is holed. And that, fellow duffers, is sound golf.

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Things are awful Quiet

Continued from page 15

"S-h-h-h. Kerrigan. Lay low. Maybe he didn't see us."

Joe's mind was all confusion now. Who was Kerrigan? And why should he fear Kerrigan?

Heavy, methodical steps sounded on the pavement above them. The owner of those positive feet, Kerrigan, halted in front of the door. White's lips, almost touching Joe's ear, whispered:

"He must have seen us, the ——"

Kerrigan's feet shifted as he turned to enter the cellar. White pulled back farther into the blackness, dragging Joe with him. Then their hearts leaped wildly. From near by, probably from a window in one of the tenements across the street, they heard the brief, hard chatter of a machine gun. Then Kerrigan's feet again. Four shuffling, stumbling steps and then a heavy fall and a rough moan that had started to be a scream. For a moment, in the following quiet, White and Joe crouched stiff with fear. Then White spoke:

"Come on. We gotta get the hell out of here. Somebody's got Kerrigan."

THEY peered out the doorway. Detective Sergeant Kerrigan, face down, his arms outspread and his gun a little way from his right hand, lay half on the curb and half in the gutter. Joe turned sick. Terror made him silly.

"I gotta be going. I gotta be going."

"You and me both, Huggins," jeered White. "And we never picked a better time."

It was no time to deny names. Left to himself, Joe would have fled wildly up the street, probably to have been mowed down by a cop's gun. From above they heard a police whistle, and another answering it. The shrills were loud and long and they were getting nearer. But White wasn't stampeded.

"Quick," he said. "There's always a back way out of these dumps."

Stumbling, falling, clutching White's coat tails, Joe followed his companion. They found a narrow passage and followed it around three corners and up a short flight of steps. At the top of these they came to a door. Cautiously they pushed it open. They were in a small areaway enclosed by a brick wall the height of a tall man. They scaled it and Joe saw they were in a narrow dead-end street.

"Okay, okay," said White. "I know where we are now. The place we're going is only three blocks away from here. Don't run."

"I gotta be going, fella," said Joe desperately. "I gotta be going."

"Listen, Huggins, or whatever you're calling yourself now, I don't give a damn," said White savagely. "Why should I care what a sap like you does? I was just trying to give you a hand, you a hick and not knowing the town. What the hell do I care? Come on or beat it. Make up your mind."

But Joe had lost his bearings.

"Listen White," he said. "You got me all wrong. I ain't nobody you think. I'm just a guy who's been looking for a job, only things are awful quiet. On the level. My name's Joe—"

"What the hell of it?" sneered White.

Joe gave up. The thing to do was to go along until he was clear of that neighborhood and then break away. He knew these streets by name and reputation. White knew them intimately. They crossed a street diagonally, Joe's mind a jumble. He suspected now that White was an ex-convict, that White had taken him for someone named Huggins whom he had met in prison somewhere, that White was wanted again—probably by Kerrigan. But White had stopped.

"This is the place," he said. "Come on, if you're coming. Step on it."

Well, he had come this far. He sure needed a shot. He'd take it and be on his way.

The sign on the big window read Oceanic Wet Wash Laundry. There was nobody visible in the place. White marched straight to the back of the store, Joe at his shoulder. White tapped on a door in the upper panel of which was a round hole closed on the inside by a small metal trap. The trap swung aside and an unfriendly eye surveyed them. The door opened grudgingly and White and Joe entered.

There were no salutations between White and the gorilla who admitted them. The gorilla had an enormous face on which the features had been badly disarranged. His eyes were out of alignment, the left one being almost closed by a twitching, drooping lid. His nose was badly askew.

"Okay, Hunk," said White, nodding to Joe. "Listen, who kissed Kerrigan?"

"A lot of guys been measuring him," said Hunk. "Nobody's here. All of them done a dive, maybe on account of the way Kerrigan's been spread."

Hunk led them to the bar in the back room. He produced a bottle and three glasses.

"Listen," said Hunk. "You guys want a job?"

Joe's heart leaped so hard that he spilled half his whisky.

"That's me," he cried. "Where? Gee, things been awful quiet."

Hunk explained with beautiful brevity. It wasn't going to be much of a job as jobs went, but better than nothing. It was a simple stick-up of a small-time pay roll. Joe listened, frozen. Hunk knew the layout of the place like the inside of his pocket. It was a small printing plant. Within an hour twelve hundred dollars would be delivered there by bank messengers in an armored car. Hunk and White would go in, and lay low waiting for the car to come and go. Joe would warm the curb, standing outside doing the look-out. It was all decided upon in a few minutes—decided by Hunk and White. Joe hadn't said a word. But he had had three shots and two sandwiches and was rather positive that he was not going.

"Not me," he said, rising. "Sorry, gents, but I gotta be going."

"Oh, yeah?" said Hunk softly. He rose swiftly and as he rose he drew an automatic. Backing toward the door he covered both White and Joe.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "Who's this punk?" He was looking hard at White but nodded toward Joe. "You bring in a punk you say's okay and he listens and then says he's gotta be going. Listen, you bums ain't going to rat me."

"Ah, Hunk," cried White, "you're nuts. This guy's okay. Just lost his nerve, that's all. This guy ain't no cop. Hang up that gat, you sap. Listen, this guy's a friend of—"

THERE was a heavy knock at the door. Hunk wheeled swiftly, his gun leveled belly high.

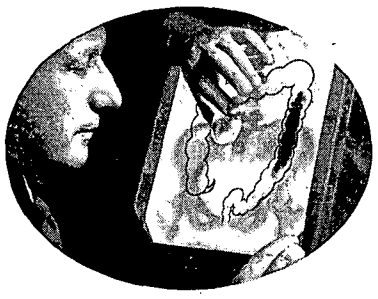
"Who's there?" he said. His voice was dead calm. His answer was a heavy blow on the door, the tremendous impact of two thick shoulders.

"The cops," whispered White. "Kerrigan's cops."

Hunk let go with two shots through the door. Then, turning like a cat, he

(Continued on page 54)

X-RAYS SHOW how fresh yeast "tones" and purifies the intestines. (*Right*) Dr. Peritz, famous authority on internal diseases.



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105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name_____

Address_____

(*Continued from page 53*)

blazed at White and Joe, cursing them for rats. Joe fell, not hit, but not sure that he wasn't. He saw White leap toward Hunk and stop dead, halfway. White fell twisting. His hands clutched at his stomach. His head struck the floor first. Joe had begun to scramble the moment he fell. Without being conscious of any plan of escape, he found himself in the washroom. Near the ceiling there was a small square window over the wash basin. Joe mounted the basin and slipped through the window, closing it swiftly behind him. Back in the barroom he heard the door smash. Then several more shots.

FOR a man who had never escaped from anything or anybody before, Joe was doing well. Maybe it was the whisky. Anyway he noted with considerable satisfaction that he was hiding in a most unusual cupboard—a low, wide enclosure half filled with bottles and with a squat window giving upon the back yard. Probably Hunk's liquor cache.

He heard men come and go, below. He heard them enter the washroom and leave saying there was nobody there. He was startled to learn that Hunk was dead and that White would not last to get to the hospital—startled and a little relieved. But what suited him even better was a particularly loud voice answering somebody's question:

"Sure, three glasses on the table. Somebody must have left before we got here. There couldn't have been more than Hunk and this guy here when we crashed in because if there was they'd have been here yet. There ain't no way for nobody to get out except that door we come in."

Joe lay there, motionless, for a long while after they had all gone. Then he began to wriggle on his stomach toward the window. There wasn't height enough for him to sit up. But when he moved his foot knocked a bottle over. It fell with a horrible clatter amongst the others. Joe stiffened with terror. But there was no challenge from below. He was alone.

The window opened easily. He peered out into a littered yard squared off by a broken fence. Summoning all his nerve he dropped out and in a moment was on the street again. A policeman stood at the corner talking loftily to two tough-looking civilians. Joe walked the other way with remarkable coolness.

A clock in a shop window told him desolate news; it was two o'clock. What chance had he to get a job now?

Down the street he saw a crowd in front of a building. Where there were crowds there was usually a job or two to be fought for. Perhaps it wasn't too late. Hope made him run. A cop stepped out of a doorway.

"What's the rush?" demanded the cop, blocking his way.

"What's the crowd?" asked Joe. "I'm looking for a job."

"Yeah?" scoffed the cop. "Well, that mob ain't. It's a strike."

"What do you mean, strike?" said Joe. "Listen, Officer, I been out of work three months. I'm scabbing if they'll take me."

"Okay with me," said the cop. "You can't scab that mob. It's a lot of lousy Reds or Bolsheviks or something. A bunch of bums. They been striking that joint for a month now and won't work or let anybody else work if they can help it. We got our orders not to get rough but if I had my way I'd smack them and send them back where they belong."

"Yeah?" said Joe. "Where'd they come from?"

"How the hell do I know?" said the cop. "I'd put them on a—"

A smash of glass followed by screams and hoarse shouts stopped him.

"That's different," said the cop.

He ran toward the crowd, now pressing hard toward the door. Joe followed. He heard the cop curse somebody and crunching blows follow. He had skirted the crowd which had now fallen back from the place—J. Schumm's American Blue Plate Lunch and Cafeteria—and was concentrating on the lone cop. He heard the cop's whistle shrill its cry for help, but he didn't stop.

He bolted into the doorway. Instantly he was knocked back and almost down by three big men in waiters' aprons. Behind them, brandishing a table leg, came Schumm, cursing them for what in his estimation they were. The three men passed. Joe dashed in. The place was wreckage. Squeals of terror from behind the long, food-laden counter told Joe that frightened girls were cowering below. A dozen patrons were huddled into a corner. Schumm, still roaring his defiance of strikers, bellowed at the harassed stranger who had dodged in and raised his club to strike him.

"Lay off, mister," yelled Joe, "I ain't one of them. Listen."

"You tell me to listen," roared Schumm. "What I got to listen to? What do you want?"

"Listen, mister," begged Joe. "I'll stand with you against those guys. I want a job."

The struggle in the street was now a howling riot. A dozen police reserves had come to the lone cop's rescue and were shredding the mob. The sirens of motorcycles fetching more cops and the clangor of the patrol's bell added themselves to the din of battle. A heavy, stinging odor seeped in through the broken window of Mr. Schumm's devastated restaurant.

"Tear gas," groaned Mr. Schumm, clapping his hand over his mouth and nose. "It wasn't bad enough the way things was."

He ran toward the kitchen. Joe followed, his eyes streaming, his throat scalded. Not that he minded much.

"Listen, mister," he gasped. "This will soon be over and the cops will have the street cleared and I can clean up in there in no time. How about it?"

He nodded toward the wrecked room beyond.

"Get out, get out, you bum," yelled Schumm. "There ain't no jobs here no more. This is the last of it. Get out."

"It's almost over out there now," insisted Joe. "The cops got them on the run. Honest, mister, it won't take me hardly any time to—"

"Listen, you," said Mr. Schumm, who seemed to have got control of himself again, "it's no use. The minute I can get out of here without being murdered I go. And I don't come back. See? It wasn't enough that hard times put the restaurant business on the bum but them guys had to strike and just because I tried to run my business without them—Listen: you can have this dump if you want to run it till the sheriff gets here, which won't be more than a couple hours."

JOE wandered dully out of the ruined place. The street was cleared. A few cops still loitered on the curb. One of them, still in the humor, gave him a rough shove as he slouched toward the corner. He wondered what time it was. Then it occurred to him that he didn't care. He would try again tomorrow.

"'Lo, Joe," said Cora. She smiled a little as he sat heavily on a kitchen chair. He hadn't taken off his hat or overcoat. Too tired.

"'Lo Cora. You okay?"

"Sure. Tired?"

"Awful."

"Take off your hat and coat," she said. "Here, let me help you. Poor Joe."

She didn't ask him about a job. She

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didn't have to. Instead of telling him to pull his chair up to the table, she hitched the table around to him. On a plate in front of him she put three pieces of dry bread and a cup of coffee—warmed up from morning.

"Things are awful quiet," he said.

"I know, Joe."

"Kid all right?"

"Oh, he's fine."

"Say, Cora," said Joe. "That sure was a swell scheme, you cutting out those ads and pasting them on paper. Let's do it again. Maybe there'll be some better ones in the paper tonight. A guy's bound to get in somewheres if he only keeps after it."

"Sure. I know. A man who tries as hard as you."

"Yeah, Cora," sighed Joe, shaking his head slowly. "But you ain't got any idea how quiet things are."

Joe and Cora ate silently. It didn't take long. Without speaking, they waited there in the early evening gloom for Al Bredenback. Al lived in the flat above. He worked as a helper on a newspaper delivery truck. He always brought them a paper.

JOE had dropped off to sleep when Al knocked. His head had fallen heavily on his arms crossed on the table. Cora had set her jaw against her rising pity for the sleeping man. This was no time to give in to a body's feelings. As long as Joe was trying like he was, she would try too. She was standing beside him, her hand light upon his brown hair, when Al knocked.

"Anything doing, Joe?" bellowed Al.

"Huh?" Joe was sodden with sleep.

"Find anything?"

"Naw," growled Joe, rising. "Naw. Awful quiet."

Al came in, shut the door and cleared his throat.

"Well, listen, Joe," he said, "this ain't much but it's something. You know Gus?"

"Gus?"

"Yeah, Gus, my brother. The one that's got the shooting gallery—you know, rifle range—down in Fourteenth Street. 'BE PATRIOTIC; LEARN TO DEFEND YOUR COUNTRY!' That one."

"Oh, yeah. Gus."

"Well, listen," said Al. "A shooting gallery ain't no national bank when it comes to taking in the dough, but Gus's been doing good. Noon to midnight, fifteen shots for a quarter. See? Five shots free if you hit the swinging bell. That's not so good because the boys are getting awful good these days. But he's got six rifles working all the time. Shooting's got everybody wowed these days."

"What's the matter with Gus?"

"Aw," said Al lightly, "it don't amount to nothing. What I was going to say is this ain't so hot maybe, but Gus is got to lay off a while and he's got to get somebody to run the place till he's better. Just so the guy's honest. Don't need no experience."

"Oh, Al," cried Cora.

"Sure," agreed Al. "Gus can't afford to blow a racket like that just because he got a nick in the ear. Listen, I ain't saying it's steady, but it's twenty bucks a week till Gus gets back."

"Okay, Al," said Joe eagerly. "Okay. Listen: you say it ain't steady."

"I'm only saying," said Al. "You see, Gus's been nicked before. Some of the boys get kinda—aw, it ain't nothing to worry about. Sometimes along toward midnight some of the customers—the boys—roll in kinda happy, see, and—well if a guy's good-natured and kids them along and is friendly they're okay. Just let them know a business is a business and they gotta behave and keep shooting at the targets and cut out the comedy. See?"

"Sure, Al," said Joe. "Gee, Al, you ain't got no idea what it is to have a friend like you. Listen, when do I start work?"

"I'll take you down tomorrow morning. We'll stop in on the way and see Gus. I already mentioned you, and he says you are okay with him. Here's your paper. Big day for some guys."

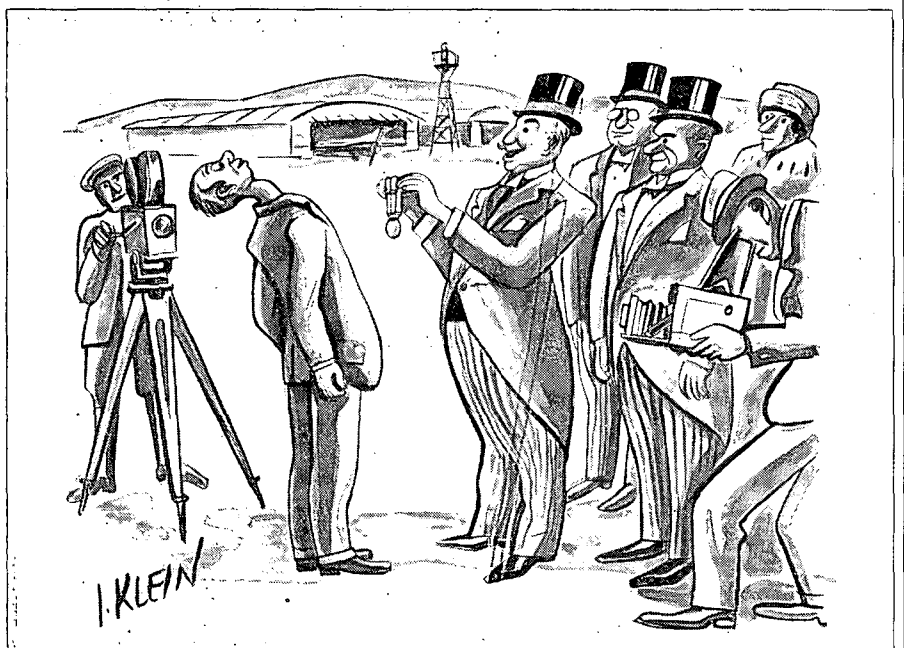
He tossed the evening paper on the table and departed, slamming the door heartily. Joe's eyes were bright. His head was up. He had a job. As if he didn't quite trust himself yet, he didn't speak. Neither did Cora. She was nervously flattening the paper on the table. She lighted the whistling gas jet.

"Gee, Joe," she said. "Even if this shooting-gallery job didn't turn up, we might be worse off. Think of that poor cop—and his family."

Joe looked at the panting headlines, straight across the front page, then down in only slightly smaller type. Yep, there it was: Police Make Underworld Pay Two for One; Detective Sergeant Kerrigan Slain by Machine Gunners; Cops Kill Two in Reply.

Joe sat back in his chair. He looked a trifle bored but a bit superior, too. He was no longer the defeated man he had been. He had a job and a hard-working guy had other things to think of. He hooked his thumbs into his vest.

"Oh, yeah," he said cheerfully. "Sure. I was going to tell you about that."



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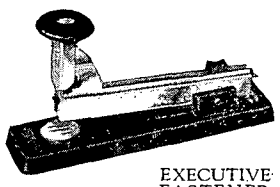

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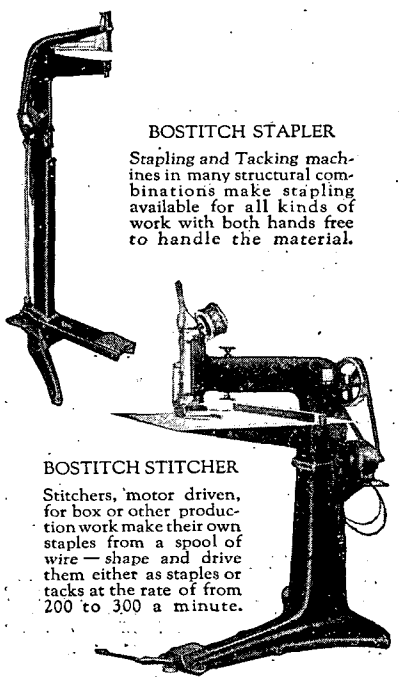

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Stapling and Tacking machines in many structural combinations make stapling available for all kinds of work with both hands free to handle the material.

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Stitchers, motor driven, for box or other production work make their own staples from a spool of wire — shape and drive them either as staples or tacks at the rate of from 200 to 300 a minute.

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C6-6

The Biscuit Shooter

Continued from page 9

caught Lije with a full swing alongside the head, laying him flat. Salt River was going to swear that Beckwith threatened to kill Lije when he caught him sober. Probably Old Man Hepmeyer would swear to it too, he having been listening from the kitchen.

This time it was me that got mad. "In the first place," I told him, "I'm ready to say flat, without knowing anything about it, that Lije Evers lied. The least hair on Lyn Clayton's head is worth forty carload of such skunks as Lije Evers."

Pete Crabtree began to look ugly again. "In the first place," he said, "it appears you don't know nothing about law, because under the law a murder is a murder. And in the second place you don't know nothing about women, and when it comes to putting the petty annoyances of some knock-about biscuit shooter ahead of a man's life—"

I shouted him down. "Maybe I don't know women, or men either! But, by God, I've handled enough dogs to know about guts. And I'll say to your face, of all the jug-headed, brass-bound guts I ever see—"

"I've got a good mind to take a poke at you," he said.

"Who's holding you down?" I asked him. And I walked out.

THE preliminary hearing was the next day, before Judge Rumbaugh. It's been a good many years since Rumbaugh last hesitated to stretch a point of law in order to get justice; and I judged that if there was any bright spot in this darn' business he was it.

I gathered four, five old billy goats like myself around me, and explained the situation. Some of them had brains and others had less, but none of them could see an out this time. Rollie Marshall took a bunch of riders up the Little Vermilion and all but sieved the waters fishing for the lost hat; but they come back without it, and in the end I hadn't accomplished a dog-gone thing.

Lyn Clayton come to me just before the court was opened up for the hearing.

"Mr. Coffee," said she, "is there any hope at all?"

I started to tell her "No," but I wasn't equal to it. So I hauled off and lied, one time more.

"They haven't got any case against Tom Beckwith," I told her.

After she had moved off I stood cussing myself. And then, all of a sudden, a kind of an idea come to me at last, and I called her back.

"What time did the prosecuting attorney get into town?" I asked. This prosecutor we had, he had to come over from Lordstown to try these district court cases on circuit; and on a preliminary hearing like this, he very often didn't get here in time to work up his case so very much.

"He didn't come," she told me. "He's tied up with a Federal water case in Phoenix."

I broke and run, and loped upstairs over the store to where Judge Rumbaugh was holding court. It was in a small room, plenty jammed with people, and with more filling the hall, but I managed to get them four, five friends of mine outside where we could talk.

Old Rollie Marshall was cussing a blue streak. "He should have got him a lawyer to begin with," he thought, "but he was so darn stubborn and so darn sure he was right—"

It was some minutes before I could get them quieted down to where I could start hammering in on them what I wanted. Even after that it took some little time to make them see the wherefores, so that by the time I judged they were all primed we had to hurry to get back into court before it was over.

We jammed our way back into the courtroom by main strength. Salt River Smith was almost finished telling about his angle of it.

"How is it going?" I asked Jack Doyle.

"Take your elbow out of my gizzard," said he. "They've got Tom Beckwith sewed up, is how it's going. You missed it. They had to hold Tommy down when they brought out what reason he had for killing Lije."

I saw that Judge Rumbaugh was looking kind of sorrowful, as if he already knew he was going to have to bind Tommy over.

"Judge," said Pete Crabtree, "I guess that's about all there is to this case."

I gave Rollie Marshall a poke in the ribs and he swung his hat above the heads of the crowd. "Wait a minute," said he. "I've got a little dope that I'd like to throw in the pot."

"Come on up, Rollie," said Rumbaugh, and Marshall went up.

"Judge," said Rollie, "I just want to make sure there's no possible suspicion going to be left on anybody that hasn't got it coming. Now, Salt River Smith, here, has already explained where *he* was at. I just want to put in to back up his alibi."

Salt River looked kind of surprised. "It don't look like I need any—" he began.

"Shut up, Smith," said Judge Rumbaugh.

"Well, Judge," said Rollie, "the day that Lije Evers was going to be killed that night, I was up beyond the head of the Little Vermilion looking for some lost stock. And along about nightfall I come up to the Blackcap Stope and Salt River Smith was there cleaning some fish. And he said Lije Evers had rid on down to town, and would I light and squat for a bite. And after supper I rode on down to McTarnahan, getting in right late."

"That backs up Salt River," said Judge Rumbaugh, "if there'd ever been any question concerning him in the first place. Salt River, how come you didn't mention that Rollie Marshall was up there?"

Salt River Smith hesitated for just a second. He had a lean, bony, kind of dried-up face, very hard to read. "This ain't my hearing," he said. "I haven't seen any call to drag nobody else in."

"IS THIS all?" said Judge Rumbaugh. "Wait a minute," said Barney Donovan. "Leave me dab in my rope." He come shoving up, and they swore him in.

"And what do you know about this?" said Rumbaugh.

"I'm like Rollie Marshall," said Barney. "I come up here to say that I was with Marshall, and back up what he says."

"Rollie," said Judge Rumbaugh, "you never said Barney Donovan was with you."

"I'm like Salt River," said Marshall. "I didn't see no sense in dragging no extra people in."

"Well, if this is all the testimony," Judge Rumbaugh began.

"I'd just like to say one word, Judge," Happy Dixon sung out, and *he* come pushing forward. There was a general stir and buzz in the pack of people.

"I wasn't exactly with these other two," Happy Dixon told Judge Rumbaugh; "me, I was prospecting, up the other side, and come evening I dropped down to the Blackcap in hopes of something to eat. I et with Salt River too, and then rode on down to McTarnahan with Marshall and Donovan. And I back up everything they said."

Judge Rumbaugh began to look kind of funny. "What was this," he said, "Old Home Week at the Blackcap?"

"We just happened to be up that way, Judge," Barney put in.

"And you all just decided to spend practically the whole night riding spent horses," Judge Rumbaugh said, looking at him square.

Just then Bill Eads butted in. "Judge," he said, "I suppose it's none of my business, but something is haywire around here. I just happen to know that two of these fellers that just testified have lied—because I was with them two the night they're speaking of, and they wasn't no such a place!"

A BIG rumble of surprise went up from the crowd, and Judge Rumbaugh began to get mad. "Now you people look here," he said. "Just because I don't hoist you with all the technical procedure I have in stock doesn't mean that this court isn't handling serious business. You four fellers come up here and stand in front of me," he said.

The four of them stood up there, Bill Eads looking kind of stubborn and dogged, and the other three sheepish and resentful.

"If two of you have perjured yourselves in this court," said Rumbaugh, "you may just as well own up to it. Because, by God!—I mean to hook you for it in the end!"

The four of them just stood there.

"Judge Rumbaugh," said I, "I guess right here I ought to put in a say myself, bearing on this same point."

"Come on with it then," said he.

I went up and I took out of my back pocket that six-inch square of board that I had sawed off of Salt River's pine table, up at the Blackcap Stope. And I told them what it was, and when I got it.

"I'll read you what's written on this board," I said.

Of course, you understand I hadn't found anything written on that board.

"It says here on this board," I said, "'I owe Salt River Smith for one meal, together with oats for horse, et here in this cabin Thursday night, October 27.'" That was the night Lije Evers was killed. "And it's signed," I said, "by one man: the one of these three that really did stop by at the Blackcap Stope that night."

"And whose name is signed?" said Judge Rumbaugh.

I turned to him slow and I laid the piece of pine board on his desk, face up, so that he could read what was wrote. All that was on it was just six words I had marked on: "*Make Salt River name the man.*"

I waited, and I knew that a turning point had come in Tommy Beckwith's life, and in Lyn Clayton's, too, and Salt River's—and maybe, for all I knew, in mine. And quite a little minute passed.

Then Judge Rumbaugh turned the pine board over, face down, quiet and slow, so that those that was craning their necks forward couldn't see what was really wrote. And I knew then that he was going to play out the hand.

"This writing on the board," he said, "ain't hardly needed, I guess. Two of these three men, in testifying that they were at Salt River's cabin, have sworn to a lie; the other was really there. But—all we need to do to find out which is which is to ask Salt River Smith.

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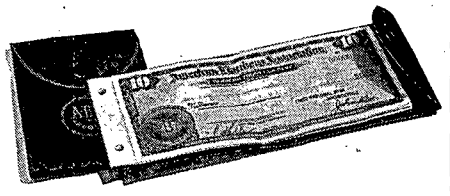

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Salt River, which of these men was at your cabin that night?"

I looked at Salt River Smith. His dried-up old face was as hard to read as ever; but he didn't answer right away.

"Salt River," said Judge Rumbaugh, quiet and slow, "you have done your part toward swearing away a man's life. Part of your testimony is that you were at your cabin at the time we know Lije Evers was killed. Now we discover that one other man was at your cabin that night. I'm asking you, and you have to answer: *Which of these men was there?*"

IT WAS so quiet in there that you could hear people breathe; and still for a minute Salt River Smith didn't speak. You see, he didn't know! For he hadn't been there himself. He'd been riding down the trail that night, Lije Evers across his saddlehorn. At first, when Rollie Marshall come forward, Smith had thought it was just a friendly lie, to help out. But now—

He could name any one of the three, in hopes that he would guess it right. Or, if he should happen to see through it that it was all a put-up job, he could just say—"They've all lied. There was no one there—" And that was his only out, to save his alibi.

Almost, he made it through. Almost. But just at the very last second it was too much for him, and he broke. Salt River Smith's voice just naturally exploded in that quiet courtroom. "I don't believe a damn' one of them was there!" he said.

There was silence for a little minute more. "You 'don't *believe*,'" Judge Rumbaugh repeated after him finally, his voice quiet, but fit to take the hide off a mule. "You have sworn you were there, and that Lije Evers was not; and now you 'don't *believe*' that anyone else stopped by the cabin that night. But, Smith," he finished, "you—don't—know!"

The rumble of voices that rose in the courtroom then came pretty near up to a roar, and here and there in the crowd was fellers that was looking mighty black.

Judge Rumbaugh just sat looking at Salt River Smith, as bitter hard as if Smith was something he had never seen in this world before; so that for two or three minutes there the old judge didn't seem to notice all that noise that had rose up around him.

Finally, though, he begun pounding with his little wooden maul.

"Judge Rumbaugh," I said when he got it quiet, "me and these four boys want to apologize for messing around somewhat with the facts. But I guess you can see where some free-hand lying has helped bring the truth out after all. And now I'd like to lay all joking aside, and make a few serious statements about Lije Evers' hat."

"Go ahead, Coffee," said Judge Rumbaugh, "and speak your piece."

PETE CRABTREE was awful put out about that case. Pete put in to have the case continued over for a week, to rake up some more evidence, or at least to leave Judge Rumbaugh cool off; and the old judge continued it like he asked.

Right there the thing begun to unravel some, like these things sometimes do when you pass the turn.

First thing it come out that the Blackcap partnership didn't have any money in the McTarnahan bank, Salt River Smith having transferred it all over to somewheres else. No doubt Salt River could have explained that some way—but Salt River had high-tailed it right shortly after court adjourned.

A hunter that had a cabin over the other side of Little Dutchman Pass come in to say that Salt River had been boarding a good horse there since a week before the murder, and that he had just now come and swapped a ridden-out pony for the good one and pushed right on. And another feller brought in about the same story from fifty miles farther down. And they found out now where Salt River had transferred all that Blackcap money to, which was at Riverton, and that he had just now drawn all of it out; and a garage at Riverton put in that Salt River had bought a fair-sized car a little while before, and left it there until just now—he had come and got it and headed south. After that it wasn't any trouble to find out where Salt River had got over the border into Old Mexico, considerable widespread interest having been roused up in Salt River Smith by then.

Pete Crabtree was smoking mad. He jumped me about it one day.

"Why, you old fool," said he, "you'll never convict Salt River! Even if we lay hands on him again, which I doubt."

"I wasn't trying to convict him. What do I want with a conviction? I got Beckwith loose, didn't I?"

"Oh, of course," he said, real bitter, "if you figure *that* was anything worth doing—"

Fact is, I hadn't much; not to set any real store by it. But about a week later something came up that made me see the whole business in a new light.

It was after nine o'clock, and I was turning in mighty tired, owing to running a lion. But now the dogs started a fresh whoop hurrah, and their sarcastic tone told me somebody was coming up the trail.

Sure enough, it was Lyn Clayton again; only, this time Tommy Beckwith was with her. They was riding out of the Frying Pan country, as quiet as they could, and they aimed to get married when they got across the pass. I put them up for the night. And it was all kind of awkward and funny, none of us wanting to talk about that killing case much.

BUT the next morning when they were leaving, Lyn Clayton stuck out her hand. "Mr. Coffee," said she, "if it hadn't been for you and your dogs, I don't know what would have become of us."

I started to pass it off. "Tommy sure is lucky," I said, "that Salt River lost Lije Evers' hat. If it hadn't been for that one thing, no question about Salt River's part in it would ever have come up."

Lyn Clayton looked at me very queer. "It *was* funny about that hat," she said.

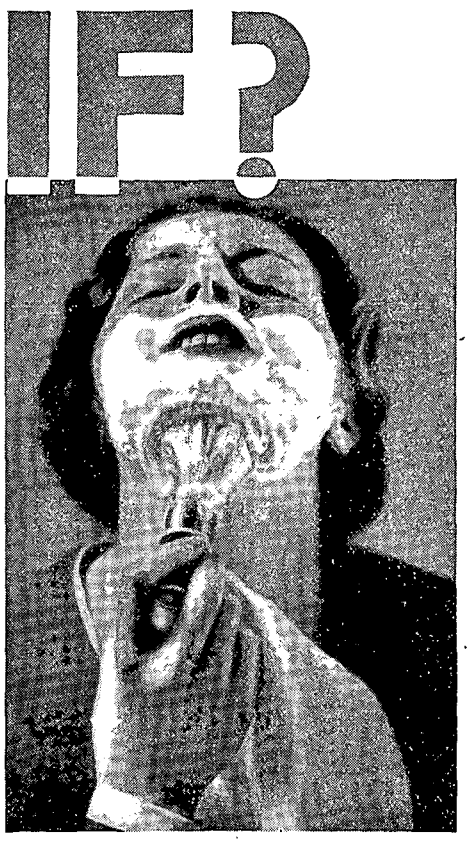
Something in the way she said that gave me a kind of a turn. "Just what," I asked her, "do you know about Lije Evers' hat?"

She held back a minute. Then, "Mr. Coffee," she said, "I knew all the time that if I could get you and your dogs onto the case the truth would show up in the end. All I was afraid of was that you would jump to the wrong idea, like the rest, and never set your mind to it. So that was how it was about the hat."

"So *what* was 'how it was about the hat'?"

"I kicked that hat under a rock in the Little Vermilion," she said, "when I rode up there with Pete Crabtree and his bunch."

There was a girl, I can tell you! At first, of course, I felt kind of like a fool. But as I watched them ride off up the trail I wasn't so much thinking about being took in as I was noticing the sure, easy way that Lyn Clayton rode; and the way she turned to look up at Tom Beckwith, with a new look in her face, and all the old chin-down, what-do-I-care look gone out of it altogether.



If women shaved daily as men must, shaving methods would have improved years ago. *Women know skin-care—know it too well to irritate their faces. They'd never stand for men's old-fashioned ways!*

Now, man, meet shaving that's modern, *speedy,* kind to your face! A week's trial of Frostilla Brushless Shave will show you the best shaves you've ever experienced, without brush, lather, rub-in.

Send for a free travel-size tube (use coupon). Or buy Frostilla Brushless Shave at your druggists' with money-back guarantee. For six mornings, forget your brush, your habits and prejudices! Just spread an economical, thin film on your beard—let your razor do the rest. Once over, and you're shaved closely, smoothly, with never a pull, nick or neck-line irritation.

Without after-lotions, your skin feels and looks better, clearer, smoother. Frostilla Brushless Shave contains a new and secret ingredient that actually conditions! It does a perfect, complete job—in a jiffy.

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1 Use the coupon for FREE 10c travel-size tube.

2 Buy a tube (35c, 50c at all druggists or direct by mail from the Frostilla Co.) Use often enough to satisfy your curiosity. Then—your money back if you're not 100% pleased.

3 If you like it (and you will!) you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send to you, free in exchange, a 50c giant tube.

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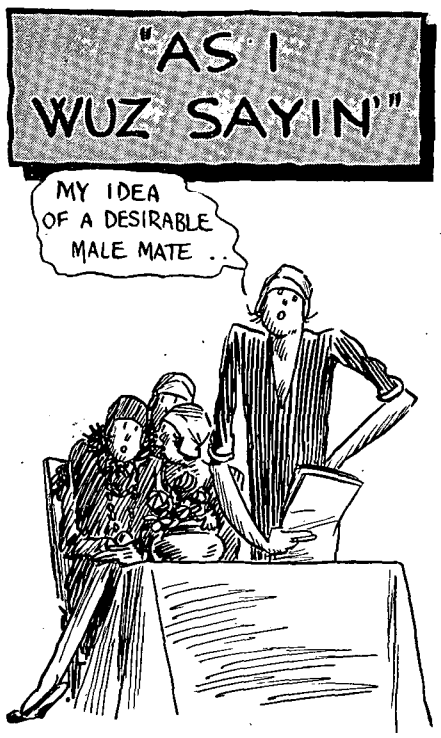

"Lon Moon has jest returned from Europe where his wife wuz gatherin' material for her club paper entitled, 'Can French women teach us anything?'

•

"Things look purty bad, says Lon. You can't git a good cigar in London fer less'n a quarter.

•

"An' in Paris they ain't fit ter smoke at any price.

•

"The result is that the nations git irritable an' suspicious.

•

"What Europe needs today is a good nickel cigar, same as we did before we had rocky fords.

•

"If our government would ship 'em enuff rocky fords, it 'ud be a whole lot better'n joining the World Court."

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Finest Long Filler

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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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The First Million Miles

Continued from page 13

You expect frostbitten blue eyes or steely gray ones; but his are dark, warm and lively. You are prepared to shake hands with another of those lean, long, spare Nordics whose somber faces and cold reserve suggest contemplation of heroic horizons which are beyond your normal ken. You meet, instead, a vivacious fellow with a country twang to his soft voice, who can easily become what your Aunt Mathilda used to call a chatterbox. The only striking and distinctive physical characteristic about him is the involuntary swiftness of his movements, his deftness with his hands and feet. You get the impression that there is no weight to his body, and you begin to understand his cockpit "touch"—it's the same thing that in a horseman is called "sweet hands."

The Dizzy Chair

Fourteen thousand hours in the air! One million, five hundred thousand miles! When only a handful of the earth's total population have ever permitted their feet to be lifted from its surface at all! You can better appreciate the magnitude of Lee's achievements if you think of them in terms of your own daily life. I have read somewhere that the average pleasure automobile owner drives only about 10,000 miles each year. Well, at that rate, after you've been driving one hundred years you'll still have fifty years of plugging ahead of you before you can catch up to Lee's present mileage record.

He has flown three round trips to the moon, and is now thousands of miles away from the earth on the going half of his fourth trip!

Theoretically, of course. Actually, he is very busy shuttling trimotor passenger ships and single-motored mail planes, fair weather and foul, over the 486 prosaic miles of his lap of the Boeing Line, from Omaha, Nebraska, to Chicago, at the rate of sixty-five hours, or thirteen trips, a month.

Although he is only about thirty-six, his career, of course, is rooted in aviation antiquity; he learned to fly in one of the earliest types of pusher planes.

His wings had the sturdiness of two years' growth when, in 1917, the United States Army found itself with a war on its hands and sent out a hasty call for civilian veteran flyers to instruct its fledglings. Lee, a grizzled veteran of twenty-one, responded. He had seen America from the air, and wanted to see Europe; but suffered, instead, the common fate of our best native flyers of 1917 in being kept on the instruction stages of the nation's flying fields. He taught acrobatics at Ashburn Field in Chicago; at Chanute Field, in Rantoul, Illinois; at Selfridge Field, in Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and at Ellington Field, in Houston, Texas.

Someone had come along with the revolving-chair test. This did not simulate flight conditions, but it served to make its victims dizzy. The doctors, handicapped by a lack of knowledge and precedent and by insufficient time for prolonged experimentation, did the best they could under the press of circumstances and fabricated an elaborate theory of what a normal man's reactions should be to the chair-spinning. Many of the applicants got sick, and this was considered right and proper. The students selected under this theory got through the primary instructions all right, in most instances, but were killed off in alarming numbers when they reached the acrobatic stage. The flight doctors, puzzled and worried, summoned Lee from his instruction work and asked him to submit to the chair-spinning test.

He did so, and his reactions were exactly opposite to those which the doctors' theories had reckoned normal. The upshot was a new card of theories, and fatalities fell off in the acrobatic stages on the country's flying fields.

The Armistice found Lieutenant Lee still at Ellington patiently telling cadets to "dive her a little to gain speed, then pull her up and over fast, and don't forget to shut your motor off when you're at the top or you'll dive like hell and maybe suddenly find yourself flying better wings in a better world!" Lee remembered the great new novelty with which the Post Office Department had just begun to experiment between Washington and New York—air mail. He applied for a job, and was hired by telegraph.

Hamilton Lee stayed on that experimental air-mail line for two years and he can keep you fascinated for hours with tales of its trials and tribulations and of the characters who flew it. "They were the Daniel Boones, the Kit Carsons and the Davy Crocketts of aviation," he says, "the men who recklessly carried out to all the frontiers of daily life the work of fathers of aviation like the Wrights. They hated discipline; they knew that the average life of a pilot was only a few months and they lived accordingly. They were as temperamental as opera singers. Some wouldn't fly when they passed a load of hay on the way to the airport; others wouldn't fly unless the chief mechanic owned a black cat. There was no system of licensing in those days, and you were never asked whether you could fly. The fact that you applied for the job was recommendation enough. I never had this experience, but I know reliable fellows who swear it happened to them: a man would come up and whisper, 'Say, I've got a job to work on the air mail. Show me how to fly this thing, will you!'

"It's very different nowadays. It's a cold business proposition and temperament doesn't get you any place except to an employment agency. The pilot is still the most important human equation in aviation, but he's a dignified professional man and not a harum-scarum."

Although it's difficult to get him to commit himself about it beyond a fond smile nowadays, Hamilton Lee's early flying career was as colorful as the next man's, spotted with narrow escapes and high romance—and very useful, withal. He blazed many virgin air trails. He inaugurated the St. Louis to Chicago service, the line which later was to become famous as Lindbergh's run. He also opened the Twin Cities to Chicago service, closed up the longest link in the transcontinental line, Omaha to Chicago, and was one of the pioneers who braved the run over the Alleghenies, from New York to Cleveland.

Pilots on Strike

Before the Washington-New York line flowered into a country-wide network Hamilton Lee was involved in one of the most spectacular events of the early air mail—the first and only strike of pilots.

There flourished in those days, of course, the usual abuses of bureaucratic management. Stupid and autocratic underlings at local points habitually ordered pilots to fly against their own judgment. Office men in Washington, ignorant both of flying and of weather, often issued flight demands upon pilots in New York. Added to this, the flying equipment was bad and the ground organization worse. Pilots, in consequence, were being sent up to their deaths. Resentment and fear mounted among the survivors. No man knew who would be the next to crash; but it was a case of fly if you were told to, or forfeit your job.

Pilots, faced with a beggar's choice, would sometimes side-step the issue with tricks that were difficult to detect, in order to keep down out of weather that would not have given them a fighting chance for life. It's no trick at all for a flyer to lame a ship without nicking his own skin. But there came a serious impasse one day at Belmont Park, when the weather was so atrocious that Pilot Leon Smith, whose turn it was to take off, scorned a ruse and just flatly refused to go.

The field manager notified Washington, and orders were telegraphed to Smith to take off at once. He still refused. Hamilton Lee, next in turn, was summoned; but when the circumstances were explained, he said: "If the weather's too bad for Smith, it's too bad for me. His judgment is as good as mine."

When orders came to fire Smith and Lee all the pilots quit their ships. For three days no mail was flown; then Assistant Postmaster-General Otto Praeger, the man in charge of the air mail, told the pilots to send a spokesman, together with Pilot Lee, to Washington.

One Little Word

Out of that conference came a correction of the existing system and a better mutual understanding when Praeger said:

"I've got to fight Congress, which won't appropriate for air mail and thinks it's all nonsense. I've got to fight the public, who won't use air mail. And now if I've got to fight the pilots too, there won't be any air mail!"

"When we carried that message back to the pilots," said Lee, "we all began to see beyond our jobs, beyond our troubles and our likes and dislikes. I think this was the first time we began to take a serious view of our share of the responsibility for building up public confidence in aviation."

After four years filled with thrilling adventure in Eastern skies, Hamilton Lee was assigned to the run from Chicago to Omaha, which he has flown regularly during the past nine years, with brief interludes of excitement in special jobs. One such, in the winter of 1923, brought him into the headlines of every newspaper in the country; that was his rescue of a band of lumberjacks who were marooned and starving to death on remote South Fox Island, twenty-three miles from the mainland in northern Lake Michigan.

Most often, nowadays, since he has become a byword for safe flying, Hamilton Lee is asked whether flying can be as safe for you and for me as it seems to be for him.

"Yes—emphatically yes," he insists. "If the Department of Commerce examiners pass you as physically fit to fly, then I'd say that you can learn to fly as well as I do, or better, and that you'll live to fly as long as I have flown and to enjoy flying as much as I enjoy it, provided you are willing to tack up in your cockpit, or hang inside your head where it is never out of your mind's eye, one little word—caution.

"Indeed, your chances for a safe and pleasant use of aviation are far better than mine were when I took it up. You don't have to take the chances we took,

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Men!

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or that the mail pilots may even take today. You don't have to fly experimental equipment, as we did. The government has marked off for you the safe ships to use. It has surrounded you with organized and lighted airways, weather service, radio, beacons to guide your ship to port and a dozen and one safeguards. Fewer and fewer pilots are being killed each year—even those of us who have to fly when you, as an air traveler or pleasure flyer, ought to remain on the ground.

"I haven't got any secret or magical method, any instinct, that you haven't got or can't develop, provided your health is as good as mine, and your intelligence is at least average.

A Few Tips

"Some people who write to me seem to think I have coddled my record, but that isn't so. I've done my share of acrobatics, and taught others how to do them, which is more hazardous. I've won cups in national air races, and I've worked as a stunt flyer and test pilot. I'm out there taking the run of the weather now as I have always taken it with the other air-mail pilots. We often fly the mail through when passenger ships remain on the ground.

"I don't think my personal way of flying differs from that used by my mates on the air mail. A lot of people say that I must be lucky; but flyers don't believe in luck. They can't afford to; any more than they can afford to be superstitious. Even if I were lucky, gambler's odds would be stacked against me now. You never hear a professional pilot telling me I'm lucky!

"I have never had a major accident, and I have never been injured in flying, although I have had my share of forced landings in which I have had to accept collisions with fences and other ground obstructions and work minor damage upon my ships. The answer, if there is any, is this—I have always known what I was doing.

"In the early years of my flying I always made a careful study of every accident in which one of my mates was killed. I didn't examine only the conditions in which he had found himself, and then do a bit of second guessing as to what he should have done to save himself. I studied even more closely the circumstances which led up to his predicament, and thus I taught myself not only to avoid his error but the beginning and the growth of his error.

"Therefore, for those of you who intend to take up flying for pleasure or as a profession, I give you this as my Rule Number One, if you want to fly long and to live long: Avoid the occasion of error.

"Next, I do what every other careful professional flyer does: I study the ground closely as I fly over it, cataloguing the suitable landing places I see. If unforeseen circumstances should suddenly arise, despite my radio weather reports, or if motor trouble should develop, I have available in my mind at any given instant, ready for my trained reflexes, the nearest and best landing place; and I can turn to it without the loss of an instant's time.

"If I am over bad country, where the available landing fields are few and far between, I fly high enough so that one is within gliding distance. If necessary I'll shift my course to keep fields within reach. What if this does add ten minutes to the flight? Now as to country so bad and so remote that there are no safe landing fields—well, *you* haven't any business flying over that kind of country, yet.

"If the weather changes suddenly for the worse, if your motor doesn't sound just right, land in the last best place you saw. So here's a second rule for your safety in flying: Never be afraid to turn back.

"As an example of how this method has helped me, let me tell you about one wicked night in January, 1929, before we had radio communication on our ships. Over Des Moines, a blizzard which had been suddenly born there on the prairies, and was one of the worst I have ever seen, hit me from all sides. It came almost like a flash of lightning; one instant I was watching the lights of the city, the next instant all were blotted out and the ship was rocking like a snip of paper in an air shaft. To make matters worse, my instrument panel light burned out.

"I banked, instinctively, in the direction in which I knew Des Moines airport lay. But I couldn't find the field, and I had to get down. I released a parachute flare. It fell behind a hill, yet burned long enough to silhouette a haystack and a few other minor things which identified that field instantly in the mental catalogue I have of my scheduled run. I landed.

"Let's look at it this way. Flying is thoroughly dependable and safe, I believe, for you and every normal person, man or woman, if you will approach it in this frame of mind: it's a brand-new medium, opposed to every lesson and experience of mankind's history and life on earth. You can't make so fundamental a change as lightly as you would change from driving your car on the right to the left side of the road, and Lord knows there'd be enough accidents if you tried even that.

"You've got to approach flying with an elastic mind. You've got to change your habits of thought, of making decisions, of imagination. You've got to be somewhat afraid of flying, because it's only in proportion to your respect for it that you will keep yourself tightened up. If people were properly afraid of driving, everyone would enjoy it more and there'd be no accidents—or scarcely any. Heaven help us if the human race ever gets to where it isn't afraid of flying."

Hamilton Lee is proud, of course, of his enormous mileage, and of the fact that nearly two of his thirty-six years of life have been spent in the air. He is prouder of his record of no serious accidents and no injuries. But he is proudest of the fact that he has never lost a single letter of those entrusted to him in the air mail.

Free to Fly

He is unmarried, and lives alone in an apartment the contract for the furnishing of which must have enabled some oriental dealer to go back to the old country to live in peace and plenty. He is an American by birth and parentage, sprung from the sturdy stock of the Illinois prairies. Paris is the name of the springing-off place, if you are a stickler for exactness. You suspect that there is plenty of Scotch blood somewhere in his background because of the beautiful economy of his wit and of his philosophy: "I was too lazy to be a farmer," he explains as his excuse for deserting the home furrows for the free lanes of the sky: "I wanted a job on which I could sit."

Lee took a vacation last year and spent it flying on other sections of the line with his friends among the pilots.

It is his ambition to save up enough money to retire—not to a chicken farm or anything like it—but to a small plane and the freedom to fly at will over all the oceans and the lands of the earth. He'll do it, too. He is very much interested in the new light planes which are being brought out this year for private pleasure-flying. He'll be able to have a little plane of his own some day, he hopes!

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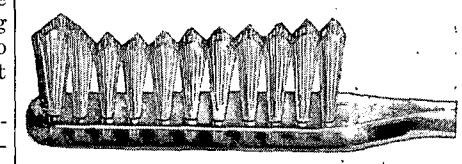

For Hasty Brushers

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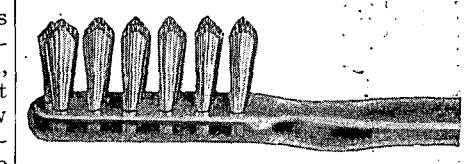

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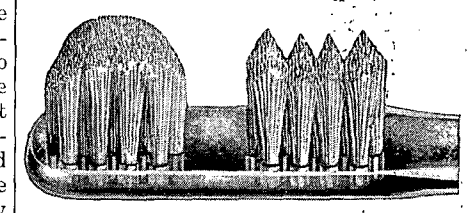

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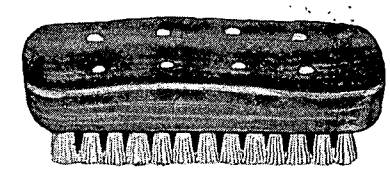

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"Will you be a fourth at bridge if I can get two more to play?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North S. None H. 9-8-7-3-2 D. 6-5-4-3-2 C. 5-3-2	
West S. 8-7-6-5-2 H. Q-J D. Q-J-10 C. Q-J-10		*East* S. A-J-10-9-4 H. A-10 D. A-9-7 C. A-6-4
	South (Dealer) S. K-Q-3 H. K-6-5-4 D. K-8 C. K-9-8-7	

WITH the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one No Trump, West pass, North two Diamonds, East two Spades.

North's bid of two of a minor would be a rescue bid and would warn his partner not to bid further.

At Contract, South bid one No Trump and North passed; in view of his extreme weakness, he expected a bid from East and feared that any bid he (North) might make would be overrated by South.

After North's pass East could pass and permit South to play a gameless one No Trump against which East would score 150 Aces; he could make a stab for game by bidding two No Trumps and still have his 150 Aces; he could try for game by bidding Spades; or he could double. The probability of being able to make game eliminated the pass from East's calculations.

The double had little to recommend it because, no matter what West's reply might be, East would have to bid Spades. Two No Trumps was tempting on account of the Aces, but dangerous on account of the rival No Trump hand held over East. Three Spades was unnecessary because taking out South's non-game bid was sufficient evidence of East's strength to cause West to bid if he had any strength whatever. That left two Spades as East's only sound declaration and over it West bid four Spades.

South, forced to lead from a King suit, selected the stronger of his two 4-card suits and led the Seven of Clubs. West's Ten held the trick and that hand led a Spade. When North discarded and South's Spade holding was disclosed to the Declarer, East won the trick with the Ace although that made South's King and Queen both good. East then led the Ten of Hearts, hoping that South held the King and would duck under the impression that North held the Ace; but with only two Hearts appearing in the dummy, that did not work, South won with the King, cashed his two high Spades, and then needed only one more trick to defeat the contract. To trick 6 South led a low Heart which of course put East in the lead once more. This time a small Diamond was tried which South won, saving game and returned. After that Declarer had to lose to the King of Clubs and was set by two.

East claimed in defense that with the cards as they were he could not have made game, and that West with no Aces or Kings had overbid. Then West contended that as soon as the dummy was exposed East should have realized that South must hold the four Kings and the Spade Queen in order to have the strength to bid a dealer's No Trump, and therefore South should have been forced to lead whenever possible. West, had he been Declarer, would have played as follows:

Trick 1, win with West's Club Ten, as was done; trick 2, lead a trump from West and duck so as to force South to win or lose a trump trick. South would win and be doomed no matter what his choice might be for the next lead. He naturally would choose a Heart because it was possible that East did not hold that Ace and, if so, North could win and return a Club. But West would win the Heart lead and immediately lead it again to keep South, when he got in, from doing so. East's Ace of Hearts would take trick 4 and then he would lead the Ace and another trump, placing South again in the lead. Should South lead a Heart, either West or East could trump and the other hand discard a Club; should South lead a Diamond, his King of Diamonds would be sacrificed; should he lead a Club, his King of Clubs would be doomed. In any event, South would be able to win only one more trick and Declarer would take ten tricks and score a game at Spades.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. K-J-6-4 H. K-9-6-3 D. K-3 C. Q-7-4	*East* S. Q-8-7-2 H. J-4 D. 8-4 C. K-10-8-6-3
West S. 9-5-3 H. Q-7-5 D. Q-10-7 C. J-9-5-2	*South (Dealer)* S. A-10 H. A-10-8-2 D. A-J-9-6-5-2 C. A

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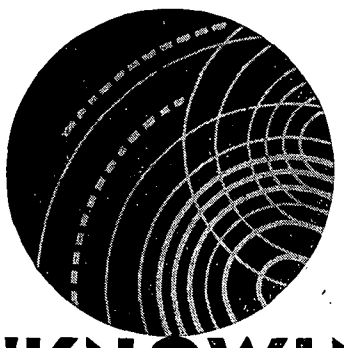

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CUNARD

Cotton Poor

Continued from page 17

words, although the world consumed less cotton last year than it had the previous year, foreign growers sold 1,380,000 bales *more* than they had sold before while we, with the Federal Farm Board in control of our market, sold 2,053,000 bales *less*.

Mr. Carl Williams, cotton member of the Federal Farm Board, after he had completed the erection of the Great American Cotton Wall and had watched it function for several months, said: "The Federal Farm Board cannot solve the problem; it is left to the farmer. The Board is doing everything possible within its power but we are absolutely helpless in the face of present conditions unless we get complete coöperation from the people of the South."

Heads, You Lose!

But what kind of coöperation does the Farm Board want from the South? The answer is pathetically ludicrous. Having done something that has cost us our world cotton market, and has caused foreign countries to increase their cotton acreage, the Federal Farm Board now wants the South to curtail its production! The injustice of this suggestion is too apparent to require much comment. Having, in behalf of a few coöperative organizations which control only fifteen per cent of the South's cotton production, depressed the price and also deprived them of their world market, the Farm Board now asks the Southern planters, as a whole, to complete their own destruction by shortening their crops. Why not, I again ask, form an alliance with the boll-weevil, distribute him copiously throughout the Cotton Belt and let him do the work?

So much, then, for the cotton activities of the Federal Farm Board. Whether the Board is more to be censured than pitied is a debatable question. As everyone knows, the Agricultural Marketing Act was a compromise act passed for the purpose of redeeming some extravagant platform pledges, and no sooner had it become a law than an intense howl went up from the politicians on the Washington hilltop that something immediately be done to relieve the farmer. The Board didn't have time to study conditions as thoroughly as they should have been studied, and hence the politicians who insisted on hasty action are probably as much to blame for the disasters that have followed in the wake of the government's entry into business as are the members of the Farm Board.

But, and this question is asked in the most intense seriousness, can *any* legislation, under existing conditions, be framed that will materially better the situation of the average Southern cotton farmer? I doubt it. Throughout most of the South seventy-five per cent and in Texas sixty-three per cent of the cotton is produced by tenant farmers, or croppers, and in the vast majority of instances their condition is so deplorable that price-fixing or stabilization of the market will do them little, if any, good.

The reasons are obvious. The average cotton farm in the South operated by the tenant farmer is twenty acres; the average production is 155 pounds to the acre, and with cotton selling at *eighteen cents a pound* according to a table which I have before me the average income of the tenant farmer, who gets but half the crop, after he has paid his share of the seed bill, ginning costs, etc., is $316.

Now that is what the average tenant cotton farmer in the South has to support his family on. If there happen to be four in the family—and the average is probably that—the income per person is slightly less than twenty-three cents per day. With cotton selling, as it is now, at about ten cents per pound, the daily family income is about thirteen cents per person and yet that is all they have to live on. Nor in making this statement am I speaking of exceptional cases or referring to some isolated locality which is noteworthy for its poverty. The condition is widespread throughout the South and in all probability four or five million Americans are earning no more than the lowest-paid foreign laborer.

It was because of his knowledge of this condition that George Pattullo, writing in 1918, said: "The truth is that there is no more distress, hardship and privation among the people of Europe, in spite of war and every attendant horror, than is suffered annually by the poor cotton farmers of the South," while years later Herman Steen, associate of Aaron Shapiro, penned the following paragraph:

"Despite its supremacy in production, cotton has kept the South poor. For sixty years poverty and distress and misery have stalked across the plantations of Dixie and a dozen states are blinded by illiteracy. Every year a million children are robbed of their birthright of school and opportunity by the cotton fields wherein they must help eke out the pitiful existence of their people. The standard of living among cotton growers is the lowest of any class of farmers in the United States. What a price the South has paid for its supremacy in cotton! It is the greatest tragedy in American agriculture!"

Mr. Steen is right. It is the greatest tragedy in American agriculture, but the problem which it presents is not one which can be solved by applying to it the alleviating measures of the Agricultural Marketing Act.

Briefly stated, the situation is this: In the South there are probably a million of these poor tenant farmers who own absolutely nothing, work on shares, move on an average of once every two years, do not allow their children to attend school after the fourth grade, are abysmally ignorant themselves, and are afflicted, many of them, with hookworm, pellagra, or tuberculosis.

Who Needs Protection?

Can people of this kind, *who nevertheless are producing a tremendous part of the national wealth*, be materially benefited by the operations of the Federal Farm Board? Hardly. What is needed to alleviate their suffering is, first, education, and after that the establishment of a new system of cotton farming and the inauguration of some new form of farm tenancy.

Under present conditions these people, who, Professor Branson of the University of North Carolina says, "constitute a distinct social menace," lead a hopeless life. They've been doing it for the last three or four generations; existing on an average income of less than twenty cents per day per person; and yet one of the most familiar figures in our national life is that of the politician, who, belching platitudes, asserts that we must protect the American farmer from competing with cheap foreign labor. Whereas the fact seems to be that, so far as cotton is concerned, foreign countries should be protecting themselves against the competition of cheap American labor.

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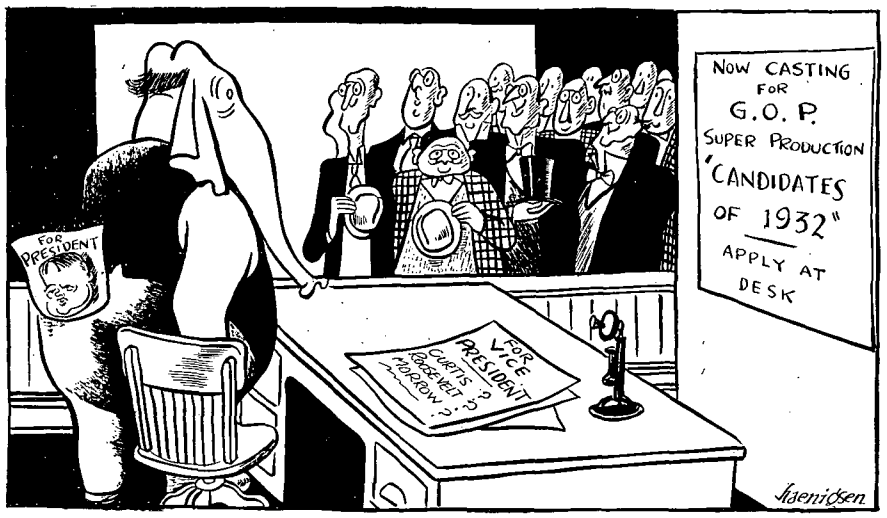

Ticket Speculation

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

I WONDER if a candidate for Vice President ever caused the election or defeat of the ticket he adorned, or even caused that ticket to carry a single state that it would not otherwise have carried.

Of course there is the notorious instance of Charles Bryan, who ran with John W. Davis in 1924, the only Vice Presidential candidate who was an issue in his own right. This was the stupidest nomination for Vice President ever made. The tail in this case can hardly be said to have wagged the dog but it caused the dog to feel very much as if he dragged a tin can after him. Like the dog in the story who had had a tin can tied to his tail so often that whenever he saw one he backed up to it, the distinguished leader of the bar who headed the Democratic ticket in 1924 must have felt extreme self-consciousness about tin cans ever since.

But the lesser Bryan is the exception that proves the rule. The circumstances were extraordinary.

In the first place, the very name of Bryan was anathema. Putting a Bryan on the ticket was a sign that the Democratic party was still, like Ephraim, wedded to its idols. And then there were three tickets in the field and the Republicans, masters of the art of producing political bogies, developed a scare that the election would be thrown into Congress and that somehow Charlie Bryan would come out of it as President.

It was like one of those maybes that scared "Wise Elsie." The "Wise Elsies" who do our voting voted in considerable numbers for Coolidge and Dawes in order to keep Charlie Bryan out of the White House.

It's Up to Charlie

The Republicans, not having to pick a candidate for President this time, are busy thinking about picking a candidate for Vice President who will do to their ticket exactly the opposite to what Charlie Bryan did to the Democratic ticket in 1924. I suppose that Charlie Curtis may have the renomination for Vice President if he insists upon it. And I suppose that the friends of Mr. Hoover are praying to the high gods that Charlie Curtis won't insist on it. This isn't because they think that Mr. Curtis will be a source of weakness to the 1932 ticket, but rather because they think that somebody else might add more strength to the ticket than Mr. Curtis would.

The Vice President has a hard question to decide. In the first place, there is the social position of Mrs. Gann at stake. In the next place, it is of course more dignified to be defeated as a candidate for Vice President than it is to be defeated for the Senate, for the alternative to running for Vice President again is running for the old seat in the Senate from Kansas.

Well, Kansas is a better risk, and at this writing it seems probable that the Vice President will have a go at the Kansas senatorship in 1932.

Plenty of Candidates

That would leave the Republicans free to pick a new running mate for Mr. Hoover in the next national election. The field is wide and many are available. There are many holes to plug. The wets of the North and East, the big populous states, are disaffected against Mr. Hoover. The big business interests are cold, at least they are waiting to see if the Democrats will not offer an acceptable candidate.

The Western Progressive Republicans talk of voting for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. These and other classes might be appealed to in the person of the candidate for Vice President. The list is long, but in a short article like this only a couple of possibilities can be considered.

If Governor Roosevelt is to be nominated for President by the Democrats, why not Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for Vice President on the Republican ticket? There's a Roland for your Oliver, or rather a Theodore for your Franklin.

Talk of the colonel for Vice President sprang up when President Hoover paid young Theodore a visit in his vice-consulship of Porto Rico. The strategy of a Roosevelt on each ticket seems a little like the strategy of putting up two George W. Norrises for the Republican nomination for senator in Nebraska. The Western Progressive Republicans might get confused and vote for the wrong Roosevelt ticket. Anyway, the Western Progressive Republicans would be torn as between the two Roosevelts—one of them bearing the authentic name of Teddy.

But great as the name of Roosevelt is, I think that the Republicans will incline first to another man if they pick a new running mate for Mr. Hoover. There is Senator Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey. He is a wet and an Easterner. The business interests have confidence in him. Mr. Morrow would add strength to the Hoover ticket where strength is most needed.

If Mr. Curtis does not run again, Mr. Morrow will be subjected to many importunities to take his place on the 1932 ticket. He will need all the firmness Governor Lowden showed in 1924 in refusing the Vice Presidential nomination if he is not to be drafted.

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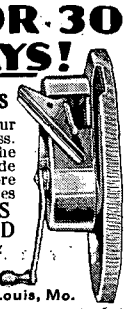

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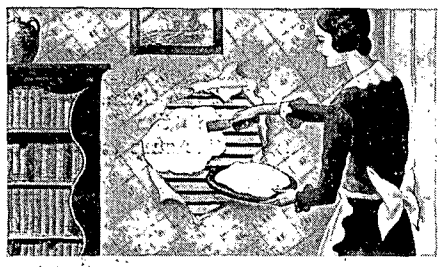

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Social Secretary

Continued from page 25

outrages of the century that she should have been called upon to design a Harriman wedding gown in eight days, but she had confected one—one quite as beautiful as if she had given it her customary two months.

The gown was not particularly important, for when Sylvia was a little girl her grandmother had bought a Romanoff wedding veil which had been smuggled out of Russia in the tin trunk of an ex-Grand Duchess who had wisely regarded it as a surer source of profit than its spatial equivalent in diamonds. Its intricate cloud of Imperial symbols would eclipse anything Sylvia wore, but Madame Koopman had her pride, and had stipulated, with misgivings, for this last fitting on the very day of the ceremony.

Sylvia was enduring the ordeal better than anyone could have expected, for Sylvia was in a good mood.

It had long seemed to her that she had tasted every sweet of being an important young lady and found them all insipid, but the past week had revealed to her new sweets. As the fiancée of a prospective earl, and a party to one of the brilliant marriages of the year, she had achieved a brand-new dignity. Women who had accepted her merely as a wild young girl with a powerful family gave her a more adult respect, and Sylvia liked it.

The press had been mawkishly romantic, called her "An American Princess," praised her for the simplicity of her wedding plans.

"A note has come for you, Miss Sylvia," Parker announced. "There seems to be some enclosure, and the boy says he's to wait for an answer."

"Hand it here. How do you like the dress, Parker?"

"It's very beautiful, Miss Sylvia."

BUT Sylvia did not hear his reply, for she had glanced at the handwriting on the envelope. She tore it open.

The enclosure was the key of Room 802 of the Hotel Commander. The note itself was brief:

"I need dough and you need your letter you wrote. Meet me at 4 P. M. If I ain't there wait."

It was not a pleasing communication for a young woman with a newly acquired taste for dignity.

"Is there an answer, Miss Sylvia?"

"Tell the boy 'Yes.'"

Then Sylvia turned on Madame Koopman.

"And get this damned thing off me. I don't care whether it fits or not."

She changed into a gray wool-jersey ensemble, clasping two of her best bracelets about her arm.

Just before it was time to start, however, she went to the morning-room where her wedding presents were on display. There weren't nearly as many as she would have received ordinarily, although many would not arrive until after the ceremony, but, even so, the morning-room was crowded.

Sylvia went to the table where the pearls her grandfather had given her lay, in a long case, and slipped them in the pocket of her coat. She hoped she wouldn't have to use them, but it was as well to be prepared.

"I'm going for a walk," she told Parker, as she left the house, "and when the two million people inquire for me, who will inquire, say that I felt like being alone."

At the corner she hailed a taxi.

The Commander was a gigantic commercial hotel with caged canaries twittering in the lobby above the troubled clamor of drummers and Western guests. Its impersonality was not unfamiliar to Sylvia.

Eight hundred and two was the living-room of a small suite, but Frank D'Agnoli was in neither of its rooms. It was three minutes past four and irritation at being kept waiting was added to the futile anger which already filled Sylvia.

FRANK D'AGNOLI had been out of his hideaway since noon, when he took the rooms. He would have stayed in them but for a feeling, natural to a man who'd been in hiding so long but aggravated by Abe's croakings, that he'd been "tailed." He'd felt eyes on him ever since he left Ben's place.

He made a series of shifts from taxis to subways, to trains which carried him from Morningside Heights to the outskirts of Brooklyn, and would have thrown any pursuer off his track. He felt safe so long as he kept moving, and by four-sixteen, when he entered the Commander, his normal acceptance of the condition of freedom was established.

Unfortunately he had been tailed that morning, and overheard when he engaged the suite at the Commander. There was therefore a spotter at the entrance of that hostelry.

When Frank went in, the spotter, who was a quiet-seeming man, gestured with his head to a far less conservative-looking individual.

"That's the guy, Stooge."

"Good-lookin', ain't he?"

"We like 'em that way."

Stooge Louie wasn't entirely inconspicuous in the Commander lobby, but he carried a rather unwieldy brief case. Anyone who wondered would have thought that a dry guest had sent out a hurry call for some Scotch and that Stooge was there in answer to it.

Frank D'Agnoli was waiting for an express elevator. So were a lot of other people. Stooge joined them.

When the car door opened, and they crowded in, Stooge Louie was the last to enter.

"Eight," Frank D'Agnoli said, and as that was the first stop, and nobody else named it, he crowded over toward the door and Stooge.

Stooge was just going to say "Eight" himself, when he had an inspiration. He worked his hand into the brief case which was specially arranged. The automatic inside wore a Maxim silencer, and with the additional leather muffling there would be very little sound.

"Eight," the elevator boy said, and started to open the door.

Stooge pressed the brief case against the left side of Frank D'Agnoli's back and, just by way of precaution, coughed violently.

Frank D'Agnoli stumbled forward into the corridor.

"Mind your step," the elevator boy said tartly and closed the door.

"Why that man must have been drunk," one lady passenger remarked to another.

"I didn't notice that he was drunk."

FRANK D'AGNOLI lay on the floor of the corridor, his hand at his back. After perhaps a minute he raised himself partially. He couldn't get to his feet, but the door of 802 wasn't far away. He began to crawl toward it.

Once he thought he was going to cash in, right there in the corridor, but he

(Continued on page 64)

women are not the only offenders...

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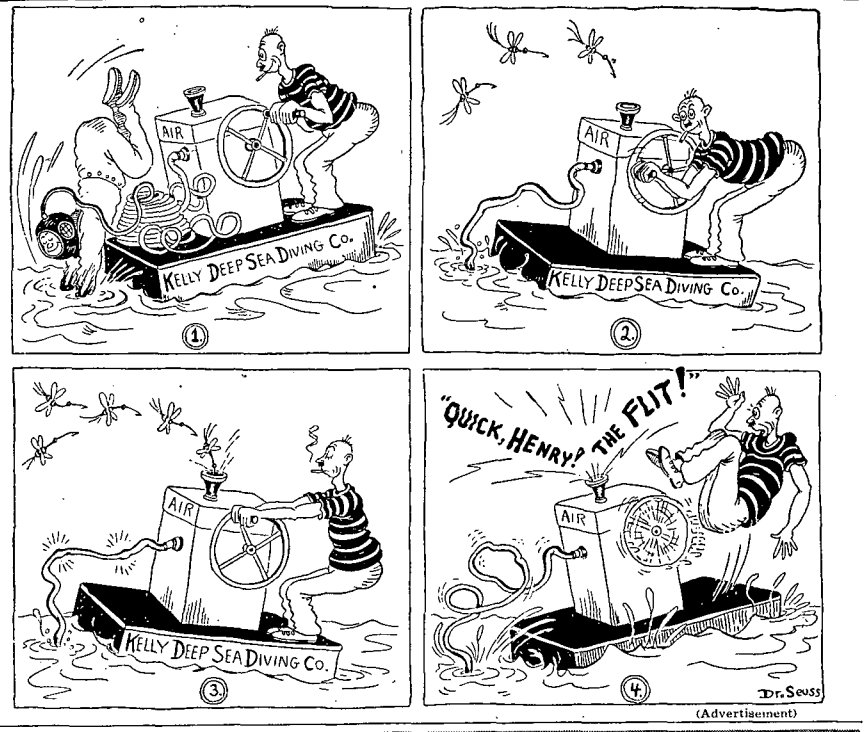

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(Continued from page 63)

started on again, reached the door knob, couldn't turn it enough, and began hauling himself up by the door jamb.

Sylvia Harriman heard the rattle of the knob. She crossed to the door and flung it wide, and Frank D'Agnoli fell in, clutching at her.

The instinct for secrecy was too strong in Sylvia for her to scream, but she was horribly startled.

"What's the matter with you?" she gasped, pushing the door shut.

Frank D'Agnoli didn't speak. He had caught her knees and was looking up at her. To him she wasn't any longer a girl who'd pay him money. She wasn't a lover, nor a lost lover. She was a human being, and the last he would ever see.

"Let go of me," Sylvia said, "let go of me," and she pulled herself away from him.

"And I called you 'Good Luck'!"

A convulsive, nervous spasm twisted him over. He lay on his back, his eyes glazing.

"Get up," Sylvia Harriman commanded him. "You can't do this to me. You can't."

Frank D'Agnoli did not answer her protest.

AT THE Harriman house Helen Blake stood with the florist's chief man in the drawing-room.

"I'm sure Mrs. Harriman won't be satisfied with that," she said. "It looks meager. Her idea was that this wall was to be entirely lined with lilies."

"We understand that, Miss Blake. We're waiting for more right now."

"Miss Blake," Parker interrupted the conference, "Miss Sylvia is on the telephone. She wants to speak to you at once."

Helen went to the nearest extension, which was in a closet-like space off the hall.

"Hello."

"Blakey, I'm in terrible trouble, and I can't get hold of Grandfather."

"What kind of trouble?"

"I don't dare say."

"Where are you?"

"At the Hotel Commander. Room 802."

It sounded serious.

"I'll come right away. Don't do anything till I get there."

The subway was the quickest route. Helen had the car, which had been kept waiting at the door for emergency errands on that busy afternoon, leave her at the nearest Lexington Avenue entrance. Arrived at the Commander she didn't bother to go to the desk. Eight hundred and two was sure to be on the eighth floor.

When she left the elevator a sign directed her which way to turn for rooms with even numbers. She had almost reached 802 before she noticed a stain on the dark red carpet of the corridor. It made very little impression on her.

Sylvia opened the door to her knock.

"Blakey!" There was passionate relief in the hoarse whisper.

"What's happened, Sylvia?"

"You won't scream?"

"Of course not."

Then Sylvia let her in.

Helen gazed at what lay on the floor in mystified horror.

"Somebody ought to close his eyes," Sylvia said; "wherever you are in the room they seem to stare at you."

Helen bent and did so.

"What was he doing here?" she asked.

"I don't know. I didn't know him."

"That's just silly. I remember the dance, Sylvia. If I'm to help, tell me quickly and frankly. You didn't do this, of course."

"No. No. He made me come for a letter. He was shot outside and dragged himself in."

"He'd been your lover?"

"No."

"Sylvia, he must have been your lover."

"Yes, he was."

It was strange that Sylvia, so fond of imputing wickedness to herself, made that direct statement with anguish.

"Why didn't you leave? Does someone know you're here?"

"I couldn't."

She gestured to her coat and skirt. The blood-stained print of Frank D'Agnoli's hands was on the pale material, with bloody streaks where his hands had dragged down.

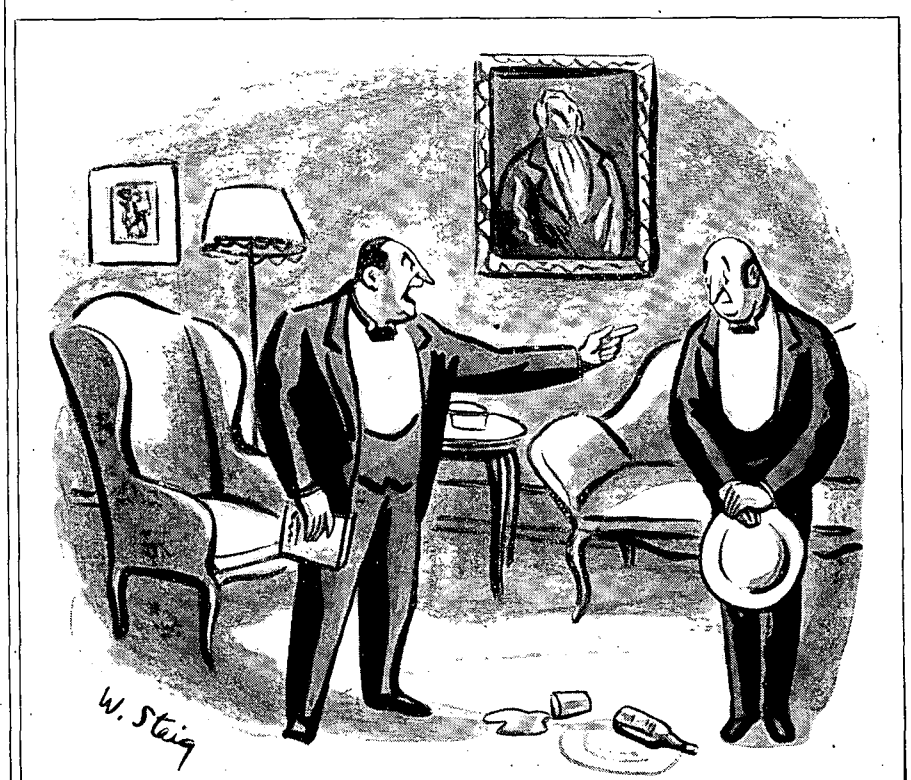
"If you'd told me to bring others!"

"Why didn't I? Oh, Blakey, what are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

The girl had completely gone to pieces. She put her hands over her face and shook with long sobs.

"Did you get the letter?" Helen asked.

"Out of his pocket, while I was waiting for you. I burned it. If I could only have shut his eyes."



"Just for that you stay in tonight!"

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"I'll have to go and buy you another coat."

"No, don't leave me. I can't be alone with him again. I'd go crazy."

The dry, terrified sobs began again.

"You're certainly in no condition to be left," Helen agreed, and, hating to lose the time, she went to the bathroom, drew a glass of water and, bringing it back, thrust it into Sylvia's hand.

"Drink that."

The girl must be got out of this scrape; that was Helen's immediate job. Afterward Helen would tell her that if she were to remain silent Sylvia must refuse to marry Lord Danforth. With the refusal coming from Sylvia Mr. Harriman couldn't blame Paul.

Sylvia had finished the water.

"Now," Helen said, "do you suppose that you can go and buy another dress and bring it back to me?"

"Yes."

"Take off those things then."

AS SHE spoke Helen began unfastening her own dress. If she had stopped for a coat after she got Sylvia's telephone call it would have been much simpler.

"What's the nearest shop?" Sylvia questioned. "Can you remember what's the nearest shop?"

"There must be one in the hotel itself. If you haven't money with you I have. You mustn't show any agitation, and you mustn't give your name."

"I won't."

"You have no idea who did it, I suppose?"

"Some gang was after him. There must be blood outside in the hall. I kept thinking, what if somebody should see the blood?"

"The carpet's dark, luckily. If they haven't seen it up till now—"

But it was at five o'clock that Mrs. Auchenpaugh, housekeeper for the eighth floor of the Commander, made her rounds, and Mrs. Auchenpaugh kept her job because of the sharpness of her eyes.

Mrs. Auchenpaugh had paused to run a distrustful finger across the top of the console opposite the elevators, when she noticed something.

"Chambermaid!" she called, in her peculiarly shrill voice. "Chambermaid!"

Hearing her, Helen, who had just finished snapping the snaps of her own dress on Sylvia Harriman's shoulder, turned the safety bolt that double-locked Door 802.

"Do you think they've found out?" Sylvia demanded, rooted to the spot where she stood with terror.

"It probably isn't this at all."

Nevertheless Helen stood at the door and listened. Ordinary conversation was audible only as a mumble, however.

"Yes, ma'am," Hulda Lindau answered Mrs. Auchenpaugh's call, thrusting her head from 805, which had recently been vacated.

"Just look at this carpet," Mrs. Auchenpaugh bade her. "Why didn't you notice it? Somebody must have broke a flask. Go get a cloth and wipe it up."

"I got a cloth right here, ma'am," Hulda said, and she knelt down and began to wipe at the stain.

"People carrying liquor around," Mrs. Auchenpaugh fumed.

"That ain't whisky, Mrs. Auchenpaugh."

"It's not? What is it?"

"Looks to me like it could be blood."

Hulda held up the cloth.

"Blood!" Mrs. Auchenpaugh gasped. "Get the house detective. Look! It leads right to 802. Get the house detective, Hulda."

While Hulda lumbered away to do so Mrs. Auchenpaugh sailed up to the door of 802 and tapped it with imperious knuckles.

"Anybody hurt in there?"

Helen had caught the cry of "Blood!" and known that the scheme of having Sylvia go for other garments was done for. Now the immediate danger seemed to be lest Sylvia faint, and by her fall betray their presence, for Sylvia swayed backward and forward as she stared at the panels of the door.

Mrs. Auchenpaugh tried her key in the lock, recognized the feel of the safety bolt and went away, calling, "House detective."

As the sound of her voice died Sylvia lunged for the door.

"Where are you going?" Helen stopped her.

"I've got to get away, Blakey. I couldn't stand it."

"And leave me? No, you don't."

"Blakey, for God's sake."

"Don't be silly. You got yourself into this scrape, and you've got to face the music. Now what's the best story we can tell?"

"There's no story we can tell and I'm not going to be found out."

It was her last, desperate point of pride, and in a flash Sylvia was across the room pulling up one of the heavy windows.

"Don't, Sylvia. That won't keep you from being found out."

The instant of the window's resistance had given Helen almost time enough to reach her, but not quite.

"It'll keep me from knowing."

Helen, from where she had stopped, afraid that one more movement would impel her over that edge, could look into the chasm below—not to the street, it was too far for that, but down row after row of windows.

There was no pretense about Sylvia's action. She was an insanely frightened child, and, as if that weren't enough to put every compulsion of sympathy on Helen, she was the child in whom were concentrated all the hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Harriman. Perhaps it was the poignant thought of what this would mean to them which inspired Helen.

"Sylvia."

She said it in the quiet voice one might use to a child in some danger from which it could extricate itself but from which no other person could snatch it.

It surprised the girl into turning.

"You don't have to be found out. You can go and I'll stay, on one condition."

"I'll do anything for you if you will. I'll give you anything I have. Grandfather will."

"You've got to promise that you won't marry Lord Danforth. Your grandfather can't blame him if it's you who refused."

"Why should you want that?"

"It doesn't matter. Do you promise?"

ANOTHER hand beat on the panels of the door, a hand heavier than Mrs. Auchenpaugh's.

"Hey, open up," the voice of Kelly, the house detective, commanded.

"Do you promise?" Helen repeated.

"Yes, I promise. I promise absolutely, but isn't it too late?"

"No. Go into the bedroom and bolt the door between. When they're in here slip into the hall."

"I'll give you money, too, Blakey."

Helen didn't reply. She was putting on the blood-stained dress Sylvia had left on the floor. She heard the bedroom door close.

This seemed an amazingly easy solution compared with death, compared with Paul's marrying Sylvia. This was something she, herself, could bear.

"Will you open that door or have I got to smash it in?" the voice outside questioned.

"I'll open it," Helen answered. "One minute."

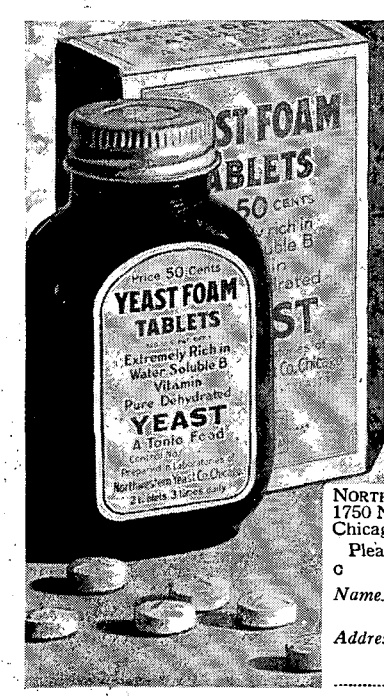
(To be concluded next week)

*this *modern* form of concentrated yeast

Crisp, crunchy little tablets of pure, *dry* yeast with a delicious nut-like flavor—so pleasant to eat that they're taking the nation by storm!

Now—a really pleasant way to eat yeast! A delightfully different nut-like taste—a highly concentrated form—that have won thousands to this special, pleasant kind of yeast. You who know the benefits of yeast, but found ordinary yeast "too hard to get down"—just try Yeast Foam Tablets!

Chew this modern, pleasant form of yeast like candy, as thousands do. Or if you prefer, swallow Yeast Foam Tablets whole. You'll like these convenient, tasteful tablets either way. And you'll like their results still more. Doctors recommend them for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, lack of weight, nervous or rundown conditions.



Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast without "filler" or "carrier". And pure yeast such as this is the richest known natural food source of the essential Vitamins—"B" and "G". So pure, so uniform, so rich in vitamin content that this yeast has become standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the United States Government and leading Universities. And because this *dry, pasteurized* form of yeast cannot cause gas or fermentation, Yeast Foam Tablets are safe for infants and adults alike.

Try them. The large 10 day bottle costs but fifty cents. Stop at your druggist's today and ask by name for Yeast Foam Tablets—the pure, modern tablets that are so easy to eat. Made and guaranteed by the Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago; World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

ON THE AIR Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 P. M., *Eastern Daylight Saving Time,* the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ Blue Network Stations, and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
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Managing Editor

The Red Goblins

IF THE Bolshevists actually plot all the mischief ascribed to them, they must be badly overworked as well as devilishly inventive.

President Machado of Cuba, who this past winter closed the University of Havana, the public schools and the fashionable yacht club because he didn't like the sort of talk indulged in by students and clubmen, attributed all his troubles to the Communists.

Until President Machado made his charges nobody had seen any Communists in aristocratic Havana's yachting circles. Still, the Bolshevists are undeniably wicked fellows. Why not identify with them the professors and plantation owners and intellectuals who objected to a suspension of the Cuban constitution? It is much easier to deal roughly with an aristocrat if first you can denounce him as a Communist.

Mayor James J. Walker of New York, who has been accused of incompetence and of tolerating corruption on the part of his subordinates, also identified the opposition to his administration, an opposition in reality largely Republican and independent Democrat, with Communist conspiracies.

Until Mayor Walker revealed this secret the public had been under the impression that very solid citizens were protesting against admitted extortion practiced by members of the police department upon helpless women.

Of course this raising the specter of Communism by politicians on the defensive for their mistakes—to use a charitable word—is not new. Since politics was invented the "red herring" has been a popular device. The "red herring" is any false and irrelevant issue designed to confuse public opinion. The fact that the Bolshevists are also the Reds makes them especially useful in diversions of this kind.

Still if anyone in Russia has a sense of humor left, he must get a laugh out of the variety of evil laid at the doors of the Communists.

A little while ago Secretary Hyde of our Department of Agriculture was attributing to the Russians a conspiracy to lower American wheat prices. For a day or two Secretary Hyde was in a dreadful state of mind. Then men experienced in the wheat trade began to point to other trade factors which were affecting wheat prices and Mr. Hyde's little scare was allowed to fade.

About the same time, Grover Whalen, New York's handsome ex-Commissioner of Police, was asserting that the Russian Reds were menacing the public schools. W. J. O'Shea, conservative superintendent of New York's schools, at once denied Mr. Whalen's allegations. The community decided that possibly Mr. O'Shea, the teacher, knew more about what was going on in the school system than Mr. Whalen, the temporary policeman. Still the Red attack on the schools made one day's exciting news.

Representative Hamilton Fish has been one of the most energetic among the discoverers of Red menaces. Among Mr. Fish's contributions was the announcement that Red agitation was causing unrest among bank depositors. When the state banking officials began to examine the manner in which the bankrupt financial institutions had been run, they concluded that poor management might also explain the insolvency.

Here are a few more plots attributed to the Russians:

In Greece the Russians were accused of fomenting a strike of tobacco workers.

In South Africa Russians were charged with campaigning to create an independent Negro republic.

In Palestine Communists were accused of inciting the Jewish-Moslem riots.

In Brazil Russians were charged with fomenting the unrest which preceded the successful revolution.

Former Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg charged the Communists with plotting to organize Latin America against the United States.

Best of all, police in Oneonta County, New York, reported that the Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform, an association of rich and socially prominent American women, was a Communist organization.

Of course any one of these allegations might be true but it strains credulity to believe that all are true. However wicked and however active they may be, it is beyond human capacity to do all the evil attributed to the Russians.

When you examine the cases of President Machado of Cuba and of Mayor Walker of New York, certainly you find there were abuses enough to engender protests from the most conservative citizens. As a matter of historical record in both episodes, very sober and respectable gentlemen were actually the leaders of the projected reforms.

Ridiculous as are so many of these Communist scares, they are also serious. They represent often a very carefully studied effort to shift attention from the real problems faced by the community or the nation and to mislead healthy indignation against those who have actually been derelict in office.

It is an entertaining spectacle but it gets us nowhere. If the citizens of New York or the people of Brazil have important grievances, they must be considered. Charges of Communism where Communism does not in fact exist do nothing except confuse issues and postpone reforms.

When a politician begins to call his conservative adversaries Communists, it is fair to assume that he is afraid to meet the real issues which confront him.

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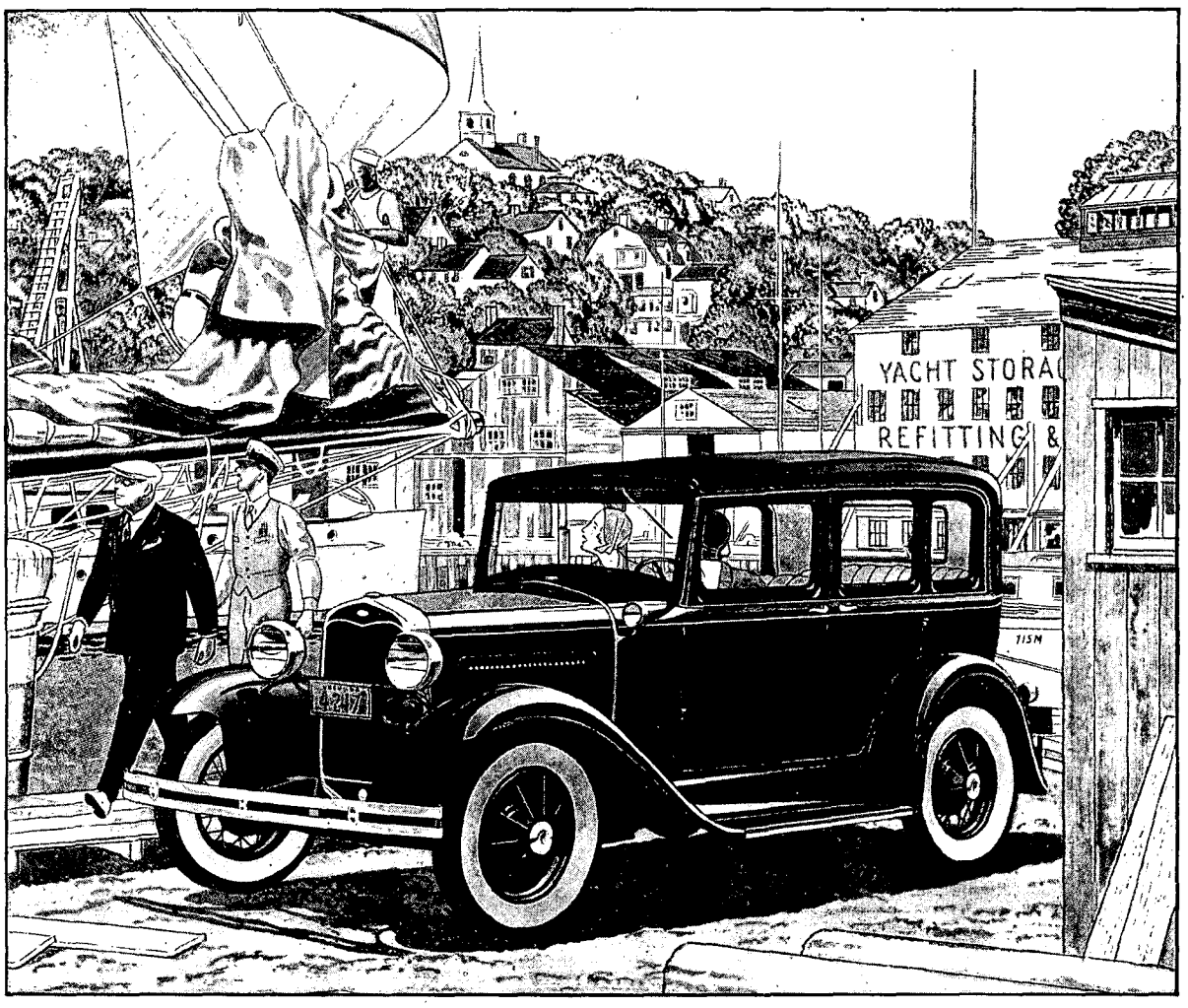
THE *Beautiful Finish of the Ford* IS *Made to Last*

Many coats are used to give a mirror-like sheen to Ford bodies. Rustless Steel is another reason for enduring beauty



WHEN you buy the Ford you buy enduring beauty.

As you drive it from the showrooms for the first time you will have a feeling of pride in the glistening sheen of its body finish and the bright silvery luster of its exposed metal parts. With reasonable care you can maintain that good appearance for a long period.

Months of constant service will put many thousands of miles on the speedometer, yet you will not think of it as an old car, nor will your friends. And when the time comes to trade it in, you will find that the lasting beauty of its finish is a factor in re-sale value.

There are definite reasons why time and weather are kind to the Ford car. First is the body finish, with its primer coat, two surfacer coats, two double coats of pyroxylin lacquer, finish solvent coat, polishing and buffing. Through long experience, the Ford Motor Company has found the way to make a body finish that will stand up under varying weather conditions in every part of the world—through the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

Another important reason for the enduring beauty of the Ford is the use of Rustless Steel for the radiator shell, head lamps, hub caps, cowl finish strip, gasoline tank cap, radiator cap, door handles and rear lamp.

This remarkable metal will not rust, corrode or tarnish under the severest weather conditions. It never needs polishing. All it requires is wiping with a damp cloth as you wipe the windshield. Its gleaming luster is never lost. There is no plate to scale or chip off because it is the same bright metal all the way through. And it is exceptionally difficult to dent because it has twice the strength of ordinary steel.

Ford

A *Beautiful New* Ford Body

From all over the country come enthusiastic comments about the new Ford Town Sedan introduced but a few weeks ago. Motorists everywhere have been quick to note and appreciate the richness of its appointments and new features of comfort and convenience.

The body of the new Ford Town Sedan is longer and wider. Seats are newly designed, more luxurious and restful. Front or rear—wherever you ride—you travel in real comfort in this beautiful, roomy car.

See it—sit in it—ride in it—and you will know that it is an outstanding example of high quality at low cost. A choice of upholstery and body colors is offered.

Before Rustless Steel was adopted by the Ford Motor Company it was put through many severe tests. In one test, samples were subjected to a salt spray for four hundred hours, or the equivalent of forty years' service. There was not the slightest suggestion of tarnish, rust or corrosion. Seventy-six acids, alkalis, etc., likewise failed to dim its brilliance.

In a further effort to prevent rust, the Ford Motor Company is now treating the wheels, fenders, running boards, running board shields and front splash pans with Bonderite before they are enameled. If the enamel is scratched sufficiently to expose the raw steel, this new treatment will help to stop rust from spreading and causing the enamel to peel.

The careful finish of the Ford, the Rustless Steel, and the Bonderizing process add a considerable amount to the cost of manufacturing, yet the cost of the car itself remains low. These outstanding features, like so many others, are made possible by the Ford low-profit policy. Every purchaser shares the benefits of large production and the efficiency and economy of Ford methods. The first cost of the Ford is low and you can purchase on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

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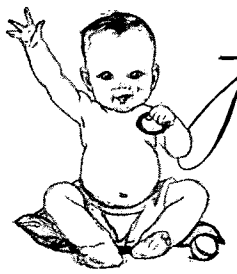
To a very little fellow



who wants to grow into a great big man

If you really want to grow strong and straight and six feet two in your sox, you ought to tell your Mother about Frigidaire *just as soon as you can talk!* ● For, of course, how your food is kept *now* will have a whole lot to do with your health, wealth and wisdom in years to come. ● There's your formula, for instance. Its freshness between feedings certainly shouldn't be trusted to anything less than Frigidaire refrigeration . . . and later on there will be pureed prunes . . . and cooked cereals to be kept overnight . . . and spinach which, we hasten to add, isn't half bad when kept garden-fresh in the Frigidaire Hydrator and later served through a sieve. ● So take your mind off your toes for a minute and let this fact sink in: *For the past fifteen years Frigidaire has been responsible for developments that have made modern household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical.* ● This being so, you will, of course, want your Mother to look into the Frigidaire pictured here . . . *for it offers features not to be found in any other refrigerator.* ● Perhaps if you look at the picture long enough and make a great deal of noise about it, Mother may get the Idea. ● And the sooner she *does*, Young Fellow, the sooner you can get really *going* on this growing-up business!

ADVANCED FRIGIDAIRE *REFRIGERATION*

In gleaming white Porcelain

Frigidaire offers a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration

From their service-shelf tops to their graceful streamlined legs, the new Frigidaires represent a fine achievement in modern refrigeration. ● The striking beauty of the pure all-white porcelain cabinet harmonizes perfectly with *any* kitchen color scheme. And these new Porcelain-on-steel Frigidaires are as brilliant in performance as they are in appearance . . . combining many important improvements and refinements that distinguish Frigidaire from all other refrigerators. ● You will appreciate the faster freezing made possible by the "Cold Control" . . . ice cubes that tumble so easily from the Quickube Ice Tray . . . the crisper vegetables you take from the Frigidaire Hydrator. You will recognize at once the advantage of the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain interior . . . the elevated food shelves . . . the surplus-powered, concealed unit that operates so quietly and at such low cost. ● Here is *Advanced* Refrigeration . . . advanced in all that the term implies. And because of these advanced features and the savings they make possible, Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator to own and to use. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

F R I G I D A I R E

THE NEW ALL-WHITE PORCELAIN-ON-STEEL FRIGIDAIRES ARE SOLD WITH A 3-YEAR COMPLETE GUARANTEE

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